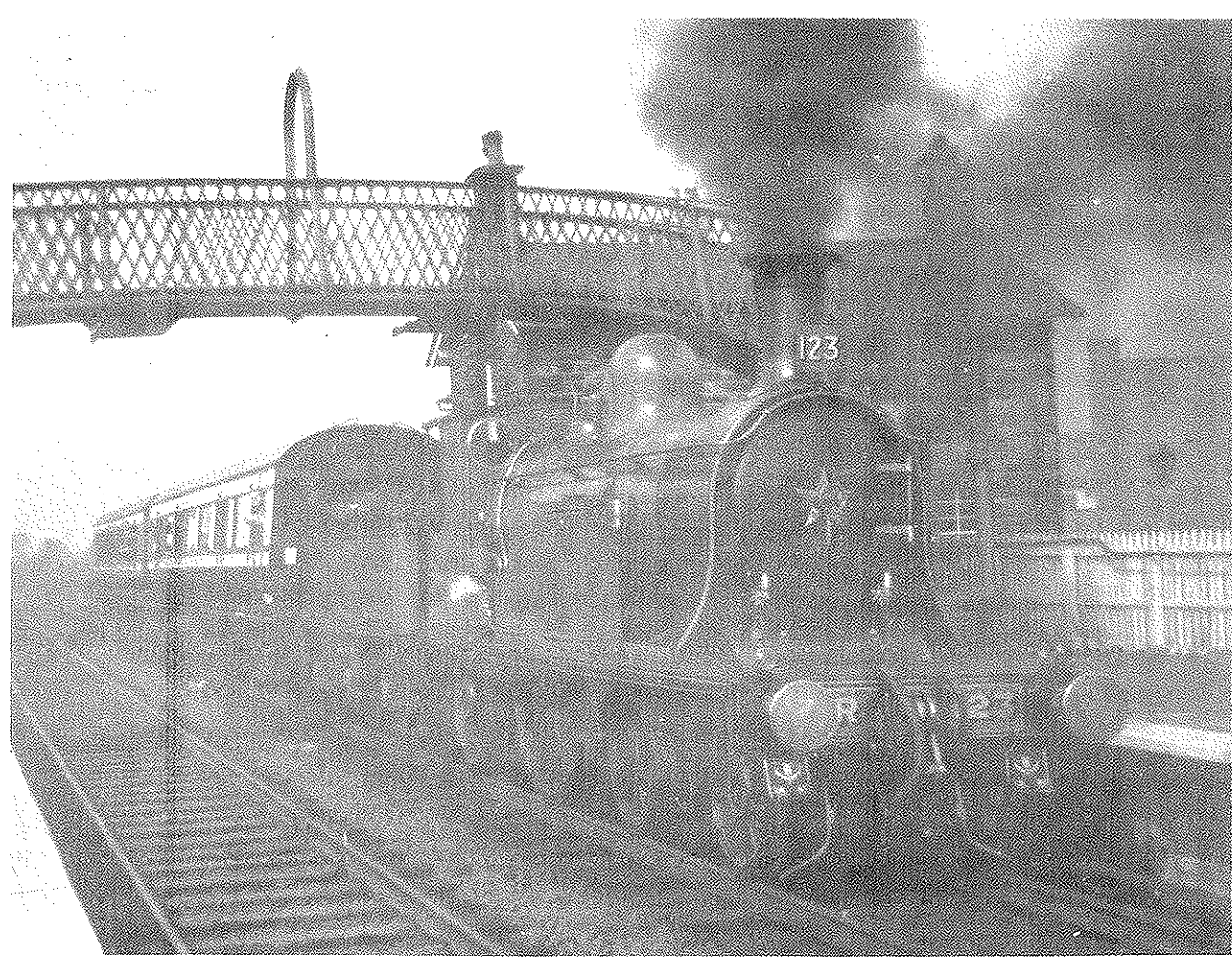


No 67

COCK O' THE NORTH

NEWSLETTER OF THE ANGUS RAILWAY GROUP



CR 123 With the Scottish Rambler Rail Tour at Auchinleck on 20 April 1962.

