



# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## Train Talk

### TRAIN TALK

A few careful listenings to this song and you'll know enough railway terms to talk with a "foamer". (That's what REAL train engineers call the folks who haunt the edge of the rail yard diligently writing down the type and number of each engine they see.) Train imagery is deeply embedded in the language we speak from "get on board" with an idea, to any failure being described as "a train wreck". To illustrate how pervasive "train talk" is, here's an example with which you're probably NOT familiar. In the mid-1880's, the Fall Brook Coal Company Railroad sought to develop an alternative to instant dismissal for employees breaking company rules. George Brown was the supervisor who came up with a system of "points" for infractions. If you amassed sixty of Mr. Brown's points you got fired. Other rail lines quickly adopted the system. In our day and age "Brownie points" have morphed into something positive rather than negative, but the expression itself is old time ...TRAIN TALK.

A little More of the story ...

of course rail slang varies from area to area. There are some wonderful British terms ("pig mauler" for engineer) but in this song I've stuck with terms from the North American railway experience. A platform hustler is a railway employee who urges people to climb aboard a train that is about to pull out of the station.

#### TRAIN TALK

By: Jack Godwin

CHORUS: Train talk (train talk), train talk (train talk)

Where "bulls" are cops not cattle

Train talk (train talk), train talk (train talk)

It's all just railway prattle.

You "make a joint" when you couple cars, you sure can't smoke a "reefer",

Even "dope" is something else, an a railway tie's a "sleeper".

A "black snake" is a coal train, a "rattler" that's a freight

A "snoozer" is a sleeping car, I hope you've got that straight.

CHORUS: Train talk (train talk), train talk (train talk)

"High ball" means...go like hell

Train talk (train talk), train talk (train talk)

It's rail slang...can't you tell?

"Flimsies", they're train orders, an' a wrecking crane's a "hook"

A roundhouse is a "pig pen", a "scorcher" that's a cook

A "candy run" is an easy trip, "juicer" an electric train

A "platform hustler" ain't a prostitute, I wanna make that plain!

CHORUS: Train talk (train talk), train talk (train talk)

Where meals are all called "beans"

Train talk (train talk) train talk (train talk)

Now you'll know what it means.

A "hog" is an ol' steam engine, oil it an' you're "greasin' the pig"

You "bake a cake" when you build up steam, a "clown" is a switchman--dig!

A "bed bug" that's a porter, a "shift" is a 12 hour day

Now, if you're talking to a railway man you'll know what to say.

CHORUS: Train talk (train talk), train talk (train talk)

'Cause, you'll know what to say

Train talk (train talk), train talk (train talk)

It's the slanguage of the old railway!

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## LADY MACDONALD'S RIDE

Now for something wonderfully unique in Canadian history. This song relates a bizarre act by the wife of Canada's first Prime Minister during the couple's cross Canada train trip in 1886. Lady Agnes Macdonald was, by nature, a totally unliberated Victorian lady. Out of modesty, she believed piano legs should be skirted. She referred to "dark meat" and "white meat", never the breast or the thigh of a chicken--and she thought the only reason a woman should leave home on Sunday was to attend church. So it came as a complete surprise to Sir John A, and the C.P.R. executives when Lady Agnes insisted on riding up front on the cowcatcher of the locomotive as their train steamed from the Rockies to the west coast! Unable to dissuade her, John A. rode along with her as the train chugged into Revelstoke but then he returned to the club car and Lady Agnes (smiling from ear to ear) rode the rest of the way on her own. For some mysterious reason she wanted that experience badly enough to defy the conventions of the day, her public persona AND the wishes of her husband. Our song honours the gutsy spontaneity of...LADY MACDONALD'S RIDE.

A little More of the story ...

Lady Agnes MAY have been a secret rail fan. While Sir John A. was off in England negotiating the terms of confederation in 1885, Lady Agnes quietly farmed out her children and disappeared for a while. She may have taken a train voyage on her own during this time. On the trip west in 1886 described in the song, Lady Agnes asked to ride in the locomotive cab as the train neared Calgary and had a great time blowing the whistle.

