EDITORIAL

I guess it's customary for a departing editor to say a few words on the way out. But what can I say? I don't really feel like I'm leaving, as I'll still be around, looking after the reviews department. Lynn Whidden has already shown that she can put out an entertaining and thought-provoking magazine – I'm sure you all join with me in wishing her well and offering her support. Especially I'm sure Lynn will be able to publish the Bulletin more punctually than I've been able to in the last year or so.

So, I've had a good run, with lots of enjoyment and lots of personal growth. Thanks to all of you who've given me so much help and encouragement over the years. Now I'm happy to throw the torch, and bid you, not "adieu", but (happily) "au revoir".

John Leeder

In a prison down in Washington, the year was nineteen hundred,
Bill Miner was released from doing time.
He'd robbed stages in the west, but those days were gone, he guessed.
So he thought he'd try his hand at robbing trains,
There'd be ample compensation for his pains.
They were waiting in the rain for that gold-dust-laden train,
They jumped aboard the coalcar as she passed;
And about an hour later they rode 'cross the mighty Fraser,
Six thousand worth of gold-dust they would stash,
And a bag that held nine hundred more in cash.

Bill lived quite well in Kamloops with Calhoun and Shorty Dunn;
Two years later they had planned their second job;
Stopped a train at Old Duck Station, but a gross miscalculation
Brought only fifteen dollars for this job,
Of the hundred thousand they had hoped to rob.
But the cops were hard behind him, Sergeant Belson swore he'd find him,
At Douglas Lake the gang was trapped at last;
And the jury had good reason to send them all to prison;
Bill Miner would escape in just one year,
And rides out to continue his career.

Bill ended his last days down in Georgia, so they say,
Robbing trains on the Southern Railway line;
Year fifteen he died in prison; as he went he lay there dreaming,
Of the time that they had waited in the rain,
The night they robbed that gold-dust-laden train.
He remembered how they'd waited in the rain,
The night they robbed that gold-dust-laden train.