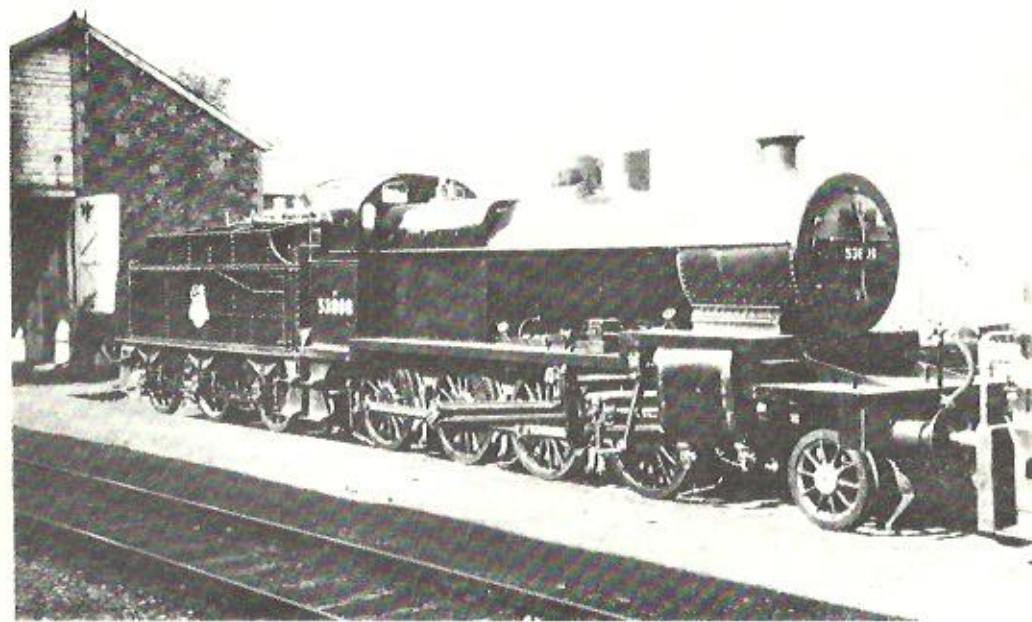


THE
**8
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MAGAZINE



ISSUE 26

WINTER 1987

70p

THE 8E ASSOCIATION

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GENERAL INFORMATION ABOUT "THE 8E MAGAZINE".

The magazine is a quarterly publication, appearing in January, April, July and October, and contributions for each issue should reach the editor by the following dates;

Spring Issue - March 7th.	Summer Issue - June 7th.
Autumn Issue - September 7th.	Winter Issue - December 7th.

Photographic contributions are welcomed but it should be understood that these may well be subject to cropping in order to fit the format of the magazine. Colour or black and white prints are acceptable but no slides. All material for the magazine should be sent to the editor at the following address;

"The 8E Magazine",
2 Manor Drive,
Rudheath,
NORTHWICH,
Cheshire,
CW9 7HR.

THE 8E MAGAZINE

Winter 1987

EDITORIAL

Here we are at the end of another year, one which will be long remembered by those members who took part in the celebrations at Crewe, and one in which the Association's activities have been turned around from the doldrums of the previous couple of years to a year of feverish activity. In my previous editorial I commented upon the lack of response from members with regard to helping more actively in the groups sales and servicing activities and how this might effect future magazine production. As you will find when you read this issues Committee Matters feature, the committee had a long debate over the future of the magazine, the outcome of which is that from 1988 the magazine will become a twice yearly publication to appear in summer and winter. However there is a likelihood that in the intervening period a small newsheet will be issued along the lines of the 1986/87 Annual Report format. The SMALL number of members present at the AGM were in favour of this solution in order to ease our financial budget over the coming years. I hope that the members will be satisfied with this solution but if anyone has any other ideas the committee would be pleased to hear them.

Let us look forward and hope that 1988 proves to be as good a year for the Association as 1987 has been.

COVER PICTURE.

Restored to working order in time for the S&D 150 celebrations, 7F 2-8-0 53808 is seen here in the yard at Minehead on the West Somerset Railway in September 1987. (Photo - N. Lightbown.)

Committee Matters. J. House.

The committee continues to meet at the Lion and Railway on the first Tuesday of each month and the main topics discussed have been as follows;

(i) Creve Heritage Site.

We now hold our sales stock at the site in a timber garden-type shed 'leased' from acquaintances made during the Festival itself. This has enabled us to run a sales stand during the weekends prior to Christmas when the site was open to the public. We, or more specifically, Colin, Mike and Dave have continued to assist with loco servicing and cleaning during these operating weekends but they would be only too pleased to see more members turning up to help, especially in the coming year, if we are to maintain our reputation within the preservation movement.

(ii) Finance.

