



NOMADES DU RAIL
WEST
TRAINZ
RAIL NOMADS



Loco West

Yaral

Slim Dane





With all my heart and soul to Harry West.
Leo and Willie West.

To the Railroaders, the Gandy Dancers
and the railroad builders,
to the Wanderer, the Drifter,
The Hobo-hemion Train Hopper.

The Tramp and Female Tramp
and the modern freight rider.

To the train surfer rombling man,
The Homeward Bound Nomadic Worker.

Welcome to the Westtrainz Hobo Jungle.



SINCE THE DAWN OF HUMANITY NOMADS AND HOMO SAPIENS HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR A SAFE CAMPFIRE TO WARM UP THEIR SOUL, SHARE STORIES AND SHOOT THE BREEZE UNDER THE STARS. EATING TOGETHER AROUND A NICE COZY FIRE, PLAY MUSIC AND DRAW SIGNS OF THEIR ADVENTURES. WASHING THEMSELVES AND THEIR CLOTHES IN SOME FRESH WATER AND MOVING ON TO A BETTER LIFE.

JUST AS RAIL NOMADS HOMEWARD BOUND NOMADIC WORKERS, TRAVELING MUSICIANS, HOBOS, TRAMPS, RAIL BURNS SISTERS OF THE ROAD, MODERN FREIGHT TRAIN RIDERS, GANDY DANCERS AND RAILROADERS HAVE BEEN DOING SINCE 150 YEARS ON THE RAILROAD TRACKS. THE HOB0 JUNGLE IS THE OFFICIAL MEETING PLACE OF ALL HOBOS. THERE IS ONE IN EVERY TOWN. AT THESE JUNGLES WE BUILD A BIG FIRE AND EVERYBODY BRING IS MOOCH. WE SHARE FOOD IN THE MULLIGAN STEW AND WE COOK IT UP. WE USUALLY SLEEP AROUND THE JUNGLE TOO.

THE LIFE IN THE CAMP USUALLY CONSIST OF COOKING AND MOVING ON. WE TAKE CANS AND BLOW THE TOP OFF AND USE THEM FOR DRINKING CUPS AND USE THEM TO WASH OUR CLOTHES IN. AFTER A MEAL WE CLEAN UP THE CAMP, STACK UP OUR TIN CANS PILE UP THE WOODS, AND IF ITS TIME TO CATCH A TRAIN TO THE NEXT PLACE WE DO SO.

WE HAVE TO HUSTLE FOR WOOD MORE THAN FOOD. WE HAVE TO BE REAL SMART WITH THE BULIS (THE RAIL POLICE) WE SLEEP IN THE JUNGLE MANY TIMES AND THE MOST WONDERFUL POETRY I EVER HEARD WAS RECITED AT NIGHT AROUND THE CAMPFIRE,





Hello folks, WELCOME INTO THE WESTRAINZ HOBO JUNGLE
I GOT SOME LOUISIANA MULLIGAN STEW AND MOONSHINE COOKING UP FOR YALL
I GOT A NICE FIRE TO WARM UP YOUR BOOTS AND RAGS
THERE IS NO BULLS AND RAIL POLICE AROUND HERE TO MESS UP WITH US
SO WE CAN SHOOT THE BREEZE ALL NIGHT
THERE IS A NUMBER 9 TRAIN RIDING OUT WEST
TOMORROW MORNING AT DAWN
BUT FIRST AT ALL
LETS EAT AND HAVE SOME BOOZE & LET THE GOOD TIME ROLL
HEY LOCO, DO YOU HAVE A PIMP STICK FOR ME?
OH MY DEAR TRANSCONTINENTAL T!
YOU KNOW ME, I ONLY HAVE SOME LOCO WESTRAINZ STOGIES!



New Mexico Joe

I JUMPED OFF THE CONTAINER AND FELL INTO A RAVINE
MY HAIR WAS IN KNOTS, TWISTED AND GREASED UP,
MY RED EYES COVETING THE STOGGY TUCKED AWAY IN MY LAPEL
IN MY BAG I HAD TWO RABBITS AND A MOONGOOSE THAT ALMOST GOT AWAY

CRACKER JACK GAVE ME A TOOTHLESS GRIN
BECAUSE HE KNEW AS WELL AS I DID
THAT ALL THEM BULLS WOULD EVER FIND AFTER THAT TRAIN SHOT AWAY
WERE FOOTPRINTS DISAPPEARING IN A HAZE AT THE EDGE OF THE TRACKS

THE GHASTLY BEAST SPEWED TONS OF COAL AND FIRE SPITTLE
AS IT SLOWED DOWN TO PASS THE CURB
I PLACED MY FOOT ON THE GROUND LIKE A MAN ON THE MOON
THE WORLD WAS MY JUNGLE

I USED THE PATTY WACK BONE MY OLD MAN THREW ME
TO STIR MY MULLIGAN STEW OVER THE OIL DRUM FIRE
THE NIGHT STOOD STILL AND ALL WORRIES CRAWLED AWAY
LIKE SNAKES INTO THE DYING GRASS

NEW MEXICO JO
NEW MEXICO JO

I'LL SAVE YOU A DROP FOR WHEN YOU GET HERE...





ANNA LEE

I rode my wild wild palomino
Under a Voodoo Creek moon
Behind my mask and my black leather
I caught your eye at the Blue Moon Saloon

You just wanna be making whoopie
I just wanna boogie Woogie
Just wanna make it funky
Gonna run my voodoo down on you

Oh oh Anna Lee
She's a nymphomaniac caboose squeeze
Come to my boxcar named desire
You'll find a ribbon, hook and whip
I'll make you crawl like some poor beggar
You won't believe the luck you're in

You just wanna be making whoopie
I just wanna boogie Woogie
Just wanna make it funky
Gonna run my voodoo down on you

Oh oh Anna Lee
She's a nymphomaniac caboose squeeze

Ooh Ooh Ooh
Gonna run my Voodoo
Run my Voodoo down
Run it, my baby
Run that Voodoo down

Oh Anna Lee
I won't lie, boy
I will make you
Make you mine
No Where to run, boy
No Where to hide

You ain't gonna miss this train
tonight

I'm gonna run it
I'm gonna run it
Run that Voodoo
down on you





JACK BLACK

I mean, look, you guys probably know this
You've been around Albuquerque, New Mexico...
You know that stretch there that's like,
jungles along the railroads
and it's full of discontented, wageless workers?
They're all hungry, they're all half-naked,
They got no shelter...

