

20 – 20 VISION

THE MAGAZINE OF THE

CLASS 20 LOCOMOTIVE SOCIETY

Issue 100

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to Issue 100 – I’m currently installing the Queen’s telegram on the CTLS mantelpiece. What an incredible 25 years it has been, from our humble roots flogging stickers at dodgy open days to today’s ownership of three Class 20s, and, er, flogging stickers at dodgy open days!! We all have our own highlights - Channel Tunnel hires with 50-year old diesels on 190mph railways, Class 20s on the Underground, insane railtours, Chopperfest, visits to other railways, racing two taxis through the Glasgow tenements shooting each other out of the windows, bin-liner-clad lovelies in Ripley watering holes, and much more You can relive some of those heady moments with the many articles from past mags that I have reproduced later on (many thanks to Dom for his help here). I’m sure you’ll each have your own particular faves – “perhaps you’ll let us know” as they say in newspapers. Remember that all this has been achieved in our “spare” (ha ha) time with almost no “professional” input. The next 25 years may not be quite as action-packed or varied, although we have a few plans up our sleeves, but they WILL be just as much hard work, which is why we still need your support and hard-earned cash! See you in 2033.....

20.227 departed for the Severn Valley Railway at the end of July for what was supposed to be a 2 month contract to help repair their flood damage. She was marooned at Kidderminster along with the hired wagons and other locos after further flooding, and the railway was forced to mainly use a road-based solution so we only got a few days hire in the end which was a shame. Rob, Dom, Lester and myself wandered up to Kidderminster on 6th October to give her an A/B-exam. On the way through Banbury Rob and myself noticed a sign saying “dogs for the disabled”, which we thought was an interesting offer. Rather tasteless too I suppose, and also it wasn’t clear what the exchange rates were. Perhaps if you just took Auntie Ethel in with her slight limp you might get a chihuahua in exchange, or right the way up to a great dane for Great Uncle Bert who’s now confined to his bed? Luncheon was partaken in Kidderminster’s commodious café which was The Ritz compared to Butterley’s Johnson’s Buffet greasy spoon, and we were able to eat our sandwiches while ogling the nice pussy on the concourse as displayed on last issue’s cover. We also gave 227 a quick wash and brush up and charged her batteries using the lethal SVR battery charger which looks like it’s a refugee from an HG Wells science fiction story. Anyway, she started happily enough and amused herself with a few spins round the yard. The SVR used her the following weekend for their “mini diesel gala” along with 20.188 and various other animals, and pronounced themselves well pleased. On our return journey I noticed a coach on the road near Brackley with “Merthyr Tydfil” on its blind which was a bit baffling. I suppose if you lived in Brackley you’d consider even poor old Merthyr a step up, but I can’t see it justifying a whole coach for the emigrants. My other guess was that Merthyr City had been playing Brackley Academicals at footie but that seemed a long shot. It may have been a long shot, but Rob discovered the next day that in fact Merthyr HAD been playing Brackley! They actually lost 1-0, bad luck chaps.

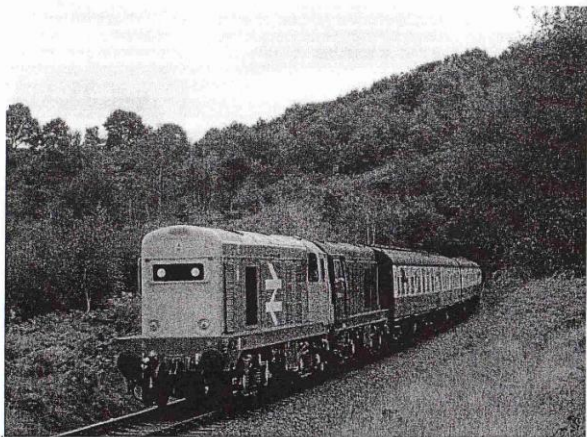
On 29th October Lester kindly picked up 8 barrels of antifreeze from Basford – there’s been a big price increase so we’re keeping our supplies up.

10th/11th November saw us back at Butterley. My journey there was enlivened by Dom reminding me that there would be no Leighton – Milton Keynes trains that Friday, so it was an emergency omnibus move instead – the 19.40 LB – MK courtesy of Messrs Arriva and Co Ltd. Quite ludicrously this is the last bus from LB to MK on a weekday so plenty of scope for things going horribly wrong. Ah well, that’s the game. Semi-fast bike to the bus stop and await arrival, and needless to say it still hasn’t arrived 20 minutes later with 54 minutes to get to MK station. Option A is go home and try again by train next morning, option B is try LB station after all and see if any ghost trains are around. Leap on bike and hare to station where it transpires that there are indeed no trains. Decide to go back to town and see if the bus has still not arrived, but realize it’s probably worth trying to head it off on the MK road so take a diversionary route via that road. Steaming towards town, a bus comes towards me, so I step out to flag it down with relief but the blasted thing turns off just in front of me to the station!! It must be calling there on the way, so I execute a dodgy back flip and turn and steam after it. Just as I swerve into the station approach road it’s already coming back towards me – number 70 – how’s it done that so quickly?! I step out again and he has to stop. Harangue the driver and it turns out he’s another one **from** MK going to Luton! Well where’s the bloody original one? He’s still at the station! Scream there with pedals on fire and just make it on board as he pulls away. Naturally he makes no effort to keep time – to the extent of stalling completely at a roundabout which he finally sorts out – and arrives in MK at 20.40 with 14 minutes to go. Unfortunately he takes the back route to the town away from the station, at which point I lose my bottle and get him to drop me in the middle of the next roundabout. Remember that MK is a grid (not a Class 56) system with millions of roundabouts of which this is but one, so my chances aren’t looking good. After a mile and several

random roundabouts I make it to the station with 3 minutes to go – a classic CTLS cliffhanger – but as it turns out the Branson mobile is minutes 4 late anyway. Arrival at Dom's in Stafford is effected without further mishap and we esconce for some beers. I'm slightly confused that Dom's now got a gas fire in front of his electric fire in front of the chimney in the front room but say nothing, assuming that it's some sort of new dual-fuel contraption.

We are woken by the radio on Saturday morning with the useful, and unarguable, pronouncement from the newsreader that "Doncaster is not Wolverhampton". Armed with that vital piece of information we conveyed our persons to Swanwick. Firstly we carried out an A-exam on D8001 but, as ever, the distilled water system in the shed is non-functional. We are advised to use the water in some old milk cartons which apparently has come from "Reg's dehumidifier", but decline to risk our £4000 sets of batteries. I'm now very bored with this and vow to buy our own distiller, or preferably a complete distillery. Mr Warden is pushing a useful little project to fit hosepipe-connector header tank filler valves to the locos, and fitted the first to 20.205 this weekend. Along with the new battery charger, a distiller, etc, these things all help to reduce our reliance on other people for running maintenance tasks.

20.205 was started up both days, firstly to warm her through and secondly to continue tracing the air system. The missing compressor safety valve was refitted, and the disconnected outlet pipe reattached, which should allow air to reach the main reservoir – needless to say it didn't get that far! The pipework passes through the compressor governor in the nose compartment then down through the floor and under the frame to the middle of the loco, where a strainer and a (missing) safety valve protect the main reservoir. We decided to remove the strainer and give it a thorough cleaning, and obviously replaced the safety valve. There is also a non-return valve near the compressor which was also removed and cleaned. Satisfyingly, upon restarting the engine and running the compressor, air now started to reach the main reservoir and charge it. It also obviously quite happily traversed to the auxiliary air reservoir and system, and to leak out of the missing horn valve in the cab! Next time we can start to trace the air through the rest of the auxiliary and braking systems.



Above: 20.227 and 20.188 roll out of Foley park tunnel during the SVR October "mini gala".

Cover: 20.100 (100 – geddit?!?) and 20.226 at Polmadie, 13th September 1986 [Danny Preston]

The opportunity was taken to charge the batteries of D8001 and 20.189. We also moved the LMS brakevan into the diesel shed to allow further painting to be done over the winter. This was achieved with a combination of D8001 to shunt-release it, and a pinch-bar to crank it into the shed.

On 24th November Lester removed 227's sandboxes at the SVR, and she was taken straight from there to LUL on Weds 28th. Less positively PaulW and Lee attempted to start D8001 at Swanwick but she wasn't having it and they had to just bar the power unit over a couple of times instead.

