

THE YANKEE BOOMER

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T/Sgt. N. E. Kernell, Editor  
T/5 R. K. Waldron, Associate Editor

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THE GREAT WAGER

How is it proved?

It isn't proved, you fool; it can't be proved.

How can you prove a victory before it's won?

How can you prove a man who leads to be a leader worth the following, unless you follow to the death, and out beyond mere death, which is not anything but Satan's lie upon eternal life?

Well, God's my leader, and I hold that He is good, and strong enough to work His plan and purpose out to its appointed end.

...I walk in crowded streets, where men and women, mad with lust, loose lipped, and lewd, go promenading down to Hell's wide gates;

Yet have I looked into my mother's eyes and seen the light that never was on sea, or land, The light of love, pure love and true,

And on that love I bet my life....  
...I bet my life on beauty, truth, and love!

Not abstract, but incarnate truth; Not beauty's passing shadow, but its self, Its very self made flesh....love realized.

I bet my life on Christ, Christ crucified.

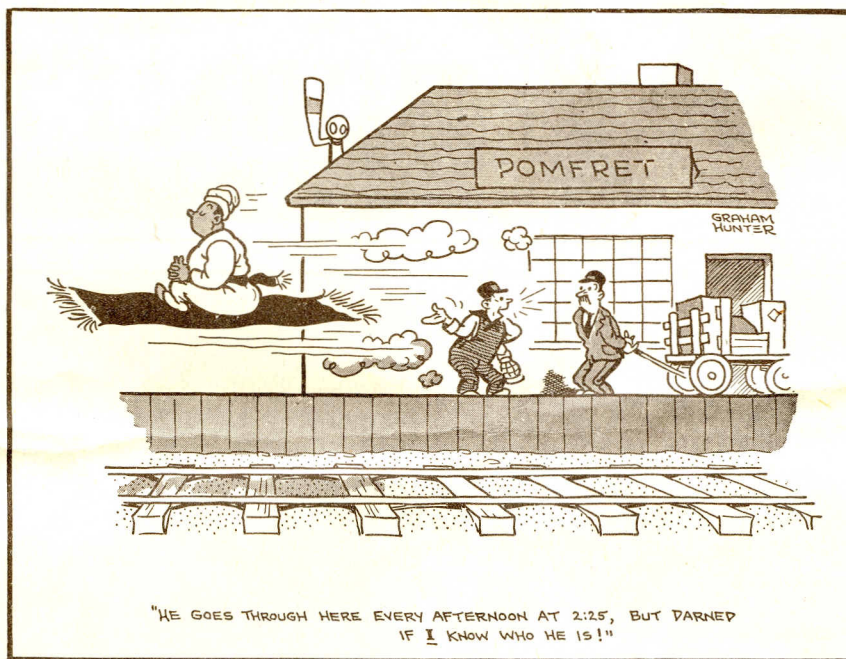
-- Studdert-Kennedy

These lines were written by a British Chaplain of the First World War. "Woodbine Willie", they called him because, everywhere he went he carried with him an apparently unexhaustible supply of woodbine cigarettes, which he distributed to everyone. I've heard that he was so unpredictable in his travelling that the Army had to give up trying to keep track of him. He became a sort of Chaplain-at-large to the men on the Front. His civilian ministry was to the people of London Docks area, who adored him. He wrote as he preached - brilliantly, pungently, with a simple directness that enabled everyone to understand him. He was a profound scholar, a great preacher, a devoted pastor.

What he has written about his faith will find a quick, warm response in the hearts of many men who have come to the same conclusion.

-- Chaplain Henning.

Two trains of the Illinois Central Railroad, Nos. 103 and 104, have been named the "Irvin S. Cobb" in memory of the late, beloved humorist. These trains operate overnight between Louisville, Ky., and Memphis, Tenn., 103 going and 104 returning.



A STORY COMES OUT OF IRAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following "true story of the rails" came out of Iran, and was printed in the May issue of the Locomotive Engineer's Journal.

Never before in hogger history was such a thing known to happen as that which occurred when engineer Pvt. Carl Lopez and fireman Pfc Maurice Brady both fell asleep inside their locomotive as it rushed along the rails toward Dorud on the ISR, according to GI's in the 791st Ry Operating Bn. at Camp Kramer, Ardimeshk.

It was in the early days of railroad-ing in Iran, when the utmost in physical



exertion was squeezed from every MRS man to expedite supplies to Russia. Carl and Maurice had gone without shut-eye for over 48 hours. Nearing kilo 671 milepost, the longing to sleep was almost overpowering. They fought against it, but the click-click-clack-clack of the speeding wheels caused drowsiness and finally heavy slumber.

Carl awoke first and hurriedly aroused Maurice. The engine was racing at full steam. They felt the huge drive-wheels churning beneath them --- but the train was standing dead still, suspended midway up a slight grade!

"What in thunder is happening," cried Carl. Neither of them could figure it out, and both were dumbfounded.

Maurice leaped from the cab and be-

held a sight which probably no man ever saw before. While those two exhausted GI's slept, their locomotive had struck a greasy spot on the rails. The wheels lost traction and began digging in. The soft rails used in Iran, plus the terrific heat of the sun beating down on them caused the track to literally melt beneath the friction of the harder wheels.

A fire was burning up the ties beneath the rails, where the steel track had been liquified almost to the track-bed, and friction had ignited the wood.

Anyone doubting the truth of this story, says its author, J. F. Houseman, can find ample proof at the Atterbury railway shops where four sections of track, bearing perfect impressions of drive wheels, are on display.

ERNIE WANTED TRACKS, TOO

Stories about the late Ernie Pyle are legionary. This one, having to do with railroads, appeared in Steel magazine:

"As we get the story from our Pittsburgh Editor, Bob Hartford, on two or three occasions Ernie Pyle had mentioned in his column a need for certain articles, and thereafter had been snowed under by the mail containing them. Once he said he needed a cookstove and got about forty-'leven pronto.

"So, in one of his columns, he mentioned the fact, and added that he was certainly glad he had never expressed the need for a Baldwin locomotive. Well now it seems that Harry Stanley, of Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove handles publicity for Baldwin, and the clipping services immediately began flooding Harry with clips of Pyle's column.

"After the first two or three hundred came in, Harry wrote to Ernie telling him that the publicity afforded Baldwin was so good that he had earned a locomotive, and where did he want it sent?

"Some days later back came a reply from Ernie's Washington minion to the effect that Ernie certainly appreciated the offer and would the locomotive works please send him a fresh big engine to Albuquerque, N. M., and please include about 800 miles of track!"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Maybe Ernie would have liked an MRS outfit to run his rail road for him!)