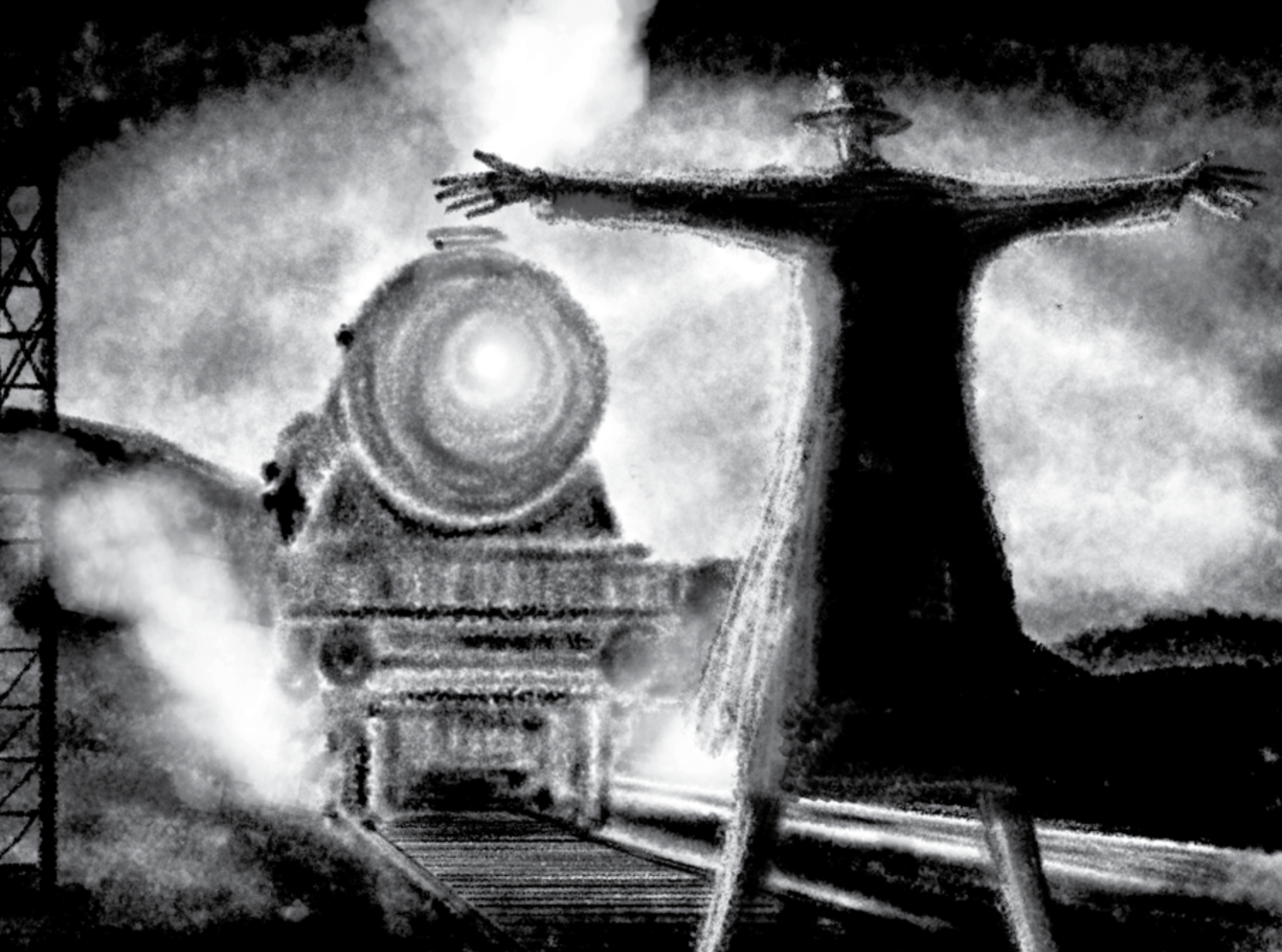
And there's a lot of real punks and rope kids
and real bums around there

Well, right around there I met this strange fellow
By the name of Jack Black

Now, this guy is something else, man.
He left home in California heading westward
in search of adventure.

He travelled with the bums and the fiddle
'til he met and experienced street door thief named Smiler
And this guy Smiler, he taught him the fine art of burglary
Unfortunately he got indicted anyway
and soon was sent to the Big House
HE got checked in.





Beat that Train

From, rage to rags
'till I'm raving my own
Blind to my phone
Then I dropped like a stone
And took off on my own
Your back was all those loose screws
That got lost in the seams
Like those coins that get tossed on the rails
Beneath the machine
I grab the coal train in the lab zone
Take a cold swing from Virginia
Ride on coat tails with the rambler
And lay low till the bulls come out
They'll see me beat that train
And hear the hokse shout
Beat it!

Hot Spot
This train keeps rolling on til my time is up
Cold Spot
The beat keeps going, it don't ever wanna stop
Be Bop
Just like an indie song
I will see this line through

Hot Spot
The Aes burned like a Midnight sun
Cold Spot
My time is timeless when I'm on the run
Be Bop
The Beat keeps going on
Drag me don't stop till the break of dawn

Not you're incredulous
At how impetuous
And how happy someone can be
When they lookin' so directionless
Yet this evidence
'S proof that I be setting in a precedence
With no residents
And no precedent
Just one and my relentlessness

We keep running and running like and endless sea
We gonna beat that train till the break of dawn

Water Bed for watching go me do?
I'm gonna find me a fire and a piece the Kezo:
Hollywood Pete who you gonna meet?
No one but the crew and my piece off the tracks
In those empty streets
Mista Conductor!

Yeah!
Pull the lever, He's me serving my tea
Before the tides rise
And force me to hide
While Smokin' Joe lays low
In the Congo
Spreddin' Lingo
Like a Fresh Show
Listen OH!