The December weekend was highly entertaining as we discovered that a scrapyard in Rotherham had some condemned Class 47s in, from which we could acquire various useful brake system components. Rob, Lester, Brian, Dom, Trev and myself duly descended into the salubrious suburb of Greasbrough and donned our hard hats and protective gear (and they were only to get us through the surrounding area to the scrapyard!). For a change I had gone up with Trev in his motor, departing at 6am – arg, ably assisted by Trev's satnav "Jane". Arriving 20 minutes after we'd set off from Bedfordshire, I reckoned I knew better than Jane and promptly ended us up in some dodgy area of Rotherham with bomb craters and barbed wire all over the place. We got back on course and Jane changed her tone to the smug/superior option. The chosen donor was 47.759 and we tried to extract as much as we could in their 4 hour time limit, in the end all we missed was some stuff from under the bogies which we'd have had to dig a tunnel to get to because the old animal was lying straight on the yard mud. To add to the general gloom it rained most of the time, and most of that went down my neck. Afterwards we retired to the "Oasis Cafe" over the road. Really, the little plastic palm trees on the tables were fooling nobody chaps – this is Rotherham. For trendy southerners the advertised cappuccino for £1.20 was about one third of London prices, but was obviously put there simply to show up said southerners for the wusses they are. Large teas were procured. Meanwhile Paul W and Lee had been holding the fort at Swanwick, to which we returned with our booty. Quite sensibly I then changed out of my best cuffed shirt used for the scrapyard foray into my crawling-under-locomotives clothes ready for the evening out. It seems that Dolly Parton was also in the area while we were there, visiting a school or something. She may have her knockers but I think she's OK personally. As mentioned earlier, I'd managed to order our new distillery off the internet and this was tried out for the first time. Since it works on the evaporate/condense principal it took almost as long as obtaining a decent 15 year old malt, but sadly didn't have the same result. The water was inserted into 205's batteries much to her relief. As with all these gizmos the instructions were pretty unintelligible, including a note on the lid handle which stated that "this handle is not suitable for lifting or opening the distiller". We couldn't work out what possible other use it could have – answers on the proverbial please – so we left it well alone. My Sunday return train was 18.59 Staffs – MK with a novel non-stop move to Coventry via Bescot.



On 5th and 7th December 20.227 ran a sequence of LUL test trains with the 4TC set and Sarah Siddons, leaving Ruislip at 11.05, via Neasden, two trips to Amersham, and returning at 16.35.

I'll save January's work report and the AGM report until next time.

Recently Rob had an approach from the National Railway Museum (with their collective tails between their legs?) concerning the "modern traction weekend" they're planning to hold at Shildon on 19th/20th April. This is more of a "depot open day" type of thing, but will feature D8000 on site shuttles. A number of chaps will be going along to help as secondmen.

A couple of sales snippets: there's a nice DVD on ebay, search for "Class 20 & Class 37 locos in action 1988-1991" and you'll find it. It's simply hundreds of snippets of Class 20 and Class 37 action with no fripperies or commentary - plenty of great sounds though! Also, we have the new "Power Of The Class 20s" book which is obviously a must-have for your library. Some great rare pics ranging from 1957 to the present day, from Scotland to Cornwall, of locos still in action after half a century. 16-pages of colour, and plenty of entertainment in the captions too. Please buy it from us via Tony Spencer (address page 2) so that we make a little bit of out of it too!

Next working dates at Butterley will be: March 1st / 2nd, April 12th / 13th, and May 10th / 11th. As you know there's a HUGE amount to do at the moment, so please try and do your bit and come up at least once this year - 205 is getting there for example but will take longer without YOUR help.

Lee had a good idea, which we've considered before. It would make sense to email the mag to as many people as possible to save costs and paper. If you're happy to do so, please could you email me (my mail address is on Page 2).

OK. Now it's time to gaze into our reverse crystal ball. Stand by for a roller coaster ride through CTLS history! Once again, thanks to Dom for all the scanning, and thanks to me for touching them up, I shan't bore you with what a huge amount of time it all took.....

Right back in the mists of time we had Issue 1 in 1981! It was A4, single corner staple, five single-sided sheets on a very dodgy photocopier. Paul Harrington was the editor - the fifth Beatle, because he was never seen again! The first words in the first newsletter were: "Since the demise of the steam locomotive in 1967 diesel traction has come to the forefront..... the Class 20 has been an exceptionally successful class..... The Class 20 Locomotive Society was formed in early 1981 to aim to preserve one or more [thank you so much for saddling us with that aim to live up to! - ED] locomotives..... Therefore it is necessary to acquire enough funds..... we are all grateful for your support". These noble aims were followed by a brief (half page!) history of the locos by Mr Mee, and list of Class 20 TOPS re-numberings.

Issue 2 saw a military coup with Mr Mee taking over the editorial reins and explaining "why save a Class 20?" along with an article reviewing locomotives nicknames, some photography lessons by a "Brian Lees", Wigton station remodeling by Dave Gilbert, Thomas Weekend (!) at the Nene Valley, and a plug for the Dean Forest Railway, all of which increased the number of pages to a heady six!

Issue 3 saw the money-making scams, sorry I mean schemes, getting underway with a sales stand being set up. There was also an intriguing story about being contacted by the Diesel & Electric Group who told us that the NRM had no room at the inn for D8000 and were looking for someone to look after her. Eventually they decided to bung her in the annexe building, but things could have been very different today if events had taken a different course.

Issue 4 included various "gentlemen's general interest" articles, a more detailed history of the locomotives, and the scandalous revelation that membership fees were going up to £2.50!!

By Issue 5, the pattern for future issues was being set, as there was more history information, the first "Rail Report", and the first "visit" report - which I'm reproducing here for your delectation:

"Toton and Tinsley visit, by "B P" Lees.

The sun was shining as I waited with Paul Mee at Oakleigh Park station for the 06.44 Welwyn to Moorgate train. The Class 313 EMU arrived and we sped off along the old GNR main line towards Finsbury Park where we were to meet the London based party. We found Ian Collins looking towards the depot and remembering the Deltics of long ago [well, a year ago! - ED], outside we met Chris Stevenson and a brand new X-reg Ford Escort (although we later found out it was only borrowed) with Nathan Lockett inside. Due to a slight transportation difficulty all five of us squeezed into the Ford and we left 20 minutes later, soon finding our way onto the M1, next stop Toton and Class 20s!

At Toton depot entrance a car was parked on the verge with a bunch of gricers standing by, they were Graham and his mate Barry Bacon and Mr Lewis. On presenting ourselves to the depot manager we were issued with BR regulation yellow hard hats and a guide to show us round. Now the serious gricing could begin and the following machines were observed: 08.320, 021, 894, 829, 20.072, 162, 136, 161, 178, 168, 180, 195, 153, 077, 172, 173, 151, 193, 001, 163, 188, 158, 182, 142, 082, 132, 150, 047, 148, 113, 087, 25.187, 064, 323, 080, 249, 175, 049, 31.218, 122, 305, 222, 300, 167, 37.059, 082, 40.076, 45.019, 110, 056, 057, 121, 045, 062, 119, 103, 114, 037, 126, 026, 074, 46.004, 47.286, 095, 334, 108, 354, 326, 074, 444, 478, 56.041, 053, 068, 060. [some fascinating numbers there 20.001 of course, and 20.072/172 which followed me around for years afterwards. In fact they still follow me every day from the A0 photo on my hall wall taken at Denby - ED]

An excellent turnout with a total of 74 locos, and as we rushed for the cars 45.110 and 37.082 rumbled past the yard on freight trains. Our convoy left Toton and zoomed up towards Tinsley along the M1 with only 45 minutes before our arranged time, not helped by encountering directional difficulties (er, we got lost), but a few words from a local [I can imagine what they were - ED] and we found ourselves in the car park of Tinsley depot.