In order to secure the financial future of the SE, we propose the following measures;

- a) Publish the magazine twice a year, in summer and winter, with Alan Ashurst providing Member's Notes at each monthly meeting other than when a magazine is due out. This means that those members who do not attend the monthly meetings will only receive two magazines for their membership since it would cost too much in postage to send out the Member's Notes every month to those who were not present at the meeting.
- b) Increase the annual subscription from £5 to £6 for ordinary members, from £3 to £3.50 for Junior and OAP members and from £7 to £8 for family members. The Life Membership rate remains at £70.

In this way we should be able to continue on a stable financial

footing, no longer dependant upon 'one-off' events such as Creve 150.

The other major item to be covered concerns the AGM at which the attendance was down on that of previous years. It was perhaps most fortunate that the numbers were small as we had to hold the meeting in the Pool Room owing to the landlord double-booking the main room. The various items on the agenda were soon completed with the committee, once again, re-elected en masse. The question of magazine publication and subscription increases were explained to those present and a vote was taken to accept the new proposals put forward by the committee. These were accepted by all present.

The Dinner Dance proved to be a most enjoyable event for all those present but, once again, it would have been nice to see a few more members in attendance. Nevertheless the committee intends to repeat this feature next Christmas.

One last item to be covered concerns the proposed introduction of a system of vouchers which can be bought at any time of the year, and which can be re-imbursed against membership renewals or purchases from the sales stand. This would thus enable members to pay their subscriptions in stages and thus avoid one large payment.

Spotting on the Castleton Branch. By Phil Clayton.

With the resurgence of railway interest, provoked by the impending restoration of steam working by the East Lancs Railway at Bury Bolton Street, I am hopeful that this account of my happy days spent with steam in the area may be of some passing interest to members.

Where to begin? Well, what about the beginning? As a very young child I can just remember being taken to the little goods room on Broadfield Station to collect a new fishing rod which my dad had purchased. Dad was friendly with the then Station Master, who I knew only as Benny. I remember him as a kindly man who used to pull my leg

something shameful. Broadfield was unremarkable as a station, probably typical of many in the country at the time. The layout consisted of an up and down platform, booking office, parcels room and the added luxury of a covered overbridge. All the warning signs at the lineside proclaimed that this was the territory of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company although, by then, the L.M.S. was in charge. There was also a small goods yard which housed a large shed built, I believe, by the architect who designed the Albert Dock in Liverpool. A single line led away into a large R.A.F. camp that lay close at hand and on occasions their shunter would make an appearance.

As for the branch itself, it was formed where the line curved away from the Manchester, Rochdale, Bradford formation at Castleton Junction. The stations were Castleton Junction, Heywood, Heywood Broadfield, Bury Knowsley St., Radcliffe Black Lane, Bradley Fold and Bolton Trinity St. The largest station apart from Bolton was in fact Bury Knowsley St., where there were extensive sidings and a large goods warehouse, from which the little three wheeled Scammell wagons distributed the traffic off the branch. It was from this point that the lines which now make up the East Lancs Railway curved away to Bury Bolton St., and thence to Rawtenstall, Ramsbottom etc.

As a young child in the East Lancs cotton area, it was only natural that the annual Wakes Week holidays were spent at that great watering hole of the masses, Blackpool. It was on one of these trips that my first major exposure to steam traction took place. I only dimly remember the journey, but the motive power involved made a lasting impression for, as the excursion pulled into our little station, there at the head was a gleaming Black 5 45154 Lancashire Yeomanry. In those far off days, it was always the custom to thank, or even to tip the driver, if the journey had been to one's satisfaction. My dad must have been a bit flush, as we were soon aboard the loco footplate as she simmered away at the end of the run. I must admit, as a young child I was a bit apprehensive and

rather glad to get off again. As far as I can remember, that was the start of my infection with the steam bug, and I resolved to obtain as many loco numbers as possible. To this end I availed myself of an Ian Allan ABC, and with brash confidence expected to fill it in a month! As you can guess I was in for a big let down. After I had seen the same loco at least twice a day for a week my enthusiasm was wearing a bit thin, but still I stuck at it. For ages I existed on a diet of 4Fs, 8Fs, WDs and the local stoppers powered by Stanier and Fairburn tanks. In fact, one of these became so familiar that she became known to my mates and I as Duchess of Broadfield; for the record she was number 42444. Although most of the traffic was mundane, there were high spots. I well remember my first double-header, this transpired to be two of Newton Heath's Jubilees, 45701 Conqueror and 45702 Colossus. Then there was the glorious moment when I saw my first Brit, although why she was there was a mystery! If you will allow me a little author's latitude let me set the scene for you. It was a warm summer evening during the school holidays (Weren't they all in them days! - Ed), and the local gang of youthful spotters were perched in our positions, just outside the station environs at Heywood Broadfield. The peg opposite our position came off, and soon a column of smoke and steam appeared in the distance. Slowly the loco came into view, a cry went up from the assembled multitude, 'Brit, Brit.' In the ensuing panic we nearly forgot to get the number, in fact she was number 70054 Dornoch Firth. To our inexperienced eyes she looked in spotless condition and we waved and cheered until she passed out of our sight, we even got a toot on the whistle, ecstasy!