I've got an telephone to be calling home
No house Keys that I can call my own
Lost my hat to the wind and my shoes are loose
Found a pack of Pimp Sticks on a red caboose
I hear the wild dogs
Making wild calls
In the Empty halls
And they go up in smoke
Just like a firecracker
I take a big toke
To get my courage back up
I'm a Wolfman
I'm an Owl Man
I'm digging for treasure
In a garbage can
And I walk the grounds of a living grave
When the nights are crashing like a tidal wave
So I make my way
To a New day
When I live
When I play
When I stare
If you want to fool me Switchman
With a Mad plan
All you gotta do is
Beat that Train





Ghost town devil

I fell asleep in the caboose of Westbound train
Was looking for my love in the Similkameen Valley
The engine broke down in a Spook ghost town
and that is where I swear I met the devil personally
The devil was a lady but she dressed like a man
She had hard hit beauty in a witchy way
I said what's the situation in this one horse town
She said I got a proposition if you wanna throw down
Coal for the fire. Fire for the furnace
You've got to work in my underground palace.
I was riding with devil
Riding with devil on the wrong side of the Tracks

So the deal was sealed with a drop of my blood
I had a shovel in my hands for just digging in the mud
Into the buggy and down into the center of the Blackstone
caves that lie beneath this town
To work until the day they put me in my tomb
Because the engine needs coal for the fire to consume

I was riding with devil
Riding with the devil on the wrong side of the Tracks
I was riding with the devil
Riding with a ghost town devil on the wrong side of the Tracks

Coal for the fire
Fire the furnace
I heard the ghost miner sing a funeral chorus.

The ghost miner said
What you doing down here hiring boys?
You don't belong there
You best get yourself back up to the surface where you belong

I was riding with the devil
Riding with the devil on the wrong side of the tracks. (2)





TRANSCONTINENTAL T (featuring Thomas Hellman)

LAST WEEK, BY THE RAILWAY TRACK, I MET SAILOR JACK IN CHILLIWACK
LOCO: WOW! JACK LONDON HIMSELF?

TRANSCONTINENTAL T: THE REAL SAILOR JACK, JACK LONDON HIMSELF! THAT IS A TRUE STORY
AND WE RODE A TRAIN TOGETHER.

AND HE TOLD ME THAT HE WAS HOPPING THE CANADIAN PACIFIC Bound
EAST TO MONTREAL, AND HE WAS COMING BACK FROM THE KLONDIKE.

NOW UP THERE, IN YUKON AND ALASKA, THERE'S LOTS OF TRAMPES AND HOBS
LOOKING FOR JOBS AND GOLD...

SO MANY TRAIN STORIES ABOUT THE GOLD RUSH AND HOW TOUGH IT IS!

FROM FRISCO TO ST. PETERSBURG, SEATTLE, VANCOUVER, ALL THESE KLONDIKERS
FOLLOWING THE CHILKOOT TRAIL... OR COMING THROUGH SOUTHEAST ALASKA...

LAST STOP: DAWSON CITY.

T

BROKEN HOBO MAN

Who said he thinks he might have seen you leaving on a fancy boat
I can't afford a ticket man, I'm absolutely broke
I asked him for a loan, he thought it was a joke
It seems that everywhere I go

I just couldn't give up
so I drove my Winnieago through the nasty Alaskan winter
The Winnieago broke down in Siberia
An old man said that he thought that he saw you
just riding through the steppes of Mongolia
Found a lock of your hair down in India
and a drop of your sweat up in China
caught your scent in the Temples of Tibet
baby that's a scent that I'll never forget

I'm a broken man in Mississippi
I'm a broken man in Tennessee
I'm a broken man in Louisiana
Oh, I'll be broken till I find my baby
Everywhere I go
I'm a broken man

I felt broken when I rolled out of Houston
They said you headed north to see what you could see
Now I'm a broken man in Manitoba
Oh, and it's so cold I wonder where my baby be
Everywhere I go
I'm a broken man

I went up to Dawson City where we wanted to elope
and when I don't find you babe I just about lost hope
I ran into gambler with a leather overcoat

Now I'm a broken man in Nagasaki
Broken man in Bangladesh
Broken and sore down in old Singapore
They say a broken man can never get no rest

Everywhere I go
Everywhere I go
Everywhere I go

I'm just a broken man ✱



I AM A TRAIN WRECK

I'm a train wreck baby
Since you walked away
I'm a train wreck baby
Since you walked away from me
But I ain't gonna ride this train no more.

I'm a train wreck baby
Since you walked away
I'm a train wreck baby
Since you walked away from me
But I ain't gonna ride this train no more.

I'm a train wreck baby
Since you sailed away
I'm a train wreck baby
Since you sailed away from me

But I ain't gonna ride this train no more
No I ain't gone ride this train no more
No I ain't gone ride this train no more





Train Surfers

We jumped a Union Pacific freight train in the middle of the night
In Echo Park City Railway. In 1989 it was a very dangerous hood in Los Angeles.
We had to use our train spikes D! V Knives to protect us from the blinds.
Because when the big freight train doors locked you in the Boxcar,
You can freeze to death even in Southern California!

We were 3 surf burns and freight train riders.
We were pretty high on cheap Tequila, and our goal was to ride the big waves in Solana Beach.

At dawn the Union Pacific best stop in the freight yard of Santa Ana.
The Bulls and the dogs were looking for rails Burns and Blind riders like us.
So we put our game on the lambs and run run run... faster than hound dogs
To the Amtrak Station.
We were really lucky not to get locked in the big house by the rail police.
The fine for this kind of free ride was 10K US at the time.

We finally took the Pacific Surfliner down the coast to San Juan Capistrano
And Solana Beach. It was a real beautiful ride by the sea shore.
And around noon we were in Solana beach. We rented some long board
old school surf and jive our ass off!

That was my first experience jumping train...
And it was a real blast...



FREEDOM RIDERS

FREEDOM IS A STATE OF BODY AND SOUL

FREEDOM IS A STATE OF MIND

FREEDOM IS A CONSTANT STRUGGLE

FREEDOM IS PEACE OF MIND



* Sisters of the Road

by Moon
★ Moonshine Bubu

I SPEND THE LAST MONTH AT THE 'FUNKY ROUND'. 'AZZY 'ATHOZE
OF MY PARTNER IN CRIME MOONSHINE LILY IN ABERCORN
I BOILED LATA MOOSH JAR ON THE BLUE FLAME STILLS
AND YOU KNOW WHAT? NOW I'M A RUNNER-DEALER FOR HER,
WITH HER BEST BATCH OF HOME MAID WHISKY.

SHE GOT EVEN A GREAT FIDE AWAY
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC FROM BOSTON AND RICHFORD HERMONT
STOP RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF HER PALACE OF SINS.