Looking down into the yard we could see a row of seven or eight Choppers standing under the remains of the 1.5KV overhead lines formerly used by the Class 76s all of which can now be seen at Guide Bridge and Reddish. The locos stabled at Tinsley were: 08.729, 389, 875, 510, 655, 287, 206, 523, 578, 209, 335, 13.001, 002, 20.093, 175, 106, 023, 157, 176, 133, 098, 228, 128, 212, 005, 059, 008, 129, 130, 046, 055, 034, 31.221, 235, 402, 315, 311, 279, 37.228, 215, 100, 40.150, 45.112, 022, 063, 131, 141, 007, 009, 020, 012, 46.028, 47.375, 212, 027, 371, 276, 217, 278, 56.105, 004, 030, 012, 006. The shed staff were very friendly and even gave one member a TOPS read-out for a loco he required. At this point the convoy broke up with one motor going on to Barrow Hill and all points west, while the rest of us went on to Westhouses. After another journey along the M1 we arrived at the depot entrance, and for those who have never been there it's in the middle of nowhere down at the end of a long path and the only comment I can make about the depot is that it has got some character [yep, best depot in the country it was - ED]. Still, it had some good locos: 20.194, 084, 075, 070, 134, 155, 47.195, 56.062.

Finally it was off to Long Eaton where we intended to catch the returning Class 20 hauled train from Skegness, and as we turned into the station road the heavens opened and the car almost floated into the car park! The platform was full of gricers awaiting the train. A short while later 45.004 hauled a convoy of 45.045, 31.222 and 31.218 through the station, shortly before the familiar whistling could be heard. However this was only 20.166 and 20.143 on an ECS train. Eventually 20.181 and 20.090 arrived with first few coaches packed but unbelievably we all managed to get a window for the eight mile journey to Derby, where we viewed 08.842, 20.192, 25.317, 25.253, 25.035, 47.315, 47.057 and 84.009.

After taking a few photos we returned to Long Eaton behind 47.203, then off back to London in the convoy. Thank you to everyone took part especially Chris for organizing the whole thing and driving and Graham for driving."

Ahhh, great days. Issue 6 followed up with a day to Skeggie, and from 6 to 10 a wide variety of articles included "Rail Report", slide shows, and more visits. A change from "A4" format to "A5" format came with Issue 10.

NOTES: In conclusion it is only fair to say that of the 20 locos owned by Bungarail, 2 are the wrong gauge, 1 is unfinished, and 16 are too heavy for the track, and are gradually disappearing into the Old Mangrove Swamp ooze. There is only 1/2 mile of continuous track on the island, from High Level to High Street East of which only 100 yards is used, and the one working loco is stranded on this section. (The bridge east of High Street East collapsed in 1934 and has since been used as firewood. The service east of High Street East is worked by an 1852 vintage platelayers trolley). The only reason that the system has not closed down completely is that half the population is employed on it.

Fascinating, I suppose the only way to work out what's really going on is to jump on a boat and go over there. Meanwhile back in Blighty, in 1984 the Skeggies are in full swing.....

"RUNS SATURDAYS ONLY" by Dave Gilbert, from Issue 13, 1984

Saturday 23rd June 1984.....

06.54 - Asleep

06.55 - Snapped into consciousness by dawn chorus of 'The Star Spangled Banner' on digital watch. Surely the world can only get better- andit. does!!

07.00 - The words Skeggie and Choppers float about in a congested mind as I stagger about.

07.30 - Skegness, Leicester's own little rivera. I shuffle off to catch the first mean machine of the day, the number 8 bus.

07.35 - Skegness, fave haunt of E.E. Power. Will the Manchester Class 40 produce? While I contemplate, the bus draws up. It's late, I am late, what a great way to start the day.

08.19 - Three minutes late but who cares?! Me, CJS, Brian Lees, Clive and John Izz sample the incredible might of 20168/178 getting to grips with the 08.16 Leicester-Skegness (SO). "LR" shed sailed by with 08382/856/623/619, 20147/075/180/183, 45123, 47229, 56069/071/083/087 in attendance.

After being three minutes down our drivers felt they should put on a bit of a spurt, 'Twittering' went from the air to be replaced by that funny noise that tells you that you're doing something upwards of 60mph. We in fact checked the clock at Barrow (Stevenson Computer) and at that speed the 89.5 degree bank at Trent South, well known to Toton Class 45's, went by unnoticed. It is unhealthy to go through Nottingham at speeds in excess of one mile per day so we stopped.

As usual there were DMU's in abundance and as we pulled out 47.345 and 45.139 were passed on ECS duties. Amongst bursts of CJS's famous impressions of Choppers chirruping to themselves (must be heard to be believed) there was some bashing done, with B. Lees almost being thrown out the window by Clive. We passed 31.114 at Sleaford, but this was no diversion for us as CJS baited the fisherman in the drain (ha,ha...) Boston was reached dead on time and we waited for 47.484 'Isambard Kingdom Brunel' to clear the line with the Skegness - Kings Cross. Very little else happened and some even nodded off (sacrilege).

Arrival at the Costa Del Skegness, a once great tourist centre for the Eastern Region, was somewhat uneventful. After avoiding marauding redcoats and making for a buffet that had been closed for six months, we doubled back over the bus station and rubbish tip to reach the end of platform 7. Photo's of 20.168/178 were duly taken and we awaited events. Nobody seemed interested when 20.198/199 arrived from Derby, although 20.198 was a terrible state, had somebody applied spray on rust? Or was it simply a clumsily spilt large tea? After recovering from that shock we made for the information window in the skirting board [EH?! - ED]. We were interested in the Manchester train, ie what was the loco, but no go, out in the wilds these folks are never told! We needn't have worried, as 31.222 rolled off into the distance a loco front appeared from behind the tail lamp. The amassed spotters and other forms of man on the end of platform 4 were transfixed, and as it drew near the Skegness - Manchester had arms, legs, heads etc protruding - any faster and the thing would have taken off. Still, homage was paid to 40.060 when it arrived but we were thrown off the platform before the going got good (blast!). In a fit of manners we pushed in at the front of the queue and got admiring(!) glances from the bashers behind. We surged forward as the gate was opened and the bewildered railman nearly punched my Travel Pass (blast again!). Give him a membership form Brian!

40.060 gave a great performance out of Skeggie (no twittering here!) and we had to get out to Boston before anything surpassed it. To do it, two blokes (now known as the television presenters Barney and Mel - ED) in a Mini bedecked with a "Stopfordian" railtour headboard and air horns raced alongside us at about 70mph. One of them was leaning out of the passenger door window with a cine camera. The suspension on the

elderly rake will probably be its downfall - every spotter stood on the road side to get on the film, the train is now condemned surely. At Lincoln, 08.060 and 08.132 were spotted and some baled out to get 37.008 on the Yarmouth-Manchester. For those who wanted 40 haulage all the way (me) there was more bashing to be done so on we went!

After Workop (20.046/006, 37274/174/217 and 56.104) we pulled into Sheffield where I lost CJS and Brian, but more of that later. I took 40.060 all the way to Piccadilly, through the tunnels which were specifically built to amplify the sound 40's make (I think so anyway) where we were nine minutes late on arrival. Photographers swarmed over the buffer stops and I made my way over to 31.433 which was in charge of the Manchester - Cleethorpes. 40.060 opened up as I left the cover of Piccadilly station and I craned out of the window to lap it all up - we are very impulsive us Leicester folk. Spotters at Sheffield were still shell-shocked as I arrived (but not as much as I was going to be!), climbing onto the 19.30 tram back to Leicester I thought I'd seen what was to be seen, but no! In my absence, 40.004 sneaked (or maybe whistled nonchalantly) through the station, but worse was to come. In my boredom I missed 50.017 Royal Oak at Alfreton with CJS and Brian going the other way in first class luxury to Chesterfield!!! 50.017 had worked the 13.40 Poole-Sheffield from Brum and I had missed it!! CJS and Brian mucked it up slightly and sat on Chesterfield station for an hour at eight o'clock at night (yawn) [small sacrifice! - CJS].

Coming home on the bus - it was late, Midland Fox NEVER run on time, I thought about scrounging another day off work, perhaps Saturday? The words 'chirruping' and 'twittering' are exclusive to Chris Stevenson and as far as I am concerned he can keep them! Get him to give you a rendition at the AGM - you won't regret it.

In the 1980s the future of the Class rested on the dual-braking programme.....

Class 20s and the Dual Brake Programme, by Colin Baker, from Issue 14, 1984

When the Class 20s were first introduced in the late 1950s most freight trains were loose coupled, ie. they did not have a continuous train brake and they relied upon the loco brake and the hand brake being operated by the guard in his van to stop and control the speed of the train. On down gradients some wagon side brakes were "pinned down" to help restrain the train from running away. On the whole it was only the fast, longer distance freights that were vacuum fitted. Of course, all passenger trains were fitted as now because of Department of Transport regulations. The Class 20s were built with vacuum train brake equipment from new as was standard with all new B.R. main line locos at the time.