### LADY MACDONALD'S RIDE

By: Jack Godwin

A train went by the other day, the weirdest thing I've seen,  
A lady rode on the cowcatcher, as regal as a queen.  
Oh, she was havin' fun, now that was plain to see  
Later I heard, she rode up there from the Rockies to the sea!

#### CHORUS:

When your big chance comes...TAKE IT, don't you run away and hide  
Nothin's gonna happen 'less you...MAKE IT, you can't win unless  
you try. ('cause...)  
Just once around--then we're gone--to life's other side.  
There's a lesson for the learnin', in Lady Macdonald's ride.

"I'm perfectly aware of the danger, she said. But the spell of  
the moment is strong.

Just once to court excitement, that surely can't be wrong."  
Past wildfires an' rock slides, riding there alone,  
Lady Macdonald saw it all, on her cowcatcher throne.

#### CHORUS

Swayin' 'round the mountain curves, and down the steepest  
grade

I heard she laughed with pleasure, completely unafraid.  
Skirts tucked underneath her, hat down 'round her eyes  
She rode into the history books on those C.P. railway ties.

#### CHORUS

Sometimes in life we get a chance at a dream that we hold dear  
The things that make us hesitate are worry, doubt and fear.  
So when your moment comes, just brush those thoughts aside  
And keep in mind the story, of Lady Macdonald's ride.  
You just remember well the story of Lady Madonald's ride.

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## FRANK SLIDE SAGA

This is the true story of Sid Choquette, one of the bravest brakemen who ever lived. At 4:10 am on April 29th, 1903 90 million tons of Turtle Mountain thundered down on the tiny Crow's Nest town of Frank. Contrary to popular belief, the town itself wasn't buried under the rock, but a mountain of debris did cover the train tracks. This meant a disaster was at hand because at 4:30 am the C.P.R.'s fast passenger train The Spokane Flyer, was scheduled to roll through town at top speed. The job of climbing across that slide and warning the Flyer--in the darkness with rocks still falling--fell to brakeman Choquette. Put yourself in Sid's spot, wouldn't you have wanted to--just say no? Not our Sid! According to eye witnesses, he was "pretty played out" when his adventure was over, but Sid DID manage to save the passenger train. What he achieved was heroic, how the company rewarded him was pathetic. Hear it all in...THE FRANK SLIDE SAGA.

A little More of the story ...

The Frank slide saga is rich in myth. There's a legend that the only survivor was a very little girl who was out walking at the time her house--and the entire town--was covered. With no family left alive she's supposed to have taken the name "Frankie Slide". As if a toddler would be out for a walk by herself at 4:10 am!

FRANK SLIDE SAGA (The Ballad of Sid Choquette)  
By: Jack Godwin

We were sittin' "in the hole" outside of Frank  
The night was still an' cold and dank,  
We were waitin' on The Spokane Flyer to pass us by.  
When suddenly we heard a rumblin' sound  
An' Turtle Mountain came a'thundering down  
Rocks and mud and dust rained from the sky. Well...  
In that moment of death and devastation  
Our conductor came to the realization  
That another disaster was loomin' up around the bend.  
(cause) That highballin' Flyer was running late  
A slide cross the tracks would seal her fate,  
If she wasn't warned, she was headin' for a horrible end!

Now Sid Choquette was our brakeman's name  
An' though he didn't seem born for fame  
What he did that night it made him the talk of the town.  
(cause) While the rock was piling up ton on ton  
Sid decided that he was the one, to  
Climb over that slide and flag The Flyer down.  
Through the nightmare scene, Sid made his way  
The horrors he faced, why--none can say...'cause  
Rocks still fell and people screamed in pain. But...  
Our brakeman stuck to his purpose true  
He faced that hell like a hero would do, yeah...  
He crossed that slide and he saved the passenger train!