Lindsay A C Horne

Membership open to all railway enthusiasts

SEP 1977

September 1977, Newsletter

THE CHEAP TRIPPER

(Continued)

" The train whisks past them all with accelerated speed, the engine snorting and screaming; until at last the train reaches its full velocity, and goes majestically on, plunging into tunnels, careering over viaducts, and across bubbling brooks and deep rivers; skimming along amid cornfields and green pastures - past towns, and villages, and church spires, and factory chimneys, and mill - ponds and canal locks, and old halls, and new country villas. "

" But the train slackens its speed, and then comes to a stand. A jolly Tripper near the window puts his head out, and after drawing it in again, says, " Ah! they are giving her water! we shall be off directly again ! " and sure enough, the train begins to move, and is soon dashing along in the dark through a tunnel two miles long. Here Bessie held her breath, and grasped Tummus's arm, who shouted (for Love's whisper becomes a shout in a tunnel) that she " needn't be afeard." Five minutes in a tunnel is a long time, and Bessie thought they should never get out, and that the roar of the wheels underneath, and the screaming of the engine ahead of the train, would never cease; but a dim light at length revealed the tunnel walls and the clouds of steam and smoke flying past, and then the outlines of the forms within the carriage, and at last the features of her Tummus, as before. Bessie drew a long breath, and exclaimed, as the train shot into the sunlight from beneath the brow of the hill, " Oh! how beautiful is the light of day; I never thought it so lovely before!" Another long stretch, across miles of country, and again the train comes to a stand. The Tripper at the window again looks ahead, and makes an observation as before, - " She is taking more water." " Deary me, what a great deal of water she takes! Who is she!" A laugh rung through the carriage. " Why," said the man at the window, " she's Goliah." " And a tremendous water - drinker she is," chuckled Jossy; " she takes in more than a hundred gallons at a drink! "

" But at last the monster train reaches the end of its journey, and disgorges its contents into the station of a cathedral city. Away go the Trippers, some in one direction, some in another. Some wander in groups along the old city walls, sitting down in some tempting spot, commanding a far prospect of green fields and hedge - rows, with a river creeping through the plain in lazy undulations; others, still with baskets and boas, wander into the magnificent cathedral, gazing at the lofty pillars, and brilliantly stained windows, listening to the strains of the organ filling the vaulted roof, and at the rich wafture of melodious voices that rises from the inner choir, gazing and listening until their ears and eyes ache."

" For the first time, the Cheap Tripper has this year invaded the metropolis. He had never thought to have seen Lunron in the course of his life, but the Exhibition has attracted him, and low fares have placed the visit within his means. At last he is in London, and stares about him at the wonders of the huge city. You may recognise him at a glance by his country look, his slouching gait, and his crammed pockets, stuffed with bread and cheese. The Tripper thus spends his day, wandering from pleasure to pleasure, and taking his fill of novelty and new sensations. Sometimes, towards evening, the Tripper grows reddish in the face, and he begins to speak thick. But by this time he is generally on his way back to the monster train, for ' Goliah ' is there again, her tanks filled to the brim and her ' steam up '. In they cram, and away they go; and now Jossy is more brilliant than ever, and enlightens the Tripper opposite with disquisitions on the mysteries of ' colloric ' and ' oxsgyn ' and ' hydergin ', all of which he has heard of at the Mechanics' Institution, and which now rush into his head all at once in a state of perplexing muddle and most unchemical composition. Then a turn of hymns is taken while storming through the long tunnel, and then a round of songs, until at last the luminous haze hanging over their manufacturing home, and its thousands of gas lights, tell them their delightful day's journey has drawn to an end. So Jossy, and Bessy, and Tumms, and the rest, with their boas and empty baskets, and sticks and all, wend their way through the streets, now becoming silent in the night. "

(Extracted from The Fifeshire Journal, 4th September, 1851) SCOTT BRUCE.

LAST "HURL" ON EDZELL TRAINMANY TRAVELLERS AT CLOSE OF PASSENGER SERVICE

" Had the same patronage been extended to the Edzell branch line through - out its thirty - five years' existence as it enjoyed on Saturday evening, the passing of the passenger train service, instead of being an accomplished fact, might have still been undreamt of. "

" Many Edzell folks like to finish off the week with a visit to the pictures at Brechin, and many of them preferred to travel by train. On Saturday evening their numbers were almost doubled, many of the extra passengers having no doubt deserted the bus for the sake of having a last "hurl" in the train to and from Brechin. "

" An interesting feature of the running of the last passenger train was that it was in charge of Guard William Moir, who also performed the same duty on the first passenger train to be run on the branch line. Willie's cheery smile, so well known to the regular travellers on the line was, however, missing on Saturday night, and if anyone could have read his thoughts and found them tinged with regret at the passing of the Edzell trains there would have been no occasion for surprise, as it is a feeling shared by all connected with the branch and the unspoken thought of the majority. "

" The departure of the train was attended by very little demonstration. Guard Moir exhibited the 'right away' signal to the driver, and accompanied by the sound of a half - hearted cheer by a few young men who were on the platform, the last passenger train from Edzell slid away into the darkness. "

(Extracted from " The Courier & Advertiser ", Monday, April 27th, 1931.)