SO AFTER A MONTH OF HARD BOILING WITH BENAKY JOE MY SISTERS OF THE ROAD;
BOXCAR BERTHA, VIRGINIA SLIM, ETHEL LYNN AND VIRGINIA STROPER CAME
TO VISIT ME IN ABERCORN. LEMME TELL YOU LADS
THEY REALLY GIVE THEIR ASS OFF!

SO WE DECIDED TO RIDE THE BLINDS TO CHICAGO.
WE MET HOBO'S, TRAMPS, RAIL BUNS, YEGGS, PIMPS, BOHEMIANS
WOBBIES AND MANY HORNY BREAKMEN AND OTHER RADICALS
BUT HEY LADS! WE ARE FREE SPIRITED WOMEN!
SO WE HAD A REAL BLAST JUMPING TRAINS TO THE WINDY CITY



LOW WEIRAINZ, HERMANTA MOONSHINE BIBU?
DID YOU MEET FLUFFY?
TRANSCONTINENTAL T.
ANY PROBLEMS WITH THE ROUGHNECKS?

WELL, WE USUALLY RIDE THE BLINDS,
BUT WE RODE ALSO ON THE REEFERS,
THE VEGETABLE AND THE FRUIT CARS.
BUT MOST OF TIME WE RODE IN THE ROBES RODS
OF A BAGGAGE CAR WITH HORNY BREAKMAN
WHO HAD A SWEET SPOT FOR BOXCAR BERTHA
AND VIRGINIA WAS A REAL LOULOU TOO.





you know, ridin' the rails has been a long time
in our family. My grand-father Gordon I used
to ride the Atlantic Oriental with his buddies.
Big Boy Robinson was like a mixed blood half
Black and half Indian and number one brown.
They used to ride the Train that went from Gaspé
to Matapédia and in Matapédia they'd jump
on to the Scotia Limited or the Ocean Limited that
went from Halifax to Montreal.

When we were kids we learned on that
short stop from Esquimaux to Matapédia
so the old guys used to tell us

"Run with the box car. Jump up
grab the brake wheel. Jump up
on that first step..."

but they never told us how to get off!

We'd jump off and we'd hit the ground
and the ground's
not moving





MAWIOMI

THERE WAS A CHOICE TO BE MADE; EITHER LIVE WITH THE INDIAN AGENT WHO CONTROLLED OUR LIVES OR BECOME A NOMAD AGAIN SO I CHOSE TO ESCAPE TO THE FREEDOM OF RIDING THE RAILS.

FROM CROSS POINT TO MATAPEDIA TO MONTREAL THEN ON TO THE PRAIRIES AND THE WEST COAST.

I THINK IT WAS JUST PAST THUNDER BAY THAT I MET MY FEATHERED INDIAN BROTHERS AND SISTERS. IT WAS A MAWIOMI, A GATHERING OF A MIXED BLOOD FAMILY AND EVERYONE WAS THERE. RED, YELLOW, BLACK, WHITE AND ALL THE COLORS IN BETWEEN.

IT WAS A WORLD OF RAIL DOGS, BARREL FIRES, STORIES, SONGS, FIGHTS AND ROMANCE. SOME NIGHTS BY THE FIRE YOU COULD FEEL THE ANCESTORS SLIP IN BESIDE YOU AND BEYOND THE CRACKLES FROM THE BARREL, THE SILENCE WAS THE LOUDEST SOUND TO BE HEARD.

WHEN THE SUN RAISED ITS HEAD FOR ANOTHER DAY EVERYONE DISAPPEARED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE VAGABOND DIRECTIONS UNTIL THE NEXT MAWIOMI THAT WOULD BE SOMEWHERE ELSE AT ANOTHER TIME.



Hobo Trance

Embers 2 Embers
Smoldering* in ashes
Down by the river bank
The Best ever
Hobo Trance





Westtraing Hobo Jungle

Montreal to New-orleans
New-orleans to Santa Fe
Santa Fe to the Frisco Bay
Frisco to the Windy City

Free your mind and jump this train

Chilliwack to White Horse
White Horse to Yellow Knife
Yellow Knife to Halifax
Halifax to Montreal

Free your mind in jump this train

Spoken parts
To the wanderers
The drifters

The Hobchemian train hoppers

The tramps and female tramps

The modern freight train riders

To the train surfers

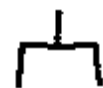
The rambling men

The nomadic homeward bound workers

Welcome into the Westtraing hobo jungle!

All aboard the Westtraing

All aboard the Westtraing





C.N.T 6125

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Full-Rate Message	FRM
Day Letter	DL
Night Message	NM
Night Letter	NL

WEST EVERYWHERE TELEGRAM

Exclusive Connection
with
WEST EVERYWHERE
CABLES
Cable Service
to all the World

Loco : Hey brother Slim,
You know, I told you a lot of stories about Nawlin Slim Jim. But in fact it was the moniker of my great-grandfather, Harry West !

Slim : Oh yeah? Say, didn't you tell me Harry was a great banjo and guitar player?

Loco : That's right.

Slim: And that he was the composer & band leader for the Lousiana Ramblers around 1910-1920?

Loco: Yep. He travelled with his band from Nola to Memphis, Chicago and then finally to Montreal, Canada.
He led a very tough life because he was born in slavery. Did I ever tell you he was a gandy dancer in south west Lousiana?

Slim: No!

Loco: Well, he was. And when he came to Canada, he eventually became a railroader in the CPR Angus Shops in Montreal.

Slim : Sounds like quite the extraordinary person.

Loco: He was incredible. I mean, when you think about it, the reason I'm here today is because he never once gave up
looking for the North Star of the Freedom Train !