Now...the daylight brought a frightening sight  
'Cause we saw in that first morning light  
The awesome damage that killer slide did do.  
But the crew of the Flyer, they were safe and sound  
An' you can bet they bought our Sid a round,  
An' the passengers why...they bought him several too!  
Even The Company wanted to reward old Sid  
For savin' their train the way he did, but...  
They were known as skinflints, near and far.  
They offered him 25 bucks and a commendation an...  
Now you know why, throughout the nation  
Us trainmen call that company..... "The Cheapie R".

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## WHAT'S A HOBO BOY TO DO?

Now here's a moral issue to test your sense of right and wrong. How would you handle this situation? **BACKGROUND:** Train robbers knew that most valuables were kept in a safe in the Mail Coach near the front of the train. The passenger coach was near the back, to be far away from the engine smoke. While robbing a train, outlaws would try to terrorize the passengers so they would cower in their seats rather than stick their heads out of the window (and become witnesses). To accomplish this, robbers fired their guns down the length of the train toward the passenger coach. In one incident, two hobos were hiding on an open lumber car when the bandits struck. Realizing their danger, the two rail bums scrambled down the length of the train--on top of the rail cars--attempting to get away from the gunplay up front. Arriving at the passenger car, they realized they could get out of the gunfire by going through the coach and jumping off the rear of the train. As the hobos threw open the door and started down the aisle of the Pullman, the frightened passengers spontaneously began handing over their valuables! We don't know what YOU'D do, but you'll hear what our heroes did in... **WHAT'S A HOBO BOY TO DO?**

A little More of the story ...

while true, this story didn't occur on a Canadian railway. It happened just outside Ballard in Washington state and the bad guys robbing the train were the Bill Miner gang.

### WHAT'S A HOBO BOY TO DO?

By: Jack Godwin

#### CHORUS:

Weren't they oh so kind, weren't they oh so sweet,  
Weren't they the most obligin' folks two hobo boys could meet.  
They opened up their hearts...and their wallets too!  
It's a sin to question kindness, what's a hobo boy to do?

Oh we were runnin' scared when those good folks took us in.  
The hot lead was a'flyin', we thought we'd lose our skin.  
Safety lay at the other end of that long Pullman car, an...  
Headin' down that aisle I learned how generous people are.

#### CHORUS

Thank you, it's a lovely watch, this diamond ring's a prize!  
It seemed the joy of giving, was widening their eyes.  
I thought with bandits close behind, they'd be as scared as me  
But those passengers were so nice, just as nice as nice can be.

#### CHORUS

It was raining furs and jewelry, on our freedom dash  
It was wrong to keep it all...so we mostly went for cash  
The "Good Book" tells us not to lie, to steal or to deceive  
But it's a blessed thing to give, an we're so happy to receive.

#### CHORUS

Now we're sittin' 'round this campfire, cookin' our hobo stew,  
Countin' up our blessings and deciding what to do. Should we  
Make for some swank hotel or...hop another train  
An hope that we're aboard when those bandits strike again.

#### CHORUS

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## JUST DESSERTS

**WARNING:** This song concerns adult themes...treated tastefully (we hope). It's a fact that the C.P.R. used to hire passengers to ride the trains and report on the quality of service provided by train staff. A negative report from one of these railway spies could result in instant dismissal. Of course one could never be sure who was a spy and who wasn't. This song details the adventures of a young dining car steward, an older wiser conductor and a lonely (but lusty) widow. Alas, the ending is too good to be true, but men in uniforms have long been known to stir hearts and this lascivious little story is a case of everyone getting their...JUST DESSERTS.

A little More of the story ...

**FULL DISCLOSURE:** this song was derived from an urban myth but at Brakemen concerts people have come up to us and said they knew the steward involved, so the tale can't be that far from the truth. Can it?