By the mid 1960s, when the second order for Class 20s was on the books, air braked trains were beginning to be introduced, mainly MGRs. In 1967, D8197 (now 20.197) was fitted with air brake equipment for testing and this led to the last ten of the class, D8317 - D8327 (now 20.217 - 20.227) being built with dual brakes (and slow-speed control) from new in 1967/8. The conversion of vacuum only locos continued at a slow pace until 1977 and then stopped with just over fifty members of the class fitted for dual braking.

With B.R.'s decision to do away with unbraked trains and cut down on and finally replace all vacuum trains by the late 1980s with air-braked services, more class 20s found themselves in Works for dual brake modification under the dual brake program. A lot of the locos involved had been in store prior to this works attention and it came as a new lease of life to the class even though for other classes it spelt the end, with withdrawn 25s and 40s supplying some of the equipment fitted to class 20s. Now in 1984 comes the news that ninety of the class have been authorised for dual braking this year and the remaining twelve next year. The future looks good for the class with this work being carried out at Crewe, Glasgow and now Derby.

Dual braking involves the fitting of a second air compressor - all vacuum locos have one compressor to work the loco's straight air brake, electro-pneumatic control gear and other items like horns, window-wipers and A.W.S. Also a new brake handle and associated equipment is fitted into the driver's control desk and an air brake pipe gauge on the control panel. A new brake selection switch controls the brake type (air/vacuum) and rate (goods/ passenger). The main difference to the outside observer is the fitting of three new pipe hoses on the buffer beams: these are two air reservoir pipes, identified by the yellow coupling head and isolating equipment, and the air brake pipe with the red fittings. The through air pipe (with yellow head and white isolating cock) is removed but the control air pipe remains as this is used to control equipment when locos are in multiple.



Above: D8001 and D8007 back on to their train at Swanwick during "Chopperfest 2".

Myself and Dom took a rather circuitous route back from Barrow Hill to Stafford, via the tea shop in Elton where we indulged in proper tea and cakes just as they were closing but took pity on us; then called in at Ashbourne chippy; then a final stop at Ellastone where the boozier claimed that it sold "fine real ales". I suppose Pedigree is a real ale but I'm not sure it's fine any longer. On the final leg of the journey to Stafford we passed the JCB headquarters and, amazingly, the "Barrow Hill Care Home" - either we'd got lost and ended up where we started or this was a place built specifically to house knackered Barrow Hill loco painters. I festered on Stafford station to wait for my 20.48 Pendodildo to Milton Keynes and was considerably enlivened when "Gordon Tracey" departed from the south bay platform, crossed to the down slow, then stopped in the platform, at which point the extremely fetching blonde lady driver waved at me out of the window. Arg! Sadly the effect was somewhat spoiled as the light went green, she crunched the gears a few times and kangaroo'd out of the station with the hazard warning lights flashing, wipers going, and the handbrake on billowing smoke from the back bogies wheels. The pendodildo screaming past on the fast line blasted her on the horn as she attempted to pull out in front without signalling. Ahem.

D8001 and 20.189 were moved by road from Barrow Hill to Butterley on 20th August, and the D8007 chaps fixed the load regulator problem although we still needed to top up the oil and water before Chopperfest 2. Slightly annoyingly D8001 was unloaded the "wrong way round" and ended up cab to nose with D8007. As it turned out though, they looked really good in this configuration during Chopperfest 2.

On 24th August, Dave Brabham contacted us again from the Underground and said that he had been asked to organise a one-off run on Friday the 7th December with the Met heritage train. He therefore wants to hire 20.227 for this event, although they'd probably only require her for that day and a few days prior to fit the tripecock and a few days later to remove it.

On Saturday 25 August, we were roped in at the last minute to provide power at some sort of Butterley gala event, and this was duly provided.

Not long to go until Chopperfest 2 as Mr Warden sends this timely reminder: "We are now fast approaching the next gala with this coming weekend being the last before the event. D8001 is now back at Butterley and is in green primer awaiting finishing. If it is to be finished in time for the event we need to get people up to B'ley to finish applying all the gloss paint Lee, myself, Lester and Steve Smith will be going up on Thursday to get a good start". At least we had managed to organise D8001 being positioned in the new diesel shed at Swanwick (the first loco into it!) which meant that painting could take place under cover. Dom toddled up there on the Sunday - when he should have been revising for an exam, top man Dom - and managed to finish glossing most of one bodyside, which left "only" the cab roof, cab end including all the fiddly bits, all of the other bodyside including the nasty grilles, buffer beams, nose end, and the application of all the vinyls and transfers. And this was never mind all the normal loco preparation work - fuelling, checking, etc. It was obvious that we weren't going to make it - cue Thunderbirds scene of giant aircraft with unfeasibly small wings coming in to land with no undercarriage and a bomb on board along with suitably panicky music, probably with Virgil Tracey looking a bit sweaty (how do puppets DO that?) at the controls of a rescue vehicle - without a bit of drastic action, so Trevor, Lee, Paul Warden and myself took the next Friday off work and recommenced another superhuman paint job. As Dom pointed out, "failure is not an option!!!". To reiterate, if we're going to stage these sort of events again it's going to need more than the valiant few turning up to do the hard graft without which the fun part isn't possible. As it turned out, we arrived at 9am, turned the radio on full, rolled our sleeves up and got on with it - nothing like a challenge to bring out the team work. At 6pm Mr Warden applied the final lick of green to the cab end and we all collapsed onto the concrete floor with exhaustion. At the same time as applying more paint than Rembrandt did in his lifetime, we somehow found time to supervise the fuel lorry turning up and fuelling three locos, and putting 20.205 and 37.190 on charge. D8001, D8007 and 20.189 were all started up, checked over, and tested, and happily found to be A-OK.

Below: D8007 and D8001 pass 20.189 at Swanwick.



lower extremity of the CJS phut-phutted into view and then he saw 20 176. The scream registered 7.4 on the Richter scale and loosened several sheets of corrugated roofing and the rest of us took refuge as he pranced around, his limbs totally out of any order and control. He was visibly unbalanced for the next x number of hours. The usual group phottage was executed as every one hung on to some highly privileged Chopper in the pouring rain. Despite this junk weather spirits were pretty high as everyone trudged round virtually up to their waist in thick oily sludge admiring these machines that they love. Meanwhile, the more observant members of the group had noticed that the CJS had vanished. An investigation revealed that he had returned to 20.176 and was nearly using a magnifying glass to check out any signs of rust, screaming at these molecules that they had better jolly well leap off to some other set of wheels.

