

# Roosevelt Is Buried In Hyde Park Estate

(Continued from Page One)

the grave was Brig. Gen. Elliott Roosevelt, the second son, on the left.

Mrs. Roosevelt, her face wan and drawn, its pallor contrasting with her black attire, was on Elliott's right. Next to her was the only daughter, Anna, and her husband, Col. John Boettiger.

Behind them were the daughters-in-law—wives of the boys who are all in service. Behind them stood President and Mrs. Truman, taking an honorary role in a moment in history reserved for the dead, rather than for the living.

"All the Father giveth Me shall come to Me," the Rev. Mr. Anthony said.

A lone plane circling above almost drowned his words as he declared that until Almighty God "we commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

There was a stirring in the crowd. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," the rector intoned.

"Lord, have mercy upon us, Christ, have mercy upon us, Lord, have mercy upon us."

The pastor repeated the words of the Lord's Prayer. Elliott's lips moved with him.

The services followed the ordinary Episcopal burial rites for the dead. There were no words of eulogy, only the Word of God.

Near its conclusion, the Rev. Mr. Anthony recited the poem written by John Ellerton in 1870: "Now the laborer's tack is o'er; now the battle-day is past."

"Father, in thy gracious keeping we now leave thy servant sleeping," the rector continued.

The services were brief. They were over at 10:45. The flag which Mrs. Roosevelt clutched tightly was handed to Elliott, and the family filed out.

President Truman left for the village station in Hyde Park, followed by the other dignitaries present, to return to Washington on the special train.

Mrs. Roosevelt and other members of the family walked out slowly, and went to the manor house.

Several onlookers reached earthward to pick up a few souvenirs, including some empty shells dropped from the saluting cadet rifles.

Members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court and Senate and House then filed through the tall hemlock hedge opening, each taking

a final glance at the flower-banked graveside.

President and Mrs. Truman, Mrs. Roosevelt and Washington officials left Hyde Park by special train for Washington, little more than three hours after they arrived here.

The Rev. Mr. Anthony went to the tiny Church of St. James, where the President had been senior warden. There 300 sorrowing villagers paid tribute to their neighbor at a memorial service.

The church was crowded. Men and women knelt in the aisles. But the one pew was empty—the one in which Mr. Roosevelt used to sit.

All about the old ivy-covered church were memories. There was his pew; there the grave-yard where his mother and father lie beside a son of the President who died in infancy; there the stained glass window dedicated to the memory of James Roosevelt, the President's father.

Many shed tears as they sang the words of one of his favorite hymns: "O Master, Help Me Bear the Strain of Toil, The Fret Of Care."

Others wept when the congregation stood in tribute to the flag and sang the National Anthem.

The Rev. Mr. Anthony read from Mr. Roosevelt's favorite Biblical passage, and now abideth faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity."

"I know of no other man among the world's leaders who would be so universally lamented," the white-bearded minister said in his sermon, broadcast over N. B. C. "He is as truly a casualty of the war as any member of the armed forces. . . . He was a great lover of mankind."

"Now he is at rest in the community which he loved."

"He has come back home."

A special train, rolling northward from Washington through the night, brought the late Chief Executive's body to Hyde Park.

Thousands of plain people of the towns and cities through which it passed stood for hours in the night to bid a reverent, sad farewell.

Aboard the train were the highest officials of a nation which Franklin Roosevelt had served through trying years of peace and war.

The man who picked up the reins of Government which Mr. Roosevelt dropped so suddenly, President Harry S. Truman, was there. So were the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the family and dozens of friends.

Shortly before 9 a. m. (EWT), the train came to a stop beside the Hudson river. As a lad, Mr. Roosevelt had sailed its waters in summer and skimmed its ice in winter.

The casket, still covered by the flag it wore at State funeral services at the White House yesterday, was lifted from the rear car of the train by men in uniform. Slowly it was taken up the steep, twisting road leading from the river to the wooded slope at the rear of the Roosevelt estate.

Plaintively, Mr. Roosevelt had spoken many times of a yearning to return to the ancestral lands he loved. Every inch of that had been a delight to him. Every neighbor for miles he knew by first name.

But retirement to the life of a country squire had been denied him. He had died Thursday of a cerebral hemorrhage at his "other home," at Warm Springs, Ga.