### JUST DESSERTS

By: Jack Godwin

A widow dropped by our dining car as we closed up late one night  
She looked me over, smiled and said, "I've such an appetite.  
I'll toss and turn in my lonely berth if I don't get satisfied,  
Bring me something tasty, an' don't knock, just...slip inside."  
"It's only just desserts, I said, that's all there's left to eat, but  
I'm a steward here to serve, if you'd like something sweet  
"Why sweets are just the thing, says she. Sweetness never hurts  
Sweets will do, I'll be waitin' for you! I've an urge for just desserts.

A Railway spy! the conductor said, it's trouble if you go.  
But the widow has a hunger says I, how could a gent say no?  
My friend you'll end up fired, an' won't that change your tune!  
Do you really think it's worth it, for a one night honeymoon?  
It's only just deserts I said, we stewards get lonely too,  
Satisfying passengers, why...that's what stewards do.  
"Provide those little extra's" our policy book asserts,  
I figured...I was doin' my duty, giving her just desserts.

That widow was rarin' to savor, the sweets I brought that night!  
But the ol' conductor's warning, well it put me in a fright.  
If trouble were to follow, I couldn't afford the blame, so...  
Once she--started nibbling--I used the conductor's name.  
It's only just desserts she sighed but, gee you've hit the spot!  
Passenger contentment--oh my, it's a talent that you've got.  
Stewards aim to please, says I, at service we're experts  
She thanked me...right up 'til sunrise, for comin' with just desserts.

Time went by, I kept my job, so she wasn't a railway spy.  
But I made a huge mistake that night--it's a sin to tell a lie.  
I guess I had it comin', oh but what a bitter pill,  
When she left that damn conductor--5000 in her will!  
It's only just deserts he laughed, countin' up his dough  
I knew that you'd regret that night, in fact I told you so. Now I've  
learned my lesson, an' it's one that really hurts.  
Always tell the truth, and you'll get your just deserts.

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## HONEST KV TRAINMEN

This song shines light on one of the darker aspects of railway life. Being a mountain rail line, Kettle Valley trains used to carry survival packages containing tea, tins of beef, bars of chocolate, brandy and other items for situations when the train might be stranded due to rock or snow slides. Over time, the Company noticed that these survival packages went missing constantly--even when no disaster had occurred. Staff pilferage was suspected. When researching this song, we asked a Kettle Valley trainman of long standing if thievery ever occurred. He looked at us sternly and said he'd never ever seen any trainman steal anything. Then his eyes twinkled and he added that he'd also never seen anyone swear, drink or play poker on the job either! Finally we got the truth from him. Hear it all in...HONEST K.V. TRAINMEN.

A little More of the story ...

one of the KV trainmen who was so helpful in getting the story right with this and other Brakemen songs was the late Alan Palm. You'll find more not-so-tall tales of the KV Railway in Alan's book "Lions in the Coquihalla".

## HONEST KV TRAINMEN

By: Jack Godwin

### CHORUS:

(We're) Honest KV trainmen, no not thievin' trainmen,

1. (Stealing is a most disgraceful act!)
2. (Things sometimes go missing, that's a fact.)
3. (Lost cargo is so very hard to track)
4. (Anyone convicted should be sacked.)

(We're) Honest KV trainmen, not deceivin' trainmen,  
We'd hate to think our honour was attacked. (But...)

ENDING: I swear your...Locomotive is safe, ain't that a fact!

Apples in a freight car, they tend to roll around  
A banged up box of apples, brings zero cents a pound  
Bruising can occur from just the swayin' of the train, so...  
If a damaged box goes missing, no one should complain.

### CHORUS:

"Waste not, want not". That's an old proverbial law  
Steaks from the dining car, can rot before they thaw. (It's true!)  
Spoiled sirloin steaks, they're useless as can be  
This Brakeman takes 'em medium rare what a delicacy!

### CHORUS:

A reefer car of icy beer, on a boilin' summer's day  
Shunting 'round the train yard, sometimes goes astray. (No!)  
well...All us KV trainmen, we love a head with foam, an'...  
It's surely not our fault if, a case should follow us home.