At about this time I began to take an interest in football. The nearest place to indulge was Gigg Lane, the home of Bury F.C. Fortunately, this always involved a trip down the branch to Bury, and a chance to see the locos shunting the yard there. At that time Bury occupied a somewhat higher position in the league than they do today, and the match we were to see was a night game against Stoke City, who had a particular player by the name of Stanley Matthews who, although nearing the end of his

career, was down to play that night. As you can guess, the train was packed, and little or no spotting was done. When the game was over we made our way back to the station, and there in the bay platform, with a couple of parcels vans in tow, was Fowler Crab 42700. Whilst we waited for the local stopper, we took the opportunity to gain a cabbing. We eventually managed to gain the footplate and we watched in awe as the fireman prepared 42700 for the journey. To our delight the driver asked us if we would like a run back to Broadfield on the footplate. This put us in a dilemma, as I knew my dad would be waiting at Broadfield and the local stopper was due out before 42700. As I saw it there was no contest, I would have that trip come hell or high water. As I remember there was a delay and we eventually left about an hour late! The journey was magic but, as we reached our destination, I became apprehensive about what dad was going to have to say. I left the footplate walking on air but fearful of the wrath to come. I thought I was in luck, the platform was deserted. I made my way through the booking hall, suddenly an enormous slap caught me around the right ear and a booming voice thundered, "Where the bloody hell have you been?" You guessed it, he was waiting in the booking office for the last train, before calling out the police. My backside was a ripe plum colour for a week! This little episode is fixed forever in my mind as, sadly, my dad died about 6 months later, so, of all the grand locos in the NRM, 42700 is the one that means the most to me, as she was once the engine that gave a little boy the thrill of his life, and a lasting memory of his dad, albeit a painful one!

It was about this time that I became aware of the delights of the loco shed. The logical place to start was 26D Bury, or Buckley Wells as it was known locally. Eventually we managed to gain highly illegal access and we were able to walk along the lines of simmering giants, not surprisingly we had a few cops, as most of the locos were common ones we had seen on the branch. Still, we were closer to them than

before. 26D had its attractions, but something had to be done to get more variety into my spotting. The answer came with a resolution to sneak a trip to 26A, Newton Heath, a place of fond memory. One Sunday saw us set forth, as I remember the fare in those days was one shilling and nine pence return half fare (18p for our younger members! - Ed). We had actually foregone the chewing gum and gobstoppers to save up for the trip. We alighted on the platform at Dean Lane, to be greeted with the glorious smell that loco depots were surrounded by. We wandered in awe down rows upon rows of locos, nearly all of which we copped including 9Fs, 8Fs, Black Fives, Brits, Jubs, Patriots and even a Scot. After this the branch would never be the same again! Somehow mum found out about this little excursion and funds were reduced to poverty level thereafter. The situation had to be rectified, and help came almost at once from the local tip! During our many wanderings, my mate and I came upon the frame and wheels of a decrepit tandem cycle. This was going to be our key to the joys of 26A, and other places further afield. And so we went into cycle preservation in a big way, eventually after much hardship we finally got the thing going, and we were away.

Back on the branch our spotting continued and one amusing incident occurs to me. At Broadfield there was a small gang of shunters, who worked on the goods shed and the small yard. One of these called to us one day, just after 45691 Orion had gone through light engine, that there would be another Jub down shortly. We thanked him gleefully, as it was late and we were ready to call it a day. We waited and waited, it began to go dark, and we began to fret that we would have to leave and miss a possible cop. Soon, in the gathering gloom, a cloud of smoke spiralled up and into view hove, yes, you've guessed it, 45691 on a short freight. What we said about that shunter does not need repeating here!!

At this time we decided to sample the delights of the West Coast Main Line, so we took a trip to Leyland just outside of Preston. At first sight this may seem an odd location but, I can assure you, it was a great place

to spot. We set off by local stopper for the first stage to Bolton, I can always remember that the approach to Bolton afforded us a great view into Bolton Wanderers ground at Burnden Park. For the record, our motive power for this first stage of the journey was 44767, a common engine on the branch. We changed at Bolton and our loco became 45698 Mars. On arrival at Leyland we had to leave the station as spotting there was strictly taboo. We were quickly ensconced in our positions on the wooden fence by the famous paint factory. The action then came thick and fast. The book reveals that first came 46254 City of Stoke on Trent, closely followed by 46231 Duchess of Atholl. My book tells of a steady stream of Brits, Jubs, Scots, and a brace of Stanier Pacifics of both Princess Royal and Duchess types. All too soon the day was over and we had to leave for home. As our train arrived it was soon clear that we would be going home in style, for there at the head of the train was 46256 Sir William A Stanier F.R.S. How the Pacific came to be on that working I have never found out, but I assume that the intended motive power had failed, and that the Pacific just happened to be handy. When we arrived back at Bolton there was chaos on the platform, with groups of spotters falling over themselves to get a closer look at the loco. When she left we caught the faithful stopper, which, if my notes are correct, was again 44767. Who would think that those two locos would have such differing fates?