FREEDOM TRAIN

IF WE MAKE IT TO THE BORDER
WE SHALL BE FREE
NO MORE HOUNDS
CHASING ME
TRAVEL BY NIGHT
SLEEP BY DAY
DROP ALL OPPRESSION
ALONG THE WAY
FREE FROM THE WHIP
FREE FROM THE CHAINS
MAKING A NEW LIFE
IN A BRAND NEW LAND
OH YEAH

GONNA BE FREE, GOTTA BE FREE
CHANTING: FREEDOM, FREEDOM
FREEDOM TRAIN (6X)
IT'S SO SWEET, Y'ALL,
FREE FROM THE WHIP
FREE FROM THE CHAINS
I'M FREE, FREE AGAIN WHOO AHO
CHANTING: FREE (x14)
FREEDOM TRAIN
I'M FREE OOH WEE

I'M FREE





Hobo Sunrise*

BLACK RAIN POURING IN ON AND ON
STEEL RAINS BUCKING ON AND ON
LIQUID SCENERY REELING ON
BOXCAR RUMBLING ON AND ON
HOBO HUMMING A SAD OLD SONG
LOCO CHUGGING TO RIGHT THE WRONG
CHUG CHUG CHUGGING IT TO THE BONE
WHEN NIGHTS ARE LONELY AND COLD AS STONE
HOBO YOUR WORK IS NEVER DONE
LAST CHANCE, BABY, BEFORE IT'S GONE
BEAT THAT TRAIN MOVING ON AND ONE
TRAIN WON'T STOP TILL THE BREAK OF DAWN
A LONELY WAGON WHERE YOU BELONG
A BIG FAT STOGGIE TO MAKE YOU STRONG
THE LAST ONE SMOKED BY THE THE BREAK OF DAWN
CHUG CHUG CHUGGING YOUR WAY BACK HOME
ROUND TRIP DROPPING YOU WHEN YOU'RE DONE
FOREMAN WORKING YOU TO THE BONE
BEAT THAT TRAIN MOVING ON AND ON
LAST CHANCE, BABY, BEFORE IT'S GONE
HOBO, YOUR HOME IS ON THE RUN
HOBO, YOU'RE MOVING ON AND ON
BUT THE SUN WILL RISE WHEN YOUR DAY IS DONE



CIGARBOX SLIM

FOOD FOR THE SOUL

All I've got to say is
I don't need any of that stuff
'Cause I'm perfectly happy with my Cigarbox
And I found it, strung it up myself right
on the side of the railroads
And took it with me everywhere I went
Up and down
Feeding all those trains
Tramping down south a month ago, actually,
on the Southern Pacific from Santa Fe
all the way to New Orleans
I went to Baton Rouge in Louisiana
I played even some dobro with Slim Harpo
and Freddy Roulette and Nawlin Slim Jim
Even Lead Belly, believe it or not!
Real nice hobo swamp blues, man.
That was food for soul

Q



Freight Train Blues

Freight train Blues

Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo

I've got the freight train blues

Holes all in my shoes

I've got the freight train Blues

Holes all in my shoes

Well I say, brother Willie

Why do you always have to lose

Well my woman she left me

A long time ago

Said she didn't want me

Around anymore

I've got the freight train blues

Holes all in my shoes

Well you know it's a Shame

Fell like a dying man

Well woo hoo

Lord Have Mercy

Coming in your town

And it won't belong

If you don't like my company

I just guess I'll be gone yeah

I got the freight train blues

Holes all in my shoes, yeah

Well I'm standing here wondering

Why in the world I always have to lose

Having a Hard Time

With these Holes all in my shoes

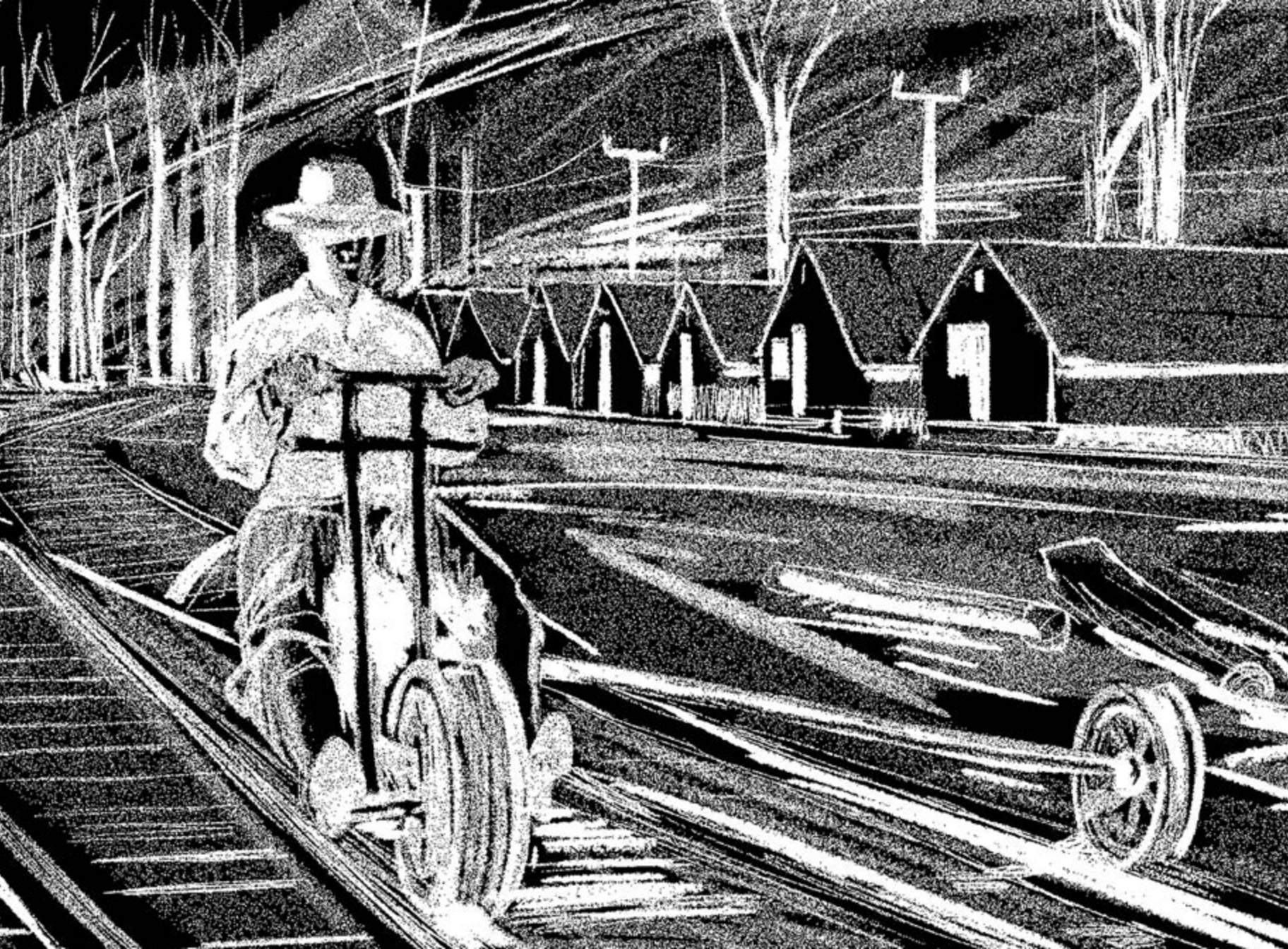
Freight train Blues

If you don't like my company

Then I won't be staying around

Gonna leave this town

Hoo hoo hoo hoo



The Ghost of Sailor Jack

(from HOBOES THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT)

IN THE COURSE of my tramping I encountered hundred of hoboies, Whom I hailed or who hailed me, and with whom I waited at water-tanks, boiled-up Cooked mulligans battered the drag or privates, and beat trains, and who passed and were seen never again.