Leaving Tinsley just after 13.00 a lot of the lads had the same idea and so we lifted our heads high to sniff out the nearest ale-ery. The establishment we arrived at turned out to be the biggest blow to Great Britain since Kleenex stopped producing the triple-layer tissue. It was a "Stones" house and for those insane enough to sample their ale will know I am not exaggerating when I say it was more like some overfizzed carriage cleaning fluid with a head thicker than Michael Foot's! So as a result of this massive failure of a hostelry to dig up any kind of supple material we made a frantic attack on a chippy opposite, which to our horror seemed to follow the same tradition as the pub in seeing how appalling they could get their commodity to taste. Suffering from chronic gut-ache we limped back to the Astra which was sprawled across about three parking spaces outside the pub. (eh?!? - CS). Important discussion time, so I retreated to the depths of Vauxhall upholstery and let the professionals decide where they were going to eat to next. About 27 hrs later and after a high degree of shouting it had been decided that a mega cross country leap to Barrow Hill and Shirebrook was in order, probably just so that some high-revving polltron could clear some obscure 'B' road for the year. So with a squeal of tyres, the Astra smoked its way out of the residential pond. This journey consisted of a maze of unmarked, unsigned, and virtually un-made country lanes, and I think it is fair to say that you lads certainly knew the area pretty well. Several wrong turns later, and after numerous minor accidents which included one of our cars being nabbed by two ancient traffic wardens who looked like a couple of fossils from the Natural History Museum, for just pausing for a minimal number of seconds on a broken dirty yellow line, we arrived at Staveley and more precisely at Barrow Hill mpd. Here the majority of the group paddled down a footpath alongside the depot while Brian, Adrian and myself slipped into the roundhouse to crack up at the sight of Choppers and other machinery quietly dosing around the turntable. A couple of deep breaths later, more jelly babies and I composed myself sufficiently to grab a few photos. Having recovered enough to walk back, the cars once again coaxed themselves into life and we steamed our way in the general direction of Shirebrook. On the road again, this time on the most ridiculously hairless scheme ever contrived, hunting for a disused railway, which we found at the expense of trudging through endless ploughed fields and following swampy rabbit paths, and collecting about 20lbs of mud on each hoof. To reach this place way out in the depths of the unknown we crossed 300 streams and drove across about 45 fields, not mentioning the previously undiscovered forests we ploughed our way through. Anyway, eventually, Shirebrook. Arrival. Open doors and instantly freeze as the force 11 wind, increasing to force 12, tries to rip off any item of loose clothing. A line of 56s were the only visible motive trolleys brave enough to stand up in this hurricane, so it was back to the cars to get round to the other side of the depot to view the other wheels, and it was at this stage that everyone present was an audience to a somewhat spectacular example of the CJS in action. The 4 of us piled into the Astra, and we proceeded up the road at 30 mph in REVERSE!! The other bunch of lads stood by their vehicles gaping as we screamed backwards up the road, the engine uttering loud protests, keeping a surprisingly straight course, until a corner came where he turned the powerhouse round on 2 wheels. Then with blue smoke pouring from every crevice of the engine compartment, a fantastically loud squeal of tyres and we were away this time going forward at an incredible rate of knots. Despite repeated pleas of "enough!" from the humble 1300 engine, several repeats of this unconventional style of driving were carried out. We came to a stand the other side of the depot, where the sight of 14 class 56's in a long line was visible through the trees. Cameras grabbed greedily at this scene of raw power, noting that this particular convoy was headed by 56 001.

OK, back to the now rather resigned motors for an ultra fast pedal down to Nottingham. This part of the journey was amazingly quite uneventful and sedate as the trail of vehicles peacefully trotted along at an average 75 mph. In Nottingham itself, inevitably we got completely and utterly lost and ended up on an evening tour of the ring road system. When under pressure it was noted that CJ seems to come to life, because after some mutterings regarding the junk of no-one knowing where they were going, it was back to the maniac routine. I mean who on this planet would ever dream of a mushroom cylindrical Astra doing 58 mph in 2nd gear!! There are four of us to justify that statement (Proof! Give me proof!! - CJS). Eventually we did find the stabling point but it didn't exert itself in displaying much power to us. It was here that we noticed that the Escort driven by

Paul was absent. Presumed reason: Lost and still motoring round Nottingham on the ring road. Verdict: Couldn't handle the pace! But it was soon after leaving Nottingham that we bade farewell to another set of wheels in the shape of a Cortina which had been one of the vehicles that had successfully managed by some superhuman means to keep the Astra in sight and follow it. So it was down to two, us and the Chevette. Back on the A1 we went and headed south. Like two mating turtles the cars managed to stick together until we left the motorway at Hitchin. I suppose the Chevette guys must have wondered what was happening as we flashed brake lights, rear foglamps and hazard lights, and waved out of the windows like over-enthusiastic windmills as a farewell gesture

So it was over, or nearly, and we leapt into a recommended ale-ery which had a line of handpumps leaping into double figures; we installed our drip feeding equipment and sat like glazed cherries on top of a space shuttle moaning with sheer delight as the honey was fed into our bodies. After that we somehow dragged ourselves away and back to the patiently waiting Astra for the final leap back to Hitchin for the gannet move, with the mixture of tyres and engine making a sound at least equal to about 25 Boeing 747 engines on maximum beans. After that, not surprisingly, once back in the shack of the CJS we all shut down, and gave the tickers a well earned rest. In a matter of minutes we all stagnated and formed lifeless corpses. Well, I never realised that so many things and events could occur in a single day. I have never experienced something quite so invigorating in all my days and certainly nothing like that ever happened whilst being one of the "Hoover" followers. It was undoubtedly a huge success, and I would personally like to thank Chris for inviting me along, and asking me to scratch this lot out, and also to the Class 20 Loco Soc who I reckon are a great bunch. That just leaves me to say that the results of your insanity has earned you another member. Cheers, Andy!

Editor's note: I'd just like to echo Andy's feelings that a good time was had by all, and just to wind up even more those who didn't go here is the amazing list of power we saw that day (including nearly A THIRD of all 56s, AN EIGHTH of all 20s and TWO THIRDS of the 58s).
Toton: 08.019-677-757-829-856-858-894-899, 20016-26-32-49-65-72-130-55-60-61-63-65-67-72-77-79-84-85-93-213; 25048-057-151-190-268; 37032-036-065; 31101-205-326; 40192; 46023; 45002-39-48-51-54-59-72-102-5-112-126-133-135-146 47064-129-229-240-278-308-364-376-449-539; 56036-58-59-68-70-96-97; 58002-3-4-5-6-10-12-13-14-16.
Tinsley: 08022-33-051-129-266-335-507-678-749-82-857-78-80; 13001-3; 31285-289; 45009-014-029; 46011; 20008-25-46-68-92-96-98-105-108-117-144-176-214; 47040-279; 56004-8-15-19-26-30-75-77-78-80-81-95-107-113-114-118.
Barrow Hill: 08141-188-509-871; 37048; 45007; 20054-94-103-129; 56013-102-120-123-126.
Shirebrook: 37206; 56001-9-69-79-91-92-96-104-5-8-10-15-21-22-29.
Nottingham: 08066; 45104; 47330-369-479-463; 20121-141-170-197

Many thanks also to the long-suffering drivers: John, Paul, John, Ian and Me.

Issue 16 explained that we were going to buy and restore a "Wickham Trolley" to keep us occupied until something a big bigger and more challenging came along! The machine duly arrived and we spent several entertaining years doing it up at Chappel and Wakes Colne. An action-packed social diary saw a Skegness "bash", Reading Open Day with sales stand, the AGM, 2 x 20s over the S&C with Herts Tours, ANOTHER Skeg outing, Old Oak Common Open Day with sales stand, a barbecue, and finally a tour round Derby Works!

Issue 17 commenced Mark Basden's thought-provoking discussions on railway politics and current affairs, plus Wolverton Open Day and sales stand, and our first Christmas Dinner. I vaguely remember this one included the famous ice-cream chucked over the balcony down someone's cleavage sketch but I was too inebriated to get the full details! By now our "rail report" section was going strong, and looking back now they are a great database of the life and times of the locos during their operational years.

It was interesting to get a view from "the inside" occasionally.....

CLASS 20'S FROM THE INSIDE - A DRIVERS VIEW, by Neville Sloper, from Issue 18, 1985

Recently a friend of mine, one Geoffrey Coleman, having been asked his opinion about your newsletter, said to me, "a factual article written by someone on the inside would be great". Hence the title. Whilst not claiming to know everything about Class 20's or have a vast experience of working on them, I hope you will find this article accurate, interesting and in some parts amusing.

It was back in 1955 that B.R. ordered 20 'Type A' locomotives from English Electric as part of the £10M 'pilot scheme'. As is now well known, the pilot scheme became a farce and wholesale ordering of locomotives took place before trials could be properly carried out and results analysed. By the time D8000 to D8019 had been delivered, between July 1957 and March 1958 the Type A power classification had become Type 1 and although now officially known as Class 20, to the men who work with them they are most commonly known as 'Type Ones'.

Although by today's standards they are somewhat basic, in the late 1950's to the men working out of Devons Road, Bow Shed, where the first allocation was sent, they must have stood head and shoulders above the 3F 0-6-0 tanks they mostly replaced. However, it is my opinion that they are still one of the most comfortable locos in use today. Very seldom do you get a draughty one and as a general rule the cab noise level is acceptable. Certainly, greatly preferable to the noisy draughty class 37 from the same stable. I well remember working a 'speedlink' train from Leicester to Salfley through freezing fog one night with a 37 and on arrival at Salfley I stood up only to collapse in a heap on the floor, my legs numb with the cold from the draught around the desk. Also normal conversation is impossible on a 37 at anything above idling speed. Only the Class 50's among the EE types, surpasses 20's for cab comfort.