### CHORUS:

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## SEA TO SHINING SEA

This song is our Brakemen tribute to the "navvies", those tough men of all nationalities, whose sweat and toil forged the rail line across British North America and made modern Canada possible. They are forgotten heroes indeed! You'll hear about the struggles and exploitation they faced during a typical work day, what they ate, what they did for fun, and what their monumental efforts accomplished. These lyrics are based on contemporary research, but we've set them to a traditional work tune of the 1880's. This song is not just for listening. It's an anthem. We encourage you to join the Brakemen in honouring those navvies by raising your voice and belting out... "FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA".

A little More of the story ...

folk song aficionados will recognize the tune here as that of the old whaling song "Rollin' Down To Old Maui".

### SEA TO SHINING SEA

By: Jack Godwin

There ain't no play in a navy's day, it's sweat, toil and strain.  
We drill an' blast an' haul away, an' lay track for the train.  
Three...strokes per spike, ten spikes per rail, four hundred rails per mile  
Our hammers sing 'til the big bell rings, it's a work day navy style.

CHORUS: (FROM) SEA TO SHINING SEA, (WE BUILT)  
(FROM) SEA TO SHINING SEA  
A RAILWAY GRAND, ACROSS THIS LAND  
(FROM) SEA TO SHINING SEA.

(Oh...) Nothin's worse than the boss man's curse, he's pushin' us more and more.  
We're treated like scum, like animals dumb, we're robbed at the company store.  
Boiled...beef, boiled beans, boiled 'taters too--black flies in our tea.  
It's a helluva tale how we drove those rails, from sea to shining sea.  
CHORUS

'We gamble away our hard earned pay, 'there's nothing else to do.  
'Cept drink and fight on a Saturday night, yeah dance with a strumpet or two.  
There's a...whirlpool of sin to suck us in an' drain our money away,  
When it's all gone we labour on layin' track for another day.  
CHORUS

'Neath prairie sky, over mountains high, we pushed that railway line.  
When we were through, the land it grew into a nation strong and fine.  
Oh the...navvy's gone but heed this song 'bout our life of misery,  
'Cause our ragged band, we built this land from sea to shining sea.  
CHORUS

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## HOBO GENE FROM TULAMEEN

If you're a sucker for happy endings, this is your tune! Tulameen is an idyllic little spot located on the Kettle Valley rail line in the high country of B.C.'s Cascade Mountains. Life there is slow paced, friendly and peaceful. It's the kind of place an adventurous young man couldn't wait to leave--and one to which a world weary traveler would long to return. We wish we could say that Hobo Gene's story--with its doubly happy ending--is true, but historical details are so hard to pin down. Still, the song's message--that money doesn't buy happiness--IS TRUE (we believe). The Brakemen hope you'll reflect on that as you listen to one man's remarkable odyssey in...HOBO GENE FROM TULAMEEN.

A little More of the story ...

once-bucolic Tulameen is experiencing a real estate boom as city people from Vancouver flock there to scoop up lake front retreats. Possibly, Hobo Gene's family is still there. Possibly.

### HOBO GENE FROM TULAMEEN

By: Jack Godwin

I'm Hobo Gene from Tulameen, I've been ridin' the rails of life  
Bein' out on the bum has taught me some 'bout loneliness and strife.  
(I really) Wanna be with my family up where the tall pines blow  
I got friends there an' a sweetheart fair, so back home I'm bound to go. 'cause...

CHORUS: Riches ain't a bank account  
Not gold or foldin' green  
Riches bring you peace of mind  
So says Hobo Gene, headin' home to Tulameen.

Well...I couldn't wait so I hopped a freight headin' back to Tulameen  
But a railway bull he kicked me off in the worst snow storm I've seen.  
An unlocked door is what you're prayin' for when y' got no place at all  
I thanked the Lord when that unlocked door was a fancy funeral hall.  
Oh but..  
Mourners are the hardest friends to buy 'cuz no one owes you once you die,  
The place was bare no one cared, not a person to be seen!  
I signed the book that was a'sittin' there, then I said a little prayer  
"Find peace" from Hobo Gene, whose home is Tulameen.