After this my wanderings increased and numbers filled my book, but I still returned to the branch and it was here that I saw the dreaded yellow stripe that, to me, signified the beginning of the end. As steam began to contract into the North West, some unusual locos began to invade the area. The most notable of these being named Bls, and also 9Fs, and even a record of a Clan on a freight working. Perhaps my saddest memory was of Jubilee 45691 Orion, a loco that I saw many times. She passed through Broadfield absolutely immaculate but, within a month, she was withdrawn and hauled away for scrap. The dreaded DMUs began to replace

the common tank engines, but even so there were still plenty of steam freight workings, although by this time most of the locos were in a dreadful state. 1968 came and that was the end, although not quite, as there was still the grisly sight of lines of dead engines being dragged by the triumphant diesels to the scrap yards. And so my interest in railways faded as girls and pop music took over from steam locos.

This notwithstanding, I still kept my memories, and my note books and, somehow, I also retained the urge to look over bridges and parapets when I heard a train coming, although no more numbers were entered in my collection. Much later, I married and moved to Northwich where, one day, a rumor came that there was a steamer in Northwich station. It turned out to be 30850 Lord Nelson, and there were the 8E swarming all over her. In a flash, nostalgia overcame me, and I resolved there and then to get involved. I joined and, through contacts within the Association, I have become a fireman, and an active loco restoration member of the Llangollen Railway. I still have my links with the Bury area as mum still lives there, but sadly the places of my youth have virtually vanished. The Castleton Branch became a freight only line, was singled, and eventually succumbed to complete closure, although the track was left in place. A few years ago there was a move to establish a tram service along the length, but this came to nought. Bridges have now been demolished and recently some cuttings have been filled with waste. Dear old Heywood Broadfield exists as two derelict platforms, fenced off, and almost buried under a new housing estate. If members are interested, two good photographs exist of both Broadfield and Bury Knowsley St. in the pictorial work 'Railways around Manchester'. And so I will finally close the article and wish the East Lancs Railway every success. It will be a great sight to see loco steam rise over the roof tops and factory chimneys of Bury once again.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Because of the excellence of the above article, I felt it deserved publication in full, although longer than I normally like,

THE MID CHESHIRE RAIL USERS ASSOCIATION
IN CONJUNCTION WITH
THE ALTRINCHAM ELECTRIC RAILWAY PRESERVATION SOCIETY
PRESENT

"THE MID CHESHIRE DALESMAN"

AN EXCURSION TRAIN TO THE WORLD FAMOUS
SETTLE and CARLISLE LINE
ON
SATURDAY 9TH APRIL 1988

Starting from STOCKPORT at 08.15 approximately, the train will pick up passengers at MANCHESTER (OXFORD ROAD), STRETFORD, SALE, TIMPERLEY, ALTRINCHAM, HALE, ASHLEY, MOBERLEY, KNUTSFORD, PLUMLEY, LOSTOCK GRALAM, NORTHWICH, GREENBANK, WARRINGTON BANK QUAY, BLACKBURN and CLITHEROE.

The train will set down passengers at DENT (highest main line station in England), GARSDALE, KIRKBY STEPHEN, APPELBY and CARLISLE. There will be a stopover of 2 to 3 hours in Carlisle before the train returns by the same route, calling at the same stations. A trolley service of tea, coffee and sandwiches will be provided on the train.

FARES:

Adult £12
Accompanied children £6

BOOKING FORMS AVAILABLE FROM THE
VICE-CHAIRMAN UPON RECEIPT OF A
STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

The Cardigan Bay Express 1987. M. Southworth.

I'm afraid I can only remember Class 24/25s on the pick-up goods, shuffling around Tywyn goods yard with gunpowder vans and 16 ton mineral wagons before setting off up or down the coast depending on the day. At weekends Class 25s or Class 40s would turn up on special trains or engineering workings. I cannot remember steam at all through Tywyn and thus never travelled behind them on this route, nor for that matter anything else, so when I was on holiday at Tywyn this summer I decided to remedy the situation.

At first I decided to see how full it was and what the "score" was with regard to paying on the train. So, with my wife and son being

dragged along, we went to the station to see a wonderful GWR loco hauling a fully booked excursion of chocolate and cream liveried stock from Machynlleth-Aberystwyth-Barmouth and return. Sure enough, bang on time at 14.15, 7819 Hinton Manor rolled into Tywyn station. Running engine first I must say she looked superb and it drew a large crowd of people. After a few minutes to swap tokens with a DMU, off she went causing quite a stir amongst the holiday makers. That engine noted and photographed, I duly looked forward to the next day and the Ivatt.