On the other hand, there where hoboies who passed and repassed with amazing frequency, and others, still, who passed like ghosts, close at hand, unseen and never seen.

It was one of the ladder that I chased clear across Canada over three thousand miles of railroad, and never once I did by eye on him. His Monica was Skysail Jack. I first ran into it at Montreal. Carved with a Jack-Knife was the skysail-yard of a ship.

This latter conveyed the information that he passed through Montreal bound west, on October 15, 1894, He had one day the start of me, Sailor Jack was my Monica, And promptly I carved it alongside of his, along with the date and the information that I, too, was bound west.

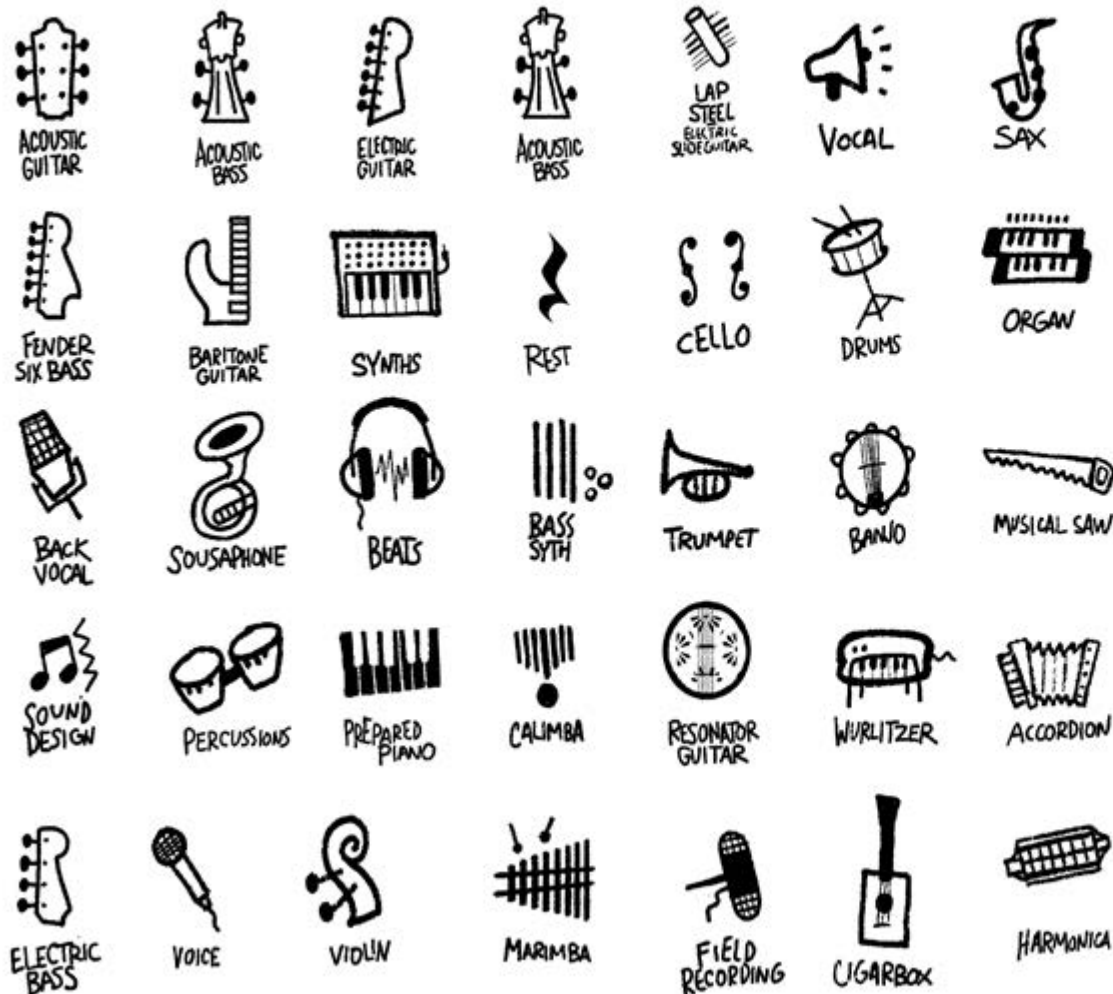


TERMINAL CITY TRAIN

In the aftermath of humanity
She is the real boss,
Time will tell.

To be continued

RAIL NOMADS GEARS



RAIL NOMADS

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
FRANCIS COVAN
THOMAS HELLMAN
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS

NEW MEXICO JOE

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
SIMON DROUIN
THOMAS HELLMAN
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS
BETTY BONIFASSI

ANNA LEE

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
PASCALE RACINE VENNE
MAFÉ

JACK BLACK

OLAF GUNDEL
THOMAS HELLMAN
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS

BEAT THAT TRAIN

OLAF GUNDEL
ERIK WEST MILLETTE
VINCENT LETARTE
MARTINE CRISPO

GHOST TOWN DEVIL

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
PASCALE RACINE VENNE
SANTOSH LALONDE

TRANSCONTINENTAL T

THOMAS HELLMAN
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS
ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL

BROKEN HOBO MAN

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
PASCALE RACINE VENNE
SANTOSH LALONDE
YVES DESROSIER
ANNICK BRÉMONT

I'M A TRAIN WRECK

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
LEVY BOURBONNAIS
SACHA DROUD
SANTOSH LALONDE

TRAIN SURFERS

WILLIAM LE GALÉE MANN
CHRISTIAN DION
SIMON MEILLEUR
ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL

FREEDOM RIDERS

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
PASCALE RACINE VENNE
SANTOSH LALONDE
LEVY BOURBONNAIS
JULIE RICHARD