Back at home no more to roam, I was a happier man by far.  
One day a lawyer man drove up in a long black shiny car.  
"Pray for my soul, get all my gold" was that rich man's last bequest.  
So...  
I'm sittin' there a new millionaire who's already feelin' blessed!  
'Cause...

CHORUS: Riches ain't a bank account  
Not gold or foldin' green  
Riches bring you peace of mind  
So says Hobo Gene, from his home to Tulameen

Oh, money don't buy happiness, an' you can bank on that  
But it'll get you groceries an' a place to hang your hat.  
I rode the rails from coast to coast an' every place between  
But I found my happy ending back home in Tulameen.  
Yeah, Hobo Gene's in Heaven...back home in Tulameen.

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## THE FAMOUS P.G.E.

Here's an interesting question. How long do you think it would take to build a railway when the funding came straight from government (that's we the taxpayers) and NO ONE kept records of how much was being spent? For much of its history this was the situation with British Columbia's own railway The Pacific Great Eastern. Money flowed from the provincial treasury straight into the pockets of the railway developers who were careful (and grateful) enough to generously support the campaign funds of their friendly provincial politicians. During the many years of construction, critics came up with a variety of meanings for the initials P.G.E.--you'll hear several in this song. For 44 years this line ran from nowhere to nowhere. Here's the true story of...THE FAMOUS P.G.E.

A little More of the story ...

of course the Pacific Great Eastern became B.C. Rail and has since been swallowed by Canadian National. With the recent rash of derailments and accidents we Brakemen encourage CN to--Please Go Easy--with our provincial rail line.

### THE FAMOUS P.G.E.

By: Jack Godwin

(In...)

1912 she was started, 1912 she was started  
With A glorious future charted, the famous P.G.E.  
Oh profits were predicted for the famous P.G.E.  
P.G.E., P.G.E. What can the meaning of those letters be?  
P.G.E., oh P.G.E. Provincial...Great...Enterprise--(whoopie!)

By '22 she was rusted, the dream was re-adjusted  
Tax payers were disgusted with the famous P.G.E.  
Little sign of progress on the famous P.G.E.  
P.G.E., P.G.E. What can the meaning of those letters be?  
P.G.E., oh P.G.E. --Pretty...Gloomy...Effort--(I agree)

By '32 she was busted, now rusted and busted  
Oh A fortune was entrusted to the famous P.G.E.  
A sinkhole for money, the famous P.G.E.  
P.G.E., P.G.E. What can the meaning of those letters be?  
P.G.E., oh P.G.E. --Promoters...Get...Everything--(I see)

By '45 she was a joke, but a most expensive joke  
Runnin' from nowhere to nowhere, the famous P.G.E.  
Yeah, nowhere to nowhere, the famous P.G.E.  
P.G.E., P.G.E. What can the meaning of those letters be?  
P.G.E., oh P.G.E. --Prince...George...Eventually--(we'll see!)

By '56 she was done, amazing everyone (But...)  
A little late to celebrate, the famous P.G.E. (yeah...)  
Forty years behind schedule, the famous P.G.E.  
P.G.E., P.G.E. What can the meaning of those letters be?  
P.G.E., oh P.G.E. -- Please...God...Enough!--(finally!)

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## PATCHES

The Brakemen regret to tell you that this incredibly sad song is--unfortunately--true. Back in the steam rail era it was quite common for rural folks to catch the train for a shopping trip to a near by city. The family dog would see them off, then--recognizing the sound of the arriving train--race down to the station to welcome them back home. Of course when a dog's owner went off to wartime service, there were occasions when he never did come back. Our research turned up a couple of incidents with endings as poignant as the one described in this song, but our favourite ending is the story about a dog who waited by the station for four years and his master DID return. Following a pat, a sniff and a lick the two of them walked home together. Too bad the saga doesn't end this way for...PATCHES.