The mass ordering of locos in the late 1950's resulted in 128 of the class being delivered by August 1962. By this time B.R. had decided that the Clayton D8500's would become the standard type 1 design. Although the view from the driving cab of these units was far superior to that of the 20's the power equipment did not come up to expectations. This resulted in an order for a further 100 class 20's being placed during late 1965m, these later units being easily identified by the provision of headcode boxes in place of the discs of the earlier models. Differences within the locomotives included the replacement of some fuses with miniature circuit breakers and the addition of warning lights on the cab bulkhead for low oil pressure, low water level/high water temperature and traction motor blower failure. The cab layout of a class 20 consists of two almost identical driving desks situated on the left hand side of the cab in the direction of travel. Both seats can be rotated through 180 degrees to allow the drivers assistant to face the direction of travel. These are the only locos on B.R. that, when working singly, require 2 men in the cab at all times. Obviously, when bonnet leading, the Driver has a restricted view ahead and needs the services of an assistant on the other side of the cab to help observe signals and men on the line etc. Believe me, it is a very weird sensation to be on a 20 bonnet leading, especially to someone who has never worked on a steam loco. For some reason the ride is greatly inferior going forwards (for the un-initiated, bonnet leading is forwards), not only when working singly but also when riding on the rear loco of a pair. I said that both driving desks were almost identical, well the only significant difference is that on the master desk (the one facing bonnet) engine start and stop buttons are provided. These start and stop the engines of the loco and any other coupled in multiple (multiple being more than one loco controlled by one driver, tandem means a driver on each loco). On the slave desk, the space vacated by the start and stop buttons is filled by the two cab heater switches. The brake valves fitted to each desk operate independently of each other as in each cab of any two cab loco. However, the power handle and master switch are mechanically connected below the floor and when the handles on one desk are moved, they both move. Many a cup has been broken by being put in the wrong place near the handles, crashing to the floor as the man at the other desk selects direction or opens the power handle. Apart from watching where you put your cup, another thing not to do on a 20 is to sit with your feet on the handbrake wheel. Very comfortable, but should someone come through the door without warning, or the door fly open at speed, very painful to the kneecaps.

The only parts of the 'innards' of the loco accessible from the cab are the electrical control cubicle and the fuse panel. All other equipment is found by way of a precarious balancing act along the framing of the loco to the various bodyside doors. The most commonly used doors are the two nearest the front of the loco, as in here is found the contents gauge for the loco cooling system header tank. A fairly recent modification to this end of the loco is the fitting of an additional door handle on the inside of one of the doors. This is as a result of men being

trapped in the compartment when the wind has blown the door shut behind them. As, when opened, the doors foul adjacent lines, they are never opened on running lines and are normally kept locked. It often seems strange that drivers are expected to walk along the often slippery framing of class 20's during preparation duties, yet, on the class 58's, the framing of which is coated with a special non-slip surface, no one is allowed to walk along it. Any equipment not found in the two latter places is mounted underneath the loco and consists mainly of braking components. It is something of a joke among footplate staff when being trained on class 20's, when they are taken down a pit beneath the loco to be shown isolating cocks that they would have no chance of reaching in the event of a failure on the main line. Also, outside are the battery isolating and lighting switches. These are of the 'knife' type, and some nasty burns have been caused by people operating these switches with bunches of keys or a handlamp in their hand, when these items have touched the live part of the switch.

A strongly held belief amongst the drivers who work them is that a pair of 20's is far superior in both power and braking effort to any other combination. For example, a pair of 25's - technically more powerful and with a greater brake force - tended to struggle when allocated, to class 20 turns on heavy unfitted freight trains. I well remember one Monday morning arriving at Baddesley colliery with a string of empties and a class 47, the booked 20's for the job being unavailable. After slipping and sliding about on the gradient for about 15 minutes we had to suffer the indignity of being assisted in by one of the N.C.B. Rolls-Royce industrial locos. The men had got fed up waiting for the wagons to arrive and had come to the end of the sidings to look for us. Seldom would a pair of 20's have to stoop to such depths.

Having sung the praises of pairs of 20's, it has to be said that a single loco is a very different prospect indeed. About 5 or 6 years ago, Salfley wanted to get rid of four 'demic' type fours, allocated to the W.R., back towards their own depots. However, as all four were total failures a loco was required to haul them 'dead'. The problem with this is that if you arrive at a 'foreign' depot towing four dead engines with a good one the chances are that they will 'nick' the good engine, thus leaving your depot one engine short. Salfley's answer to this is to use a loco that is of no use to the depot of destination, ie the drivers there are not trained on that type of traction. So it was that we set off towing some 500 odd tons of class 46 and 47 with a single type one, or rather tried to, as in the end we had to be helped off the shed by a class 25. Shortly afterwards the 'bank pilot', another class 25 was added to the rear to bank us up as far as Camp Hill. As soon as the banker left us speed quickly fell from around 30 to about 15 mph. Slowly but surely we staggered on, speed rising to around 40 downhill and dropping to 20 uphill. So we charged on, expecting at every loop to be recessed out of the way of a following express. Non came. But, from Stonehouse Crossing the line rises gently for a few miles then after a stretch of level, rises more steeply right up to Westerleigh Junction. Our speed gradually dropped and dropped until it settled around 12 mph, then, sure enough, a yellow signal and inside we go at Charfield. One quickly following another, four expresses passed, all struggling to regain some speed on the gradient and all whistling their displeasure as they passed. A few explanations to the signalman as to our predicament and off we set again, crawling up the bank to Westerleigh. Arrival on Bath Road shed raised a few eyebrows, the Driver on the shed enquiring "What sort of engine is that?" or words to that effect. Desiring to return cab first, we proceeded onto the turntable at the rear of the shed and turned, then in a cloud of smoke, off we sped back to Salfley.

A couple of times recently, I have again sampled the delights of single 20's. The brains were working on newly arrived, Railfreight liveried, 20,023 in the depot at Tyseley. Apparently it had emerged from Derby works as something of a racehorse. Claims of 0 - 60 in 63 seconds were made by the technical staff who were confident that they had 'calmed her down' to nearer the text book 0 - 60 time of around 3 minutes. We crept out onto the main line, stopped, gave her full power and some 72 seconds later the speedo needle was gliding past the 60 mph mark. Whether they have cured her since I have no idea, they were also having some trouble with restricted passage of air through the radiators, but she hung around Tyseley for some time afterwards and, I believe, paid a return visit to the works. I have heard it said however that she is now very noisy in the cab and that the vibration is above a tolerable level. Obviously all is not well with the maiden 'Railfreight Chopper'.

My final chapter in the single loco saga concerns the driver training special that runs between Birmingham and Reading when required. Earlier in the week we had a superb run with a pair of 20s, granted that this train only consisted of four coaches. However, on the Thursday the train arrived at New Street with 20,065 at the head, nose leading. Quite an impressive sight. The run went very well all concerned expressing surprise at the performance of the loco and an early arrival at Reading was achieved. But all was not well! Just before departure it was noted that the main air pressure was falling and inspection revealed that the compressor had stopped. Class 20s unlike other dual-braked locos only have one compressor (except 20217-27 which have two), the theory being that as they are usually in pairs, one in each loco is sufficient. Examination of the

governor and fuse revealed no fault so assistance was requested. No driver being available at Reading Loco, a couple of us scrounged a lift in the fitters van down to the shed to purloin a Class 31. The two types being compatible we coupled them in multiple, however the 20 refused to co-operate and we continued with the 31 providing the power.

Whilst on the subject of air, a modification now being undertaken is the connection of a small bore plastic pipe between the main reservoir drain taps of the two locos. When so connected, such pairs are regarded as semi-permanently coupled and are consigned for periodical examinations together and will be programmed for main works attention at the same time. So, if you see a pair with a small white plastic pipe secured to the vacuum pipes between the locos it is fairly certain that the next time you see one of them, the other will still be in tow. A couple of pairs I have noted are 20.041/82 and 20.060/160.

I once had a very unnerving experience on 20.041. We used to have a summer Saturday job at Saltley with an empty stock from Oxley carriage sidings to Derby via Walsall and Lichfield. This railway, now closed between Ryecroft Junction and Anglesea sidings, was a bit rough at the best of times. But with a pair of 20's and a driver determined to run at the line speed of 60 mph it was downright alarming. On 20.041 as we bounced along, the cooker rattled and banged and the cab and the electrical cubicle appeared to be trying to part company from the cab. On a particularly rough stretch at Anglesea, I'm sure we actually left the rails, so rough was the ride. What a relief when we arrived at Derby to find a 45 waiting for us for the return leg to New Street.