SISTERS OF THE ROAD

OLAF GUNDEL
THOMAS HELLMAN
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS

MAWI OMI

ROBERT SEVEN CROWS
OLAF GUNDEL
ERIK WEST MILLETTE
VINCENT MÉNARD
RACHELLE BONNEAU
PASCALE RACINE VENNE

R7 CROWS

OLAF GUNDEL
ERIK WEST MILLETTE
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS
THOMAS HELLMAN
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE
ERIK WEST MILLETTE

HOBO TRANCE

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
LEVY BOURBONNAIS

WESTRAINZ HOBO JUNGLE

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
PASCALE RACINE VENNE
CHARLES PAPASOFF
CHARLES IMBEAU
THOMAS HELLMAN
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS

HARRY WEST

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL

FREEDOM TRAIN

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
VINCENT LETARTE
PASCALE RACINE VENNE
JULIE RICHARD
CHARLES IMBEAU
WILLIE WEST
LYNE TREMBLAY
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS
MARC GAGNON
MAFÉ
THE HOBO JUNGLE CHOIR

HOBO SUNRISE

FABRICE LAURENT
OLAF GUNDEL
ERIK WEST MILLETTE

SLIM DANE CIGARBOX

OLAF GUNDEL
THOMAS HELLMAN
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS
ERIK WEST MILLETTE

FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES

TONY ALBINO
ERIK WEST MILLETTE
JORDAN OFFICER
OLAF GUNDEL
WILLIE WEST

THE GHOST OF SAILOR JACK

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
FABRIENNE LUKET
OLAF GUNDEL
SIMON DROUIN
CLAUDE FRADETTE
THOMAS HELLMAN

TERMINAL CITY

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE
SHEILA HANNIGAN
FRANCIS COVAN

LOCO WESTRAINZ STOGIES

ERIK WEST MILLETTE
OLAF GUNDEL
THOMAS HELLMAN
ROBERT SEVEN CROWS
PASCALE BUISSIÈRE



FIRST OF ALL A TREMENDOUS THANKS TO

OLAF GUNDEL & YVES ARCHAMBAULT
FOR YOUR HARD WORK HUGE TALENTS,
DEDICATION & LOVE
FOR THIS RAIL NOMADS PROJECT
WITHOUT YOU LADS,
THIS AUDIO-BOOK WILL STILL BE A DREAM

A HUGE THANKS TO OUR SPECIAL GUESTS

WILLIE WEST, SANTOSH LALONDE, MAFÉ,
OLAF GUNDEL, PASCALE BUSSIÈRE,
ROBERT 7 CROWS & THOMAS HELLMAN

**HEARTFELT THANKS ALSO TO
THE LET ARTISTS BE STATION**

LOUIS-ARMAND BOMBARDIER, MARIE-EVE VIGOR,
DANIKA FLEURY, SOPHIE DALLAIRE-BOUGHARD,
CHRISTIAN BRETON, SÉBASTIEN FRANCO,
CHARLES-ANTOINE MARCOTTE

TO THE WESTTRAINZ HOBO JUNGLE CHOIR

MATT ZIMBEL, LYNE TREMBLAY,
MARITZA EDMOND BRIFFAULT,
MELISSA DYER, VINCENT LETARTE,
SIMON TIGER ALAIN, SÉBASTIEN LACOMBE,
ANGELINA SANCHEZ & FABIENNE LUCET

FOR THE GREAT RAIL NOMADS BAND

OLAF GUNDEL, SANTOSH LALONDE,
JOHN MC GOLGAN, JIMMY ST-AMAND,
GENEVIÈVE BOUCHARD, MICHEL FORDIN

**TO OUR TECHNICAL, PHOTOGRAPHIC
& VISUAL CREW**

MARTIN BOURGAULT, RICO MICHEL,
CHRISTINA ALONSO, ALEX LEPAGE, ALEXIS VIGNAULT,

FOR THE HISTORICAL ADVICES

LEO & ANDRÉE WEST & BIA KRIEGER

MANY THANKS FOR ARTISTIC ADVICES

FRANÇOIS BERTHIAUME, PASCALE BUSSIÈRE,
NICO CIRRITO, JEAN LELOUP, ANIA MOROCHNIK,
ANGELINA SANCHEZ, ANICK ST-LOUIS,
CARLOS KRIEGER WEST, MATT ZIMBEL

**CO-PRODUCER, CO-ARRANGER,
CO-COMPOSER, CO-SONGWRITER**

ERIK WEST MILLETTE, OLAF GUNDEL

GRAPHIC DESIGN, DRAWINGS

YVES ARCHAMBAULT AKA YARAL

MIXES & RECORDINGS

OLAF GUNDEL/STUDIO LOBSTER TANK

MASTERING

RYAN MOREY

ADDITIONAL RECORDINGS

ERIC RATÉ/STUDIO B-12

(FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES)

WILLIAM LEGALLEE MANN/LEGALLEE SOUND STUDIO
(TRAIN SURFERS)

FRANCIS COVAN STUDIO ARCOVAN
(RAIL NOMADS, TERMINAL CITY TRAINZ)

LEON STUDIO AU MINNESOTA
(FREEDOM TRAIN)

VINCENT MÉNARD/PROGRAMMATION
MARTINE H. CRISPO/BEATS
(BEAT THAT TRAIN)

ADDITIONAL SONGWRITING

WILLIE WEST
(FREEDOM TRAIN, FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES,
GHOST TOWN DEVIL, I'M A TRAIN WRECK)
SANTOSH LALONDE (BROKEN HOBO MAN)