A little More of the story ...

in the research we did the real dog's name was "Sheb" which was just too close to that of another famous dead dog ("Old Shep"). In writing the song we used the name of a friend's dog. As this CD was being completed we learned that the real Patches had just slipped off to doggie heaven. Life imitating art!

### PATCHES

By: Jack Godwin

#### CHORUS:

Where are y'gonna find a friend who lives to be with you?  
Where are y'gonna find a friend whose heart is oh so true?  
Patches was that friend, (the best) anyone ever knew  
Patches, that good ol' dog was faithful thru and thru.

(Oh...) The steam train took his master, many times before  
Patches learned to meet him right beside the station door.  
Waggin' out his welcome, (that's what) a puppy's tail is for!  
But one day that ol' steam train, took his master off to war.

He'd race down to the station as each train came puffin' in  
Thinkin' that his master was coming home again (he'd...)  
Check out every passenger on each arriving train  
Searchin' and hopin', but his hopes were all in vain.

#### CHORUS

(Now...) His master died in battle on some foreign shore  
But Patches waited faithfully beside that station door.  
Longin' for the one he loved, 'til he was old and sore  
Then one day Patches lay down, an' couldn't get up no more.

Oh...

Patches he died lonely, yeah Patches he died sad,  
Pinin' for his master, the truest friend he had. (But if...)  
There's a place called Heaven, (where) nothin' can be bad  
Patches and his master, they're together...an' I'm glad.

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## BELIEVIN' IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Of all the stories told in this CD, that of Edwin Frankel seems LEAST likely to be true--but it is. Mr. Frankel (who's name has been changed to protect the deluded) stepped in front of a speeding train believing that his amazing mental powers could bring it to a stop. Please, don't try this at home! We saw this story in a newspaper and--in writing the song--tried to get inside Edwin's head and guess what incidents had led up to his faith in his own omnipotence. Call this psychological analysis if you will, but we Brakemen like to think of it as a success story. After all, Edwin Frankel DID manage to stop the train by applying his philosophy that...BELIEVIN' IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

A little More of the story ...

if Edwin Frankel hasn't already been nominated for a Darwin Award we'd like to put his name forward. To us, he certainly seems deserving!

### BELIEVIN' IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

By: Jack Godwin

My name is Edwin Frankel, I'm known as "Psychic Ed"  
'Cause I Got fantastic powers, deep inside my head.  
I stopped a tap from dripping, I stopped the fallin' rain  
And someday soon I'm gonna stop a train.

CHORUS: they say...Believe in yourself, well I do!  
Believin' gonna make it all come true.

1. Oh, let me explain,
2. I'm sayin' it again, I can stop a train. Yeah...
3. I'm about to make it plain,

Believin' is all you have to do.

I'm psychic Edwin Frankel, I do super powered things  
I should be out performing for presidents and kings.  
I stop city traffic with signals from my brain  
And any day, I'm gonna stop a train.

CHORUS- 2

I'm constantly amazed at the powers I possess  
An' now it's time to really put my powers to the test  
To stop a clock from ticking, it's really not a strain  
So to show the world, I'm gonna stop a train. 'Cause...

CHORUS- 3

They hit the brakes just before the train hit Edwin Frankel  
His body felt the impact from his head down to his ankle  
It took a quarter mile, and who knows how much pain  
But Edwin Frankel finally stopped a train. (Yeah, he knew...)  
Believin' is all you have to do, an' he proved it's true  
Believin' is all you have to do.

# KETTLE VALLEY BRAKEMEN

## TRAIN THANG

Jamie Marshall, our "hot licks" harmonica player, has been a Kettle Valley Brakeman since the group's beginning in 1996. In that year we gave ten performances at the Kettle Valley Steam Railway in Summerland B.C. We spent many hours beside the tracks waiting for the whistle that would mean the train was about to arrive bringing passengers looking to be entertained with our stories and songs. Jamie got very good at recreating the sound of the train. In this tune he's joined by Jack Godwin on resophonic guitar as he demonstrates his amazing harmonica skills. All aboard for...TRAIN THANG!