Even as he accepted nomination for a third term in 1940, Mr. Roosevelt had declared it would have been his personal preference to leave public life. Again last year, in agreeing to run for a fourth term, he had voiced a longing to go back to Hyde Park as a private citizen.

He had seen war coming and then had watched it break in all its fury. If America felt it needed his services, he felt it his duty to give them.

Today there were services of another kind, for him alone—Episcopal burial services, read by the elderly rector of the ivy-clad village church of which he was senior warden.

The casket was borne to Washington's Union Station late last night in a plain black hearse. Thousands of residents of a still stunned Capital stood bare-headed along the route.

As it was placed aboard the train, an Army band played the National Anthem. And, as a guard of honor of four men from the armed forces took their places, the music of a well-loved hymn, "Rock Of Ages," spread through the warm night.

Stiffly braced against the lurching of the train, the honor detail stood guard for two hours. Then four other men took over, for two more hours.

The shades were upon every window at the rear of the train so the people could see in. This time, there was no blackout for security reasons.

At Poughkeepsie, seat of Mr. Roosevelt's home county, boy and girl Scouts at salute lined the station platforms and men doffed their hats as the train rolled past.

Already waiting at Hyde Park was another special train that had brought members of Congress, other dignitaries and a large delegation of the press.

The wildflowers of spring were blooming in the swampy lowlands along the river and a brook rippled quietly down the hillside as the casket was borne the half mile to the Roosevelt garden, between the family home and the Franklin D. Roosevelt library.

A mound of flowers, truckloads

of them, had been built to the north of the grave. There were offerings from everywhere—from General Dwight D. Eisenhower, from Cuba, from Bermuda—lilies, roses, carnations, and new blossoms of spring.

Along the 15-foot hedge, 400 feet long and 200 feet wide, stood ranks of soldiers, sailors and Marines.

Employes on the estate, friends from the village and wives of military officers participating in the service stood in knots to the north of the grave.

They conversed in hushed tones. A tiny girl sobbed.

Prime Minister MacKenzie King of Canada, a Harvard classmate of Mr. Roosevelt, wore the only top hat among those inside the green-walled enclosure.

A delegation from the Senate and House filed in two by two at 9:30 a. m. and took its place on the west, alongside the members of the Supreme Court and Cabinet.

The White House staff was on the east.

The burial plot itself was toward the southeast corner of the quarter-acre garden.

A chill was in the air in the early morning, but a bright sun in a cloudless sky soon warmed the early arrivals.

MacKenzie King had brought with him a wreath. As the mourners gathered about the burial plot, awaiting the service, he carefully unwrapped the wreath, left his coat and hat with Secretary of State Stettinius and walked alone to the grave. He stood a moment, then quickly dropped the flowers at the grave-side and returned to stand with Stettinius and towering Bernard Baruch.

Three small boxes of earth from Haiti, Cuba and the Dominican Republic had been flown here yesterday to be placed on the grave by the consuls general of those good neighbor nations.

Robert Sherwood, the towering playwright and former OWI official who helped on so many Presidential speeches, stood a head taller than any other spectator.

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# Truman's Activity Causes Secret Service Headache

WASHINGTON, April 15.—(AP)—It won't be long before President Truman gets a good talking to by the secret service, experts in that line predicted today.

And he, not being a man to worry talks unduly, likely will assent smilingly to their pleas for a little less moving about.

But until the unexpectedly-elevated new Chief Executive gets used to the constant companionship of the secret service, there may be some new gray hairs among those traditional guardians of the President.

When Mr. Truman makes up his mind he wants to go somewhere, it takes more than arguments to stop him.

To the secret service agents, nothing is so disturbing as a president on the move.

His responsibility for his safety requires elaborate precautions to guard him at all times. His every departure from the White House is a nerve-twisting crisis which lasts until his return.

It's going to be tough for me," President Truman confided to a reporter shortly after his inauguration Thursday. "I can't get used to having whole swarms of people follow me wherever I go."

He and the reporter were en route from his Connecticut avenue apartment to the White House in his official car. A secret service man sat in the front seat beside Tom, his chauffeur. Others stood on the running boards. To the right and to

the left, in front and behind, still others rode in cars.

And that was only the start Friday.

President Truman wanted to go to the Senate again to talk over his problems at a luncheon with Senators.