Finally a couple of other modifications recently carried out are the fitting of 'modified proportionality' to eight locos intended to work limestone trains for the Buxton area. It was discovered that, on the heavy vacuum braked limestone trains in this area, the locos were doing the bulk of the braking, resulting in loose tyres caused by overheating. This modification ensures that the loco brakes are applied after those on the train thus transferring most of the braking effort to the latter. The other modification is the fitting of extra fuel tanks to 20.084 on the framing in front of the cab on both sides. However, rumour has it that the benefits do not justify the cost and no more are to be done.

On closing, I would like to wish you luck in your noble efforts to preserve one of my favourite loco types and when the time comes, if still in a position to do so I would like to offer my services with any help and advice you may require.

An interesting insight into the life and times of the locos were our Rail Reports. Here's one from 1985 - a small prize is on offer for anyone who can decipher it completely!

RAIL REPORT, from Issue 18, 1985

We would like to make a slight correction to Geoff's letter of last issue when it was stated that 20.023 managed to attain 60mph in seventy seconds. Apparently, this figure is now known, incredibly, to be around the SIXTY TWO second mark!! Unfortunately slowing the loco down has resulted in unacceptable vibration. Experiments with the radio controlled locos have apparently hit a further snag. The principal involves two locos working either end of a train. Trials showed that it was not always possible to start the trains using just the leading loco, so the rear loco was "switched in" using the cab controls. This gave sufficient power to start the train, however switching the rear loco "out" again meant that the traction motor contactors were opening whilst still under load causing them to arc over and burn out.

1Z09, 12.06 Bristol-Edinburgh (quite often 2x25 from Carstairs was 20.145/225 on 29/7/85 whilst on 2/8/85, 20.154 (ED) and 20.206 (HA) powered the train forward from Carstairs. On the latter occasion the pair reached an astonishing 93 mph.

Permanent pairings might well be a shortlived idea. 20.026/70 were split as were 20.081/113, 20.006/120 and 20.121/157. Last issue mentioned 20.045/71 going to Eastleigh. 73.106 had earlier arrived at Saltley on an ECS train. Overheating prevented a return LE working so the Choppers took it back.

New allocations: 20.149/213/217 HA to EO. 20007/51/2/3/99/105/106/130 TI to TO.

20's have not escaped the ScR "emblem" craze, the latest known are: Dogs: 20015, 035, 037, 043, 044, 048, 064, 083, 086, 089, 097, 101, 110, 111, 114, 115, 116, 118, 139, 145, 148, 152, 154, 156, 175, 179, 189, 192,

227, 228. 149 was a dog and is now a castle (at least it's now earning its "keep" ha ha - Ed), note 015, 043, 044, 064, 083, 086, 111, 115, 116, 118, 139 are TI, and 101 is TO. 227 is now HA. Salmons: 20020, 122, 124, 126, 137, 125, 063 (on nose end!!); 020 is TO, and 063 is ED. Castles: 20069 (red & white castle), 080 (mostly peeled off now!), 203, 204, 205, 206, 208, 211, 212, 213, 217, 226, also 149. 20227 is probably now a castle although last seen with a dog. 080 is TO and 069 is TI. 149 is ED. Also, locos with larger numerals (ex St Rollox) are: 20004, 006, 007, 013, 019, 020, 025, 037, 039, 040, 043, 044, 045, 048, 049, 063, 067, 069, 078, 080, 081, 083, 085, 086, 089, 092, 093, 095, 097, 099, 100, 101, 102, 103, 105, 106, 110, 111, 114, 117, 119, 120, 121, 124, 126, 127, 130, 139, 144, 145, 146, 148, 149, 184, 187, 189, 197, 198, 199, 201-6, 11-14, 16-19, 221-226.

The following 20s are minus all of their headcode discs: 20008 (no 2 end only) 016, 047, 52 (no 2 end only) 071, 073, 075, 082, 084, 087, 090, 104, 113, 117 (no 2 end only).

Loco used on Glasgow Central ECS are 20037, 044 (as a TI loco), 048, 089, 101 (as TO), 110, 142 (as TO), 154, 169 (as TO), 187 (as TO), 206, 224.

20s are beginning to wander even more. ED allocated 184 was seen at Bescot paired with TI 20.115 on 18/8/85 whilst 20.117 and 20.142 (both TO) were at Ayr on 5/8/85 - however since 117s overhaul & dualbraking and allocation to TO she has not budged from Scotland. HA 20.221 also has been to Wigan but this was en route to Crewe Works. 20.009 and 029 finally reached Scotland in August. TI/TO pairings are also becoming more common. 17/8/85 gave 099 + 116 working to Bristol, and 12/8/85 gave 20.051/069, plus 20.023/025. 20.088/133, 20.115/166 all of which have put in performances on the Skeg trains (well 023 nearly did!!)

Recent TO pairs have been: 20.106/130. 20.105/133. 20.151/157. 20.020/120. 20.026/113. 20.103/143. 20.163/185 ("vaccy"!), 20.084/209. 20.007/180, 20.052/215. 20.032/135, 20.129/134, 20.065/072. 20.049/056. 20.090/104 (railfreight), 20.117/142 (in Scotland). 20.099/116 are now split as are 159 and 188.

Monday 26/8/85 was perhaps the start of a new era when there were 20s on a Skegness train formed of air braked stock! 20.080/094 worked the evening relief from Skeg to Derby. Hope for the future!!

20.013 and 20.113 visited Cardiff Canton depot on the morning of 14th June for fuel between working a Scunthorpe to Cardiff Tidal sian-gs special freight and return. 20.146 and an unidentified 20 worked a similar diagram on 20th August.

20.017 was dismantled at Crewe between February and April. The other three withdrawn locos 20.027/036/207 are all still at Glasgow Works. 20.027/36 were withdrawn due to "wear and tear", while 207 was due to "damage". 20.036/207 are both dual-braked and all three have guards emergency brakes.

Class 20s at recent Open Days have been: CF - 20.020/103; OC - 20.090/104; LE - 20.163/85; Aylesbury - 20.023; WY - 20.001/016; Oban - 20.089 RG - 20.023; Donnington Power Stn - 20.006/120.

Strange sight at Severn Tunnel Junction on 30th June was a single 20.022. 20.021/214 were also noted at Severn Tunnel Junction on Sept 19th. This pair are believed to have towed D1062 "Western Courier" to Gloucester on its way to Landore Open Day.

Nottingham-based drivers, who work the Skeggie trains, apparently have some time on their hands once they get to Skegness. After running around their train they wait to work the same one back. Some drivers when they know they are on one of these jobs, take their wives/girlfriends/kids on the train, go to the seaside with them, then drive back! A bit better than taking the family Reliant ...

Gloucester depot housed 20.054 on 2/3/85; 20.031/164 on 24/3/85; 20.121/157 on 8/4/85 and 20.088/046/103/032 on 21/4/85. 20.019 and 20.005 were also noted in Gloucester Yard on 9/3/85. 20.157 and 121 were seen heading north through Cheltenham on 9/4/85 only minutes after 20.111 and 20.130 had passed through. 20.093 was the only 20 at Haymarket's Open Day. 50.030 brought a raitour from Plymouth which was worked from Edinburgh to Garelochhead by 20.067/102 and return.

The situation in Derby Works on September 24th was: 022 in with crankshaft drive gear damage; 049 with main generator unit fire damage; 108 being close to being finally assembled; 077 having its asbestos removed;

sorted, beers were arranged, locos were transported, sales were sold, tickets were checked, and trains were signalled, guarded and crewed!

