

The Honor Roll

The following was written by Del Jones' grandfather, Charles F. Thomas, Jr., who owned a coal mine in Colorado and supervised tunnel work on the Aqueduct And Hoover and Coulee dams.

Here's a toast to the army that built it,
To workers from river to town,
To the men and even the women
Who toiled, caring naught for renown.

To the men who were called foolish dreamers,
Or men who climbed mountains and vales
And traveled the drear, desert spaces,
O'er lonely and seldom trod trails.

To the supers, the walkers and shifters
Who urged as the battle was fought.
To the men who toiled in the headings,
To danger ne'er giving a thought.

To the draftsmen who just drew the pictures,
Or totaled the costs day by day;
To the men who planned and directed
The job as it moved on its way.

To the boys who pushed only the mucksticks;
To the crews who dished out the chuck;
To the men who kept the wheels rolling
In tunnels, in power house and truck.

To the men suff'ring pain, hurt or maiming;
Long hours behind hospital walls.
To the whiteclad doctors and nurses
Who eased other's pain in their calls.

And a pause in the toast we are drinking,
With a prayer for pals who are gone,
That The Great Master Workman in Heav'n
Pays well for the job they have done!

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