On Monday we went down to the station, my son having acquired the habit of falling asleep as soon as we went outside, so as a result my wife O.K.'d another trip. In came the Ivatt 46443, but it was running tender first, not much good for a photo, so the remainder of the day was spent trying to obtain a photo of it facing the right way round. The Ivatt, under the S.V.R.'s loving care, looks far better in black than the one at Carnforth ever did in red, I think a real "fizzer" as they say. I had decided on a Tywyn-Barmouth-Tywyn run, a matter of about 11 miles, but nevertheless a run I would not forget in a hurry.

Come Tuesday, the crowds had almost thinned down to nothing and a quick chat to the guard secured me a place behind a resplendant looking Ivatt. We departed from Tywyn at 10.16 after waiting for the DMU to clear the section with the token. The run out of Tywyn is slow for the first $\frac{1}{4}$ mile until you have passed over the level crossing just north of the station, then it's regulator open for the run upto Tonfanau station, a good long straight and level run. Just after the station we start to climb and edge our way towards the coastline. Even though I paid £4 for a seat to ride on the Cardigan Bay Express, I must admit I didn't sit down once. Working hard we made it along the climb, engine working well and heads were out everywhere recording the event; it's a lovely run along the coast and it was just the day for it. We continued along through Llangelynnin and then just about 1 mile past the station we turned inland away from the coastline only as far as Gwastadgoel, where

we rejoined the beautiful coastline to Ffrif and then onto Fairbourne and through the level crossing down to Barmouth viaduct. When we crept across the viaduct at Barmouth you could almost feel everybody turning round and looking at this "steam train", actually I wish I could have photographed it myself on the viaduct. Then it was a snaking passage into Barmouth station where we arrived more or less on time. 46443 didn't mess around and swiftly moved off to replenish its thirst. I left the station and made my way to a footbridge just north of the station and when the Ivatt had finished drinking, it went upto the end of the station loop, then dropped back down through the station over the level crossing and then backed onto the train. When she had positioned herself at the front end, correct way round, all hell let loose. Suddenly crowds of people appeared out of the woodwork, so to speak, to take photos of the loco in what I must say was an excellent pose in Barmouth station.

Anyway at 11.40 we all got back on board and with ease we glided out of the station, around the twists and turns, tunnels and bridges, before crossing the viaduct once more, where one chap had positioned himself in the middle of the estuary (on an island I might add!) with an array of still cameras, plus another chap with video equipment. They both must have got some great shots of the train crossing the viaduct. It's a good climb once off the viaduct and the roads were lined with still more people photographing the excursion. We stopped at Fairbourne station crossing, the loco blowing off with great gusto, much to the joy of the numerous photographers present. I got chatting to a chap from Swindon who used to come to Barmouth for his holidays in the 1950s and 1960s, when he was a lad and had travelled over this line many times behind many types of steam locos. After a few more "out of the window" photos of the Ivatt and a long chat about the pro's and cons of this line etc., we were back on the straight stretch at Tonfanau and 46443 really opened up; the coaches were rattling from side to side as we sped along. Before I knew it though, we were back at Tywyn and the journey was over. We were

on time, and with a quick sprint upto the end of the platform I was able to snap a few more shots of the train before it departed.

One thing I did note on this journey was the lack of people on the train. It was very hard to get a booking form and almost impossible to get a leaflet. Yet on the train they could not give away enough leaflets having boxes full of them. If they would only have publicised it better and/or told people they could pay on the train or buy tickets at the Tallylyn Narrow Gauge station at Tywyn, it might have filled the train a little better, but I must say I did enjoy my day out on the Cardigan Bay Express.

YOUR LETTERS

Splendid Grange,
Badminton,
Gloucestershire.

Dear Sir,

I am a regular reader of your marvellous magazine and would love to come to your meetings but find I am a trifle short of 'spring', having had too much 'port wine' - the gout, you know.

In any event, my age and that of the Rolls precludes travelling too great a distance. Thank goodness the old thing was upto some trips to Sapperton last summer to see some steam on the Great Western.

I'm afraid I am your archtypal armchair enthusiast and get my enjoyment from my fading memories of those halcyon days of the 30s when the Great Western led all comers with their Kings, Castles, Stars - ah, the list is endless - and what about those trains, the Cheltenham Flyer, the Cornish Riviera, what splendid sights they made.

Of course, you know, my other source of enjoyment, and keeping in touch, is through your magazine. However, I'm sure you won't mind if I make one or two minute points of criticism. Firstly, I feel you do not cover enough Great Western topics; of course, I know you Northern wallahs are into the LNWR, L&Y and so on, but for us distant supporters in the South we'd love a little more Great Western, even Southern if you were short. After all chaps, Swindon was 'where it was at'... isn't that the latest lingo? Secondly, I've known old Isambard for years - he and I were at Harrow and Oxford together and we used to travel all over the country

during the long vacation for our diet of trains. However, we always came back to the jolly old Great Western. He's even bought property near Swindon to be close to his spiritual home. You make think from the tone of his letter that he's anti-God's Wonderful Railway, but I'm sure that's his odd sense of humour - he came from a broken home, you know, some funny business involving the French maid, dashed poor show. Anyway, I'm sure you will all understand.