One of the friendliest men who ever sat in the White House, he had to shake hands later with reporters, with the Senate attaches and all of the pages.

Then after the secret service men thought they were all set for the trip back to the White House, the President thought it would be nice to drop by his old offices and shake hands with the clerical force.

He told one of the Senate attaches who asked him to come back often that he didn't know how often it could be done in view of the number of people who had to go along.

Italy's Junction Town Taken By Polish Troops

ROME, April 15.—(AP)—Imola, important junction town on the Bologna-Rimini highway 20 miles southeast of Bologna, was captured today by Polish troops of the British Eighth Army.

At the same time American troops of the Fifth Army advanced through rugged terrain northwest of Vergato and seized control of the two-mile-long Roffeno ridge, capturing several small villages. Vergato is 17 miles southwest of

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

# Von Papen Held Waiting Processing As Prisoner

PARIS, April 15.—(AP)—Franz von Papen, so far as can be learned from the best available sources, still is awaiting processing and interrogation in Europe as a bona fide prisoner of war.

Supreme headquarters would neither confirm nor deny reports that the German diplomat, captured April 11, had been flown to the United States. Nor could it be ascertained whether von Papen was listed officially as a war criminal.

But the former chancellor of the German republic, captured by a lieutenant and seven glider infantrymen of the U. S. 17th Airborne Division, is being held under provision 27-0 of the Army field manual, which says that any person having held a high diplomatic position or in any way capable of usefulness to the enemy government, can be taken as a prisoner of war.

Rab Island Captured By Yugoslav Patriots

LONDON, April 15.—(AP)—Yugoslav patriots, in a daring land and sea assault, have seized Rab island in the Dalmatians, Marshal

Bologna, important German supply and communications center in the Po valley.

On the eastern flank of the Italian front the Germans were reported throwing in heavy reinforcements in a desperate effort to smash the hard-won Eighth Army bridgeheads over the Sillaro river.

In the face of bitter opposition, Eighth Army attacks made only modest gains northwestward toward Ferrara and directly eastward, Allied headquarters said.

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# YANKS BATTLING FOR BALETE PASS

(Continued From Page One)

time Japanese military headquarters. Gen. Douglas MacArthur's Sunday communique reported that bombers and fighters dropped 540 tons of bombs in support of the ground drive.

At last reports the Yanks were about three miles from Bagulo on the west and around seven miles on the north. They held high ground and were in position for the kill.

The 32nd Division, under Maj. Gen. William H. Gill, and the 25th Division of Maj. Gen. Charles L. Mullins, Jr., were bitterly engaged at Balete Pass.

Both divisions were confronted by stubborn Japanese troops, heavy artillery fire, knife-edge ridges and thickly-wooded terrain. Some of the hillsides are so steep the Japanese have sunk vertical shafts and from them have dug pillbox apertures overlooking the trails.

For six weeks the 32nd Division has measured its gains in yards.

One advance was made by pushing sandbags ahead for cover until the Yanks reached and blasted caves. So far more than 150 caves have been sealed by demolition or cleaned out with flamethrowers.

The Yanks make their greatest kills during the nightly enemy counterattacks. Tight U. S. perimeter defenses are studded with warning devices and booby traps. It's a 24-hour war.

A succession of pillboxes limited American gains last week to from 12 to 600 yards a day in the Balete Pass sector. The Americans still were about 3,000 yards south of the pass itself. All approaches to Balete are covered by cross-fire.

Obviously that is where the Japanese intended to make their last-ditch fight on Luzon.

Gen. MacArthur reported two new Yank landings—on Rapurapu and Batan island in Albay Gulf, just off the invasion port of Legaspi in southeast Luzon. The Japanese garrison on the small islands were speedily liquidated. The islands command the Pacific entrance to the gulf.

Col. Allen, Captured By Germans, Liberated

WITH THE U. S. THIRD ARMY, April 13.—(Delayed by censor)—(AP)—Col. Robert S. Allen, former co-author with Drew Pearson of a Washington newspaper column, was captured by the Germans south of Ohrdruf April 7 and liberated when the U. S. Third Army took Erfurt.

Allen, who is on Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's staff, was in a jeep that was ambushed from the rear by German civilians after it ran into a lightly manned roadblock.

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