L.A.C.Horne.

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HOLIDAY REPORT NO. 2 - EVERYTHING BUT CLOCKWORK !

It had all seemed to happen at once. The sleeper attendant awakened me about 6.00 am and I scrambled into my clothes. A quick wash and shave, followed by a barely finished breakfast in the diner and I was stepping out into the cool morning air. Not until we had reached Kinross did I really grasp all that was going on, by which time it was too late to suggest to John, who was driving, that we had passed the turn off for Kincardine Bridge.

So instead, we decided to proceed by Halbeath and Dunfermline and rejoin our original route. It was suggested that we might deviate to visit Comrie Colliery at Saline and this was agreed. Having introduced myself as Sir Derek, we were made most welcome to wander around and photograph at will. During our visit shunting at the colliery was in the sole charge of a B.R. Class 08 shunter, No. 08. 425. On the site were two steam locomotives - Scottish North Area Nos. 5 and 7, both Austerity 0 - 6 - 0 ST's, built by the Hunslett Engineering Coy. and Hundswell Clarke respectively. The elder, No. 7, was inside its shed, alongside an N.C.B. Fife Area 0 - 4 - 0 diesel built at the N.B. works in 1957. No. 5 rested outside with a rather worn appearance.

By the time we reached Grangemouth, the sun had broken through the cloud to give ideal weather for some photography at the town's M.P.D. The locomotographs taken here were mainly of class 37s. One, No. 37.237, with white marker lights, was clearly ex - works and contrasted with a very grimy member of the same Class being refuelled. No 25.006 stood just inside the shed , while a spotless Class 08.246 idled nearby, gleaming in the brilliant sunlight.

A brief tour of the dockyard area followed, but we were unable to see the ex - G.W.R. tank loco., reputed to be somewhere within the E.P. complex. However, this disappointment was more than made up for, as we hurried on way towards Bo'ness. Having negotiated the awkward S - bend under the railway which runs down from Manuel, we were able to confirm that the white surges of smoke we had noticed from a distance did in fact come from a resplendent apple green tank engine, arduously shunting coal wagons. From the top of an embankment, just west of Kinneil Colliery, we watched leisurely as No. 5 , an 0 - 4 - 0 built

by Andrew Barclay, reversed down a slight incline into a large coal reception area. Here she was coupled to a rake of wagons and waited with more patience than ourselves as trucks completed loading. In the background lay the river Forth and the vast petrochemical refineries. Then with a great emission of white steam and almost engulfed in brown smoke, the train, pushing a brake van attached to its front, progressed none too steadily uphill towards us. At the "main line", she paused long enough for us to take a multitude of snapshots and then with strenuous efforts backed up to the point where B.R. locomotives take over. No camera will ever capture the full majesty of those few glorious moments.

The town of Bo'ness was given a fleeting call, before we started to climb inland past Linlithgow to Bathgate, which we would not have visited but for a navigational error. Not really expecting to see very much here, we, as true enthusiasts, were nevertheless obliged to confirm this, before pressing on via Armadale to Whitburn.

Here, at the very edge of the town lies Polkemmet Colliery, one of the largest coal extractors in Scotland. Gaining entry was not difficult and any risks would unhesitatingly be taken again to see the colossus of steam power, derived from a single 0 - 6 - 0 Barclay engine 65 years old. While watching this black and yellow No 8 coast down from the pit - head buildings to collect over a dozen full wagons, we noticed two other steam engines in the shed and a further two stored outside, one with no boiler. Had time permitted, one could easily have spent the entire day running alongside this rare find, as it struggled hard to gain the B.R. sidings at the top of a steep ascent. The rasping noise from No. 8 might well, when translated from locomotive language into English, have been identical to the famous words of "Gordon the Tank", "I know I can, I know I can". (Repeat these words several times without pause) We followed one trainload most of the way to the top and I just had time to reload my camera before the engine ran lightly back down past us with hardly a whisper, a few thin wisps of smoke dissipating as they emerged spasmodically from the chimney.

From Whitburn our itinerary took us higher, across desolate moorlands, scattered with the ruins of earlier coal workings and the remnants of miners' rows. Of Wilsontown station, there is no trace. A gradual descent through increasingly cultivated and populated countryside brought us to the market town of Lanark. Parking the car adjacent to the station, we photographed the 1.25 p.m. e.m.u. to Glasgow, before adjourning for lunch. Back at the station, we had liberal time to "capture" No 27.036 at the head of what may be the only daily goods working "under the wires" of an otherwise passenger only branch.