Well chaps, keep up the good work and spread the Swindon gospel everywhere you go.

Yours most sincerely,

Brigadier John Crompton-Parkinson. (R.A.O.C. Retd.)

Watering can be fun!

Dave Carr.

Saturday 22nd August 1987, a typical summer day, throwing it down with rain! I confirm with Mike Lenz that 4472 Flying Scotsman is still working the Hall's Sixtieth Anniversary charter, from Manchester to Chester and return, as planned previously. He tells me all is in order and that I am needed as a member of the servicing team at Chester. I arrange to meet him there at 11.30, the following day.

Sunday 23rd August 1987, and it is still throwing it down with rain! I drive down to Chester and arrive about eleven. Fortunately the rain seems to have stopped by the time I arrive, it is only drizzling now! Having parked up I walk across to a gathering group of photographers and engage in some general conversation, during which time a couple of class 47s work through and, after turning on the triangle, disappear back in the Manchester direction. Eddie Bellass appears, seeming somewhat relieved at seeing a fellow SE member present, and then Bob Meredith and Mike appear. No wonder he was glad of my offer of assistance with our support group only totalling four members. Maybe the glorious weather had something to do with the low numbers! Three is the minimum number needed to carry out the servicing operation as two people are needed on the tender to hold the hose when it is at full pressure, and the other person mans the control valve. We all put on

our high visibility vests and Eddie and I walk round to the station to collect the hoses and hydrant from the station supervisor, with whom they had been left by Colin Worrall a few days earlier. We returned to the watering point and connected up the hoses. We then test the hoses in order to clean out any gunge before retiring to our commandeered support vehicle - a B.R. Brake Van! After only a few minutes in the brake van we check our watches in surprise as smoke and steam appears from above the road bridge as Flying Scotsman enters the scene giving a very pathetic whistle as she approaches the station. Whilst Eddie stays with the hoses, Bob, Mike and I head for platform 1 where the loco has come to a stand with its train. Fighting our way through the crowds we arrived at the Flying Scotsman Enterprises support coach where we are invited on board. The loco and support coach are split from the rest of the train and duly proceed forward onto the triangle in order to be turned, still with the three of us on board. Why walk when you can ride? Having turned the loco makes its way to the watering point where Eddie is waiting. During our short journey we note the new track layout and the sites of the former manual signalboxes. On arrival at the watering point the three of us descend and proceed with the main business of the day, to replenish Scotsman's almost empty tender. Our hoses turned out to be a fraction too short but luckily the support coach provided us with an additional length and we were back in business. With Eddie and Mike on the tender I walked back to the control valve and upon receiving the command turned on the water. I then walk back to the loco to establish an approximate time for the filling to be completed, about twenty to thirty minutes I am told. Oh good, that will give me chance for a breather, but no such luck as I am now being inundated with questions about the loco. Answering these politely of course I am then joined by Bob who helps me out with the more difficult questions. Bob and I are being waved at from the support coach, I soon recognise the signal, tea is brewed! Not for nothing am I known as 'Tea Bag' at Llangollen, so I lead the way back to the coach. With my cup of

tea in hand I then walk back to the control valve for the water supply. After drinking my tea we interrupt the watering to enable a Pickfords lorry to leave the yard, splitting the hose in order to facilitate this move. I ask a nearby photographer to assist me in recoupling the hoses and the watering session recommences. At last the tender is full and the hose is removed, but we leave it lying on the ground in case they have need to top up before departure. Eddie, Mike and myself decide to have a look around the loco and here we find Bob in the process of oiling up the motion on the loco. By this time the drizzle has had enough, and it is now raining heavily again, oh for the joys of summer! We all retire to the support coach but what with all the rain and the watery job we have just done, nature is soon calling and so we all wander across to the station to avail ourselves of the facilities. It is surprising how many people assume you to be a BR employee if you have a vis-vest on, as we are asked a number of questions about train times and platform numbers by various members of the public. It is still raining so we return to the support coach once more. Looking out we saw many passengers looking amazed by the sight of 4472, as they sat in their coaches awaiting departure for various places.

At 3.30 the station pilot brought the excursion stock back into the platform and Scotsman set off to rejoin her train. Oh good, another short ride was in store for us. On arrival at the platform the four of us left the support coach to find masses of people on the platform including Nick Dodson and his assistant from Railfilms who were recording the occasion, having been hired by Halls to make a video of the days events. Standing in the pouring rain we watched the loco depart before returning to the servicing point to pack away the hoses and standpipe. Having loaded all the gear into my van we said our goodbyes and Mike and I returned to Northwich, the hoses etc being left with Mike at his house.