JACK LONDON



LEON RAY LIVINGSTON



FAMOUS RAILBUM



JACK KEROUAC



"MOONSHINE BUBU"
PASCALE BUSSIÈRE



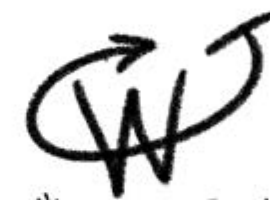
"YARAL"
YVES ARCHAMBAULT



"SLIM DANE"
OLAF GUNDEL



"TRANSCONTINENTAL T"
THOMAS HELLMAN



"LOCO WEST TRAINZ"
ERIK WEST MILLETTE



"NAWLIN SLIM JIM"
HARRY WEST



"CAPTAIN K1200"
SANTOSH LALONDE



"R7 CROWS"
ROBERT BOURDON



"JOHNNY MAC"
JOHN MCGOLGAN



"BREAKMAN MITCH"
MICHEL FORTIN



"SWITCHMAN JIMMY"
JIMMY ST-AMAND



"SISTA SOUSA JU"
JULIE RICHARD

HOBO TERMS & SLANG

A MOUTHPIECE A LAWYER
ANGELINA A YOUNG INEXPERIENCED HOBO
BANJO A SMALL PORTABLE FRYING PAN FOR CAMPFIRE
BEACHCOMBER A HOBO WHO HANGS AROUND DOCKS OR SEAPORTS
BIG HOUSE THE PRISON
BULLETS BLACK BEANS
BLACK SNAKE A SOLID TRAIN OF LOADED COAL
BONEWARD HOSPITAL
CALIFORNIA BLANKETS NEWSPAPER FOR BEDDING
CANNONBALL A FAST TRAIN
COVER WITH THE MOON SLEEP OUT IN THE OPEN
CATHOUSE BROTHEL.BORDELO.WHOREHOUSE
DRUMMER A YARD CONDUCTOR
DUTCH ACT A SUICIDE
EASY MARK HOBO SIGN
EXTRA GANG A CREW THAT WORK ON THE RAILROAD TRACKS FOR FEW DAYS
FLAT BUSTED COMPLETELY BROKE
FLIM FLAM HOAX OR TO TRICK
FLOP HOUSE HOBO MOTEL
FLY AWAY A DESERTER FROM ARMY
FREELoader A TRAIN RIDER
FLIP FLOP AND FLY TO GRAB A MOVING TRAIN
FRUIT TRAMP SEASONAL WORKER ON FREIGHT TRAIN
GREASE THE TRACKS TO BE RUN OVER BY A TRAIN
GANDY GUMBO A SPIKE WORKER DISH
GONE WITH THE BIRDS GOING DOWN SOUTH FOR THE WINTER
GREASE BALLS A LOW LIFE
GRIFTERS CARNIES.CIRCUS PEOPLES
GRINDER YOUR TEETH
HEARSE A CABOOSE
HEAD LAMP LIGHTS ON ENGINE LOCOMOTIVE
HIGH-BALL A SIGN TO START MOVING
HIJACK A ROBBERY
HOBO JUNGLE HOBO CAMP SITE
HIGH IRON THE MAINLINE TRACKS

HOBO BELT LIKE MILWAUKEE.CHICAGO.LOS ANGELES
HOB OEIT A FEMALE HOBO OR SISTERS OF THE ROADS
HOB OHEMIA THE UNIVERSE OF THE HOBO
HOBO CODES SECRET HOBO SIGNS WITH CHALK
HOBO MARKS GRAFFITI ON TRAIN CARS
HOBO MONIKERS NICK NAMES FOR HOBOS
HOBO NEWS NEWSPAPER FOR HOBO STARTED BY JAMES EADS IN 1910
HOBO NIGHT HAWKS POLICE WHO DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS HOBOS
HOBO STEW A MULLIGAN STEW COOKED IN LARGE POT IN THE HOBO JUNGLE
JUNGLE AN AREA OFF RAILROADS WHERE HOBO CAMP. EAT AND CONGREGATE
JUNGLE BUZZARD A RAIL BUM OR A THIEF
JOOKER AN EXPERIENCED HOBO
KING OF THE ROAD AWARD IN THE HOBO CONVENTION
LOOLOO A SEXY WOMAN
MISSION STIFF HOMELESS SHELTER FOR RETIRED HOBOS OR TRAMPS
MULLIGAN STEW A COMMUNITY STEW IN THE HOBO JUNGLE
NUMBER 9 TRAIN AN EASY TRAIN TO JUMP NEW ORLEANS WHERE YOU FIND HOBOS
POSSUM BELLY TO RIDE ON THE ROOF OF A PASSENGER CAR
PIMPSTICK A CIGARETTE
RAIL RIDER EXPERIENCED HOBO AND SOMETIMES TRAIN WORKERS WITH RAILROAD CARDS
RAILROAD FEVER A MALADY FOR TRAMPS WHICH THERE ARE NO REMEDY
RAILROAD SPIKE HOMEMAID KNIFE TO KEEP THE BOXCARDOOR FROM CLOSING
(AND NOT FREEZING TO DEATH)
STOOGIES CIGARS
SKY PILOT A PREACHER OR MINISTER
THE BULLS RAIL POLICE
RAMBLE WANDER FOR PLEASURE LIKE TRAMPS
RANK CATS THE LOWEST BUMS
RED CROSS MORPHINE
RIDING THE RODS FRONT END BOXCAR
RIDING THE BLINDS BAGGAGE CAR
ROAD BUMS ANOTHER NAME FOR HOBOS
ROAD BURN ON THE ROAD FOR TOO LONG
ROUGHNECK A FREIGHT TRAIN CABOOSE BREAKMAN
ROAD KID YOUNG HOBO WITH EXPERIENCED HOBO
RUN DUM A DRUNKARD
YEGG A RAIL BUM PROFESSIONAL THIEF



1. RAIL NOMADS
2. LOCO WESTTRAINZ STOGIES
3. NEW-MEXICO JOE
4. ANNA LEE
5. JACK BLACK
6. BEAT THAT TRAIN
7. GHOST TOWN DEVIL
8. TRANSCONTINENTAL T
9. BROKEN HOBO MAN
10. I AM A TRAIN WRECK
11. TRAIN SURFERS
12. FREEDOM RIDERS
13. SISTERS OF THE ROAD
14. R7 CROWS
15. MAWI OMI
16. HOBO TRANCE
17. WESTTRAINZ HOBO JUNGLE
18. HARRY WEST
19. FREEDOM TRAIN
20. HOBO SUNRISE
21. SLIM DANE CIGARBOX
22. FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES
23. THE GHOST OF SAILOR JACK
24. TERMINAL CITY TRAIN

"A GRAPHIC & MUSICAL JOURNEY INTO THE HOBO JUNGLE"



INSTANT ACCESS TO
RAIL NOMADS SOUNDTRACK

L'Abe
let artiste be

SODEC
Québec

musicaction

Canada