Our next call, at nearby Carstairs Junction, could not have been more timeous. Standing facing south was loco. No. 86.244, ready to haul the blue and red APT test train south to Crewe. It had left Derby at 6.00 am that morning and departed only ten minutes after our arrival. Ten minutes later and we should have been none the wiser. However, luck was with us and numerous photographs were taken against a dazzling blue skyline. Some further time was spent at Carstairs, exploring the station and rapidly using up film.

We returned north to Edinburgh, whose centre we reached after skirting the southern suburbs to see Millerhill and touring Leith Docks, in the vain hope of finding something unexpected. Permission granted, considerable time was then spent at Haymarket Depot, where by that hour, commuter trains were passing in rapid succession and more powerful Class 47s and 55s coming on shed, their day's work done. Altogether they provided a fine opportunity for finishing films. Nowhere does there seem to be a more photogenic chimney!

SCOTT BRUCE.

TUESDAY, 7 JUNE 1977.

Your intrepid Chairman, homeward bound for Dundee from Glasgow on the above date, little thought, as he boarded the 14.44 hours Glasgow Queen Street to Dundee, that it would require the combined efforts of 4 locomotives to get him to his destination. The story unfolds.....

The train, 5 bogies hauled by locomotive No. 25.228 left Queen Street on time in good style, and all went well until the scheduled halt at Croy station. There, the engine failed. Some considerable time later, the 15.00 hours Glasgow to Edinburgh (the normal 6 bogies, headed by locomotive 27.108) picked her way gingerly over the detonators guarding our train, and buffered up. Unfortunately for 27.108, her ' sister ' engine was not at the rear, having failed at Queen Street! This left 27.108 with the formidable task of moving 11 bogies and the ' dead ' Class 25 (over 400 tons). Rather to my surprise - and, possibly the driver's - the 6 cylinder Sulzer rose to the occasion, and propelled us as far as Greenhill Junction Box, where 25. 228 had just enough wind left to take us into the loop, allowing the Edinburgh train to overtake. In the loop, locomotive 37. 145 (I believe, from Grangemouth,) was waiting for us; it was duly coupled up, and headed the Dundee train only as far as Stirling. There all passengers de - trained, and awaited the 15.55 hours Glasgow Queen Street to Aberdeen, which duly arrived headed by a Class 47. We left Stirling approximately 25 minutes behind time, and arrived without further mishap at Tay Bridge at about 18.00 hours.

RON BEATT.

BLAIRGOWRIE EXPRESS

I heard a rumour at dinner - time,
Which caused me much distress,
They're going to close the Blairgowrie
line,
And we'll be in a mess.

I remember the men who drove the train,
Hard - working, faithful and grand,
Many were gifted with better brains,
Than Beeching's railway command.

" Fergie " and Turner were on the job,
 Dave Fairweather too had claims,
 Sandilands, Davy Livie, and brother Bob,
 One of six railway Grahams.

Driver " Big Morris " with the double chin
 Long long he drove the train,
 His fireman looked as old as him,
 And Cruickshanks was his name.

There was Davy Gray with the hairy chin,
 He was let down by the Fates,
 When a motor crossed in front of him
 He ran through Baldragon gates.

Then there was the " Holy Man ",
 His name was Bob Masson,
 Great faith in the Bible was his plan,
 For the day he would " pass on ".

At Pitnappie the water and steam got low,
 He took out his Bible and prayed,
 Telling his fireman " By faith I know,
 That we will now make the grade."

Then there was old Charley Dunn
 The driver who seldom spoke
 On every run " The Silent One "
 His fireman's heart he broke.

There was Sandy Dawson the cheery gaird,
 And also John Macaulay,
 The firemen, Pete and Willie Aird
 Guards Whittet, Simpson and Oakley.

Each was a man of different style,
 The men who worked the train
 You can take my word it will be a while
 E'er we meet the same again.

D.J.GRAHAM. (4 - 7 - 67)

(The above has been reproduced from the 7th Angus Railway Group Newsletter,
 dated November, 1972.)

BRAIN TEASER

Every day at noon , a train leaves the Russian port of Vladivostok for
 Moscow and another train leaves Moscow for Vladivostok. The journey takes
 seven days and seven nights. How many Moscow - Vladivostok trains will the train
 leaving Vladivostok today pass during its journey to Moscow?

(Solution next month)

ANY CONTRIBUTIONS from Members will be more than welcome.