All in all, a good day, more especially for ducks, what with the rain and all, but nevertheless the 8E servicing team triumphed yet again in spite of the adverse weather. Come and join us next time, it is fun!

ASPECTS.

Unfortunately I have been out of the main line action recently, having spent many a wonderful hour (to be exact, every 15 minutes) watching Class 507/508 units pass in the Ainsdale area, with the exception of the de-icer going past on leaf clearing duties. This Merseyrail area is lifeless with regards to traction interest, it is no wonder southern region enthusiasts go mad when they see a Class 40. On the subject of Class 40s, D200 comes to mind. It has been seen at St. Helens Junction on a "pre-fab" train running round the curve to St. Helens Shaw Street siding, and then returning light engine 1 hour later heading towards Earlestown. It has also been noted around the Crewe area a considerable amount since it was re-allocated to Crewe MPD, and has worked on a variety of turns, from 1st class passenger to class 9 freights, far more variety than when it was based at Carlisle Kingmoor Depot.

On a visit to Springs Branch shed a bee-line was made for the back of the shed where the scrap line is to be found. On it was 08284/293/396/475 and 25254/907(297) all of which looked very forlorn. On an internal inspection of the class 25s, only one cab was reasonably intact, the rest were wrecked. Inside the engine room parts were missing, from small screws to some of the larger components, obviously robbed to keep other members of the class running in their final months of service on BR. Since the visit, the four class 08 shunters have been sold to C.F. Booth of Rotherham for scrap, what was left of them! Also noted were a pair of class 20s off the MGR hopper turn, 20081 and 20009. 20081 was receiving attention of some sort, as its top nose panels were removed, also other small items were being checked, but it had had no work carried out on it for some time and was looking slightly worse for wear. More recently 20009 was seen on its own on Arpley stabling point. Other items on shed were 08477 withdrawn (with no rods), 08744/815 with white cab roofs and both very clean, 08468 and 31208 were ticking over on shed.

Seen passing the depot on the same day and making plenty of noise were 20040 and 20169 piloting a rather dead-looking 25024 on the 10.45 Euston-Stirling motorail train, running some 75 minutes late but still going strong.

We at Warrington have had a visitor in the shape of 27051. This Scottish based Birmingham R.C. & W. loco was on a sad trip to the breaker's yard. This loco did brighten up the usual boring workings of the yard and I must say that I got a shock when I first saw it in the yard. Then almost a week after it turned up, it was gone, on its way to Vic Berry's yard arriving there with sister loco 27030. This engine joins the 'Hall of Fame' for odd locos to turn up at Warrington. Earlier examples (in the 70s) include a Clayton, D8598, on its way to Derby Research Centre from Scotland. If I remember rightly, this loco stayed at Warrington for some time before being forwarded to Derby. Also Hymek D7096 on a Severn Tunnel Junction to Walton Old Junction freight which, even though it stopped at a number of places en route where an engine change could have taken place, nevertheless worked the freight throughout, much to our enjoyment. The loco stayed only for a few hours, however, before working back to its home territory. Then in the 80s we had two 'Westerns' D1041 Western Prince and D1062 Western Courier. D1041 was on its way to Workington for an "Open Day", and it is currently at Crewe Works following restoration to original maroon livery. This loco is usually based at the East Lancs Railway at Bury. D1062 was on its way back to the Severn Valley Railway at Bridgnorth, following its appearance in the Rocket 150 cavalcade at Rainhill. Both these locos stayed for short periods in the yard at Warrington.

For the early class 47 fans, a run on the Newcastle-Liverpool train is a must, for upto four different locos can be seen on some days. Recently 47402/11/17 were all noted at the Liverpool end over a four hour period of time. On the 7th of October 'Peak' 45110 Medusa was seen crossing the dock road in Liverpool heading towards the docks at Seaforth.

47207 was on Arpley in its new Speedlink Distribution sector livery fresh from an 'F exam' at Doncaster Works.

The Class 89 story so far... 5 months behind schedule but, yes, it did do the 'load bank' tests up Beattock Bank, coaches plus a class 86, being the load attached to it, but it has still not done many of the tests that have been programmed for it as yet. Currently the loco can be seen frequently on the independant lines at Crewe, with half of the stock from the "International" rake (so much for export potential!) on test trains for high speed push-pull operation, with a class 47 at the other end.

'92124'

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WANTED MAGAZINE EDITOR

Due to various other commitments (these being the cause of the late appearance of this issue of the magazine), I shall be giving up as the Editor of the magazine from this issue.

The Committee is therefore looking for someone from amongst the membership to take over this vacant position as from the summer issue. I will gladly offer any information to whoever feels they might be interested in giving vent to their journalistic talents. Obviously some typing experience is an advantage, as is a good knowledge of the English language. The ownership of, or access to a typewriter is essential for this vacant position within the Association.

If you think you would like to have a go, then please contact a member of the Committee as soon as possible.

Michael Lenz.

MEMBERSHIP RATES

It has been agreed that as from the 1st July 1988 the membership rates will be increased, the new rates being shown below in brackets, along with the rates currently in use.

Ordinary - £5.00 (£6.00)	Junior/OAP - £3.00 (£3.50)
Family - £7.00 (£8.00)	Life - £70.00

Further details can be obtained from the Membership Secretary at the following address:

10 LOWLAND WAY,
KNUTSFORD,
CHESHIRE,
WA16 9AG.

INFORMAL MEETINGS

Fancy a pint (or two!) and a natter? Then come and join us in the Lion and Railway Hotel every Tuesday evening (except second Tuesday) when you will find a group of like minded individuals enjoying the same atmosphere. Easy to find as it is across the road from Northwich station and meetings start around 8pm.

It is also hoped to start regular bi-monthly meetings in Warrington but the dates and place have yet to be confirmed. Anyone interested should refer to their monthly Member's Notes for more details as and when these become available.

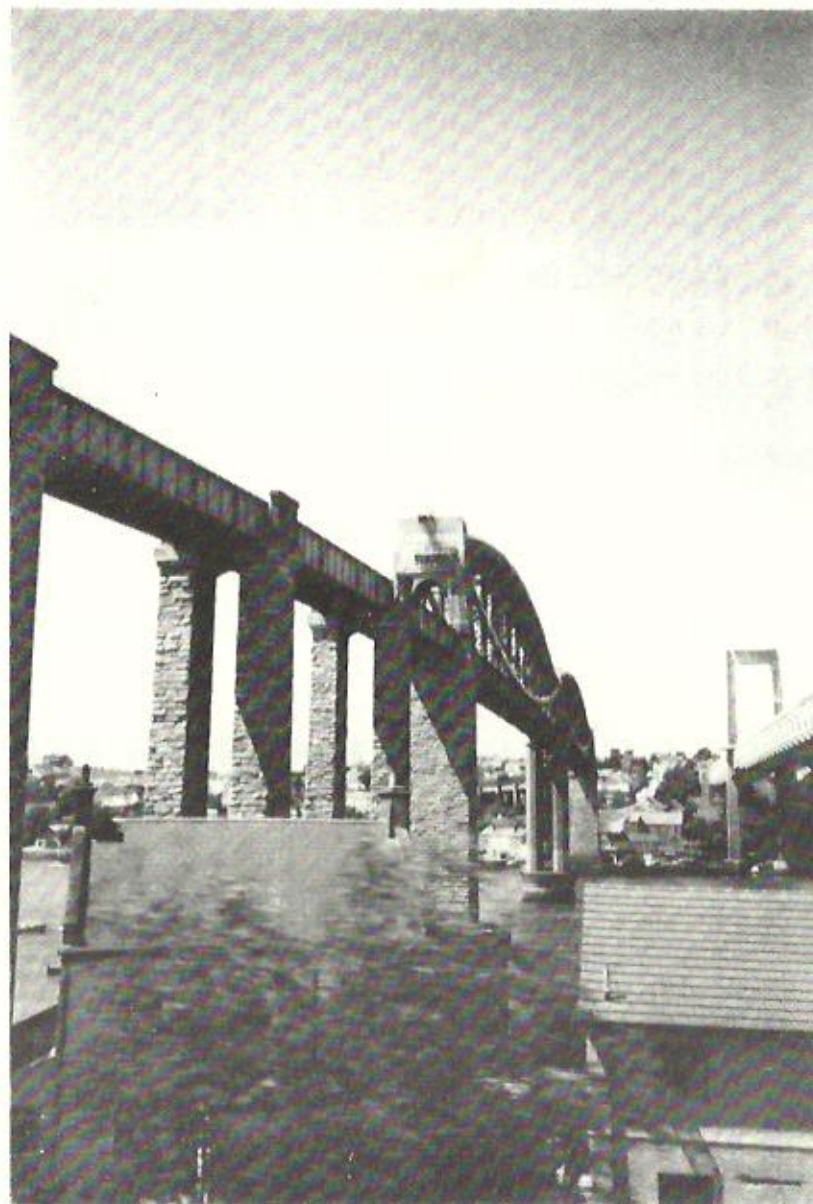
PHOTO ON REAR COVER.

Anniversaries in the railway preservation movement seem to be ever more common, this coming year being no exception, seeing as it does the 150th Anniversary of both the London and Birmingham Railway and the London and South Western Railway. In memory of the LSWR the view seen is taken from the former main line of the LSWR into Plymouth, nowadays the single line branch to Gunnislake, just where it passes beneath the Great Western line into Cornwall, and shows Brunel's Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash. (Photo - M. Lenz.)



**"YOUR ASSOCIATION
NEEDS
YOU"**

**ASSISTANCE IS REQUIRED
IN LOCOMOTIVE SERVICING
AND SALES OPERATIONS.
IF YOU CAN HELP PLEASE
LET YOUR COMMITTEE KNOW.
DON'T LEAVE IT TO "THE FEW."**



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