On Saturday, to our surprise and pleasure, one of the Vulcan Foundry designers, Brian Orrell, turned up after all, along with his wife. Dave looked after him during his stay, and Paul invited him into the cab of 001 and he hugely enjoyed a round trip with us. The trouble was that 100 round trips would not have been enough time to listen to some of his incredible stories. At the end of the trip he said he'd had an absolutely fabulous day and was really pleased to see D8001 still in action 50 years later. First he was on cab design, then finally in charge of engines. While designing the cab, he was told that his handbrake wheel was "too ornate"! Goodness knows what we'd have ended up with if he'd got away with it - gothic perhaps, with loads of scrolls and finials on it? My favourite story was when he was looking at some of the new plans and saw a strange construction on the running board just in front of the cab. Baffled, he paid a visit to the section in charge of that area and asked what it was. "Fire irons storage box" was the reply. "But it's a diesel locomotive!" he exclaimed. "Well the boss has told us that the rule book states we have to have one so we've put one on". Apparently it went quite high up the management tree before sense eventually prevailed! Incredibly, he was actually in 001's cab during the test trip up Shap in 1957. He recalled that she failed at Shap with a blown fuse, and everyone was flapping because the Royal Scot was hard on their heels! To consider that now here he was in the cab again exactly fifty years later was amazing - especially since, as he said, the locos were really only designed to last 25 years. He also mentioned that the boss of English Electric gathered the designers round when the locos were first ordered and said to them "make them the best", and he wanted the first loco ready before all the other manufacturers. He certainly got them first, and there's no doubt at all about the quality, half a century later. Brian's going to come back in September when hopefully he'll be able to see a pilot-scheme-liveried D8001-D8007 pairing. He's also planning to write a book about his career, which will no doubt be absolutely fascinating. Once again, not that I'm going on about it you understand, just imagine what we could have done if the NRM had loaned us D8000 so that we could have re-enacted the official Vulcan Foundry photo with the designers proudly standing in front of their new animals. A classic missed opportunity caused by petty politics, lack of imagination and lack of soul.

During the day it was fascinating to watch the amount of movement taking place around Swanwick at the same time - locos on the mainline waiting next to the signalbox, some arriving on an up train, another lot passing on a down train, the freight stabled in yard, other locos shunting into position around the yard etc. Almost made all the sleepless nights worthwhile!

Of course the classic feature of each day was the quintuple-header - a first? I've never seen photos of one before but I'm sure someone can correct me. The operation of it wasn't that simple at all, and you don't "just stick five locos on a train". Firstly we had to minimise the operational difficulties such as run-rounds, whilst ensuring we still had the blast up the bank. The most interesting issue was the braking setup. The front five had all of their brake reservoir pipes connected, the two DRS locos had their train air brake pipes connected, the back three had their vac pipes connected, and finally the DRS pair's train air brake pipe was attached to the first vac-braked loco. The rear loco (20.132) also obviously had its vac pipe connected to the rear coach, with its FV4 brake valve open. One of the leading vac locos had its exhaust switched in. When the DRS driver at the front applied his air brakes he could see his AABP gauge dropping but obviously not see any vac gauge because he doesn't have one! He's therefore got no absolute guarantee that the train brakes are applying (other than knowing that the earlier brake test worked). Since the second DRS loco is connected to the AABP of the first vac loco, the DV2 air/vac valve of this loco translated the AABP pressure to AVTP pressure and hey presto the train's vacuum pipe functioned as normal. Jolly good fun all round, and all of it would have been very difficult without Trev Rolfe's two-way radios, thanks Trev.

On other thing that amused me was the effort made by the Alfreton model railway dudes at Butterley who populated their layout entirely with 20s for the weekend. They had a "Three To The Sea!" with correctly painted trio, the proper number of coaches and even mini-headboards! There were a large number of MGR trains rolling about of course, plus some Skeggy "Jolly Fisherman"s, and even a replica of the Chopperfest freight train with 001 and 227 at each end!

Anyway, rather than me ramble on about it any more, have a look at some of the photos on the net, and some of the videos (youtube.com is a good place to start), and all of the national mags carried coverage. Also Transport Video Publishing will be bringing out a DVD later in the summer so do purchase that if you can.

<http://d1023.co.uk/pd-forum/YaBB.pl?num=1176200803/99>
http://youtube.com/watch?v=inDX2_g3380
<http://cgi.ebay.co.uk/wa/eBayTSAPI.d11?ViewItem=280116785118>
http://paulbiggscentre.fotopic.net/p41472805_v10.html
<http://d1023.co.uk/pd-forum/YaBB.pl?num=1176200803;start=all>

Recent "20 Club Draw" results are as follows: March: Rob Ambler £18, Dave Gilbert £8, Mike Foreman £5, Brian Lees £4; April: Angela Wise £18, Paul Mee £8, Chris S £5, Mr Luckham £4; May: Mr Parr £19, Angela Wise £8 (EHH?!), Al Hawkins £5, Dom Davidson £4; June: Mr Parr £20, Stev Hatch £8.50, Malc Lucas £5, Phil Spencer £4; July: Angela Wise £25 (EHH????!!!!), Mr Dale £8.50, Al Hawkins £4.

We're sorry to report that member Peter Riley passed away recently. Our thoughts are with his wife, and we'd also like to thank her for her kind donation.

We'll need a lot of help at Butterley on August 11th/12th and possibly Friday 10th when we repaint D8001 back to green livery - PLEASE COME AND HELP! September 9/10th should hopefully be "Son Of Chopperfest" with D8001, D8007, 20.189, 20.227.

Website of the week? <http://russelldavies.typepad.com/eggbaconchipsandbeans/> of course!

Below: 20.907 alias 20.205 rests in the sun in Swanwick Yard.



At ten-thirty, most of the gricers loitering on Sheffield station had hopped on board and we were off. A quick stop in the tunnels out of Sheffield and then the first of the freight line "bits" through Sheffield via Nunnerly Junction and on to Tinsley Station and East Junctions, which took us past the site of the B.O.C. works at Broughton Lane where fond memories of many a class 25/40 pair came flooding back. Now there are no wagons and the tracks are well rusted but, on we ploughed through the industrial wastelands of Rotherham until we reached Aldwarke Junction where the little engine danced across the tracks to gain the route to Knottingley via Wath Road Junction, Cudworth Station Junction, then past the smell of sewage at Royston drift mine and eventually branching east through Crofton West and East Junctions to roll up at Knottingley station some twenty minutes later. From now on the tour was to run with 20.002 nose leading and everyone piled out to go snap happy to record this unique event. Unfortunately, we couldn't get a look in at the depot which probably knowing my luck held my last '56' on there, 56.023, and please don't anyone send me a TOPS report saying it was, otherwise I may never live it down. Nuff said. We left Knottingley in glorious sunshine more or less to schedule (I'm not a timings freak) and whistled off towards Leeds leaping over the points at Junctions Crofton, Oakenshaw, Calder Bridge, Turners Lane and Goose Hill, belting through Normanton and then a more or less uneventful run up to Leeds, probably because I was talking to some other people at the time. Leeds came, and went - just an industrial hotch-potch of buildings and rusted tracks branching off to long defunct companies hit by the recessive 1980s. Awful sad but what can you do? Mind you I liked going over the small freight only line from Engine Shed Junction to Whitehall Junction as I required this.

Right then, the scenery out of Leeds on the way to York via Harrogate had changed from the slagheaps, pithead winding gear and power stations to lush green pastures of sheep and quaint little cottages, and I thought 20.002 looked a little out of place in this unfamiliar environment as 20s do fit the industrial scene so well. Eventually, Harrogate and the first official photo stop, and time for me to stretch my legs. There was a slight hiccup here as it was announced that our train was the 13 something or other to York and there was a slight confusion for would-be passengers, or are they really Chopper fans after all? Pity they couldn't come along as they would have enjoyed the ride I'm sure! Infinitely better than a D.M.U. Still, we got away in the end, only to be halted a few miles further on, right on the magnificent stone bridge at Knaresborough. Lovely place (especially looking from where we were) and the locals seemed quite friendly, although you must dispel ideas that this part of Yorkshire are tea drinkers. It's a myth - they're into Bitter - "Ave yer got any John Smiffis?" we were politely asked from way down yonder in some old Bod's back garden. "We've got Tetleys" came the reply from within the train, "Wot, bitter?" the Yorkie wails, "No, tea you silly old sod". Polite remarks continued and we left. (Are you SURE Nathan Lockett wasn't on this tour?). You should have seen the faces as we rolled up at York - utter disbelief and jealousy from spotters on the station and to me, the best tour I've rolled up at York behind. I twisted my fiancée's arm into coming on this tour although I think the lunch break and York museum got to her mainly and that's why she succumbed. However, by the end of the day she really enjoyed herself so come on all you girls out there, get in with the C.20.L.S. You won't be on your own. York museum was a bit of a disappointment for diesel fans - only electric loco 26.020 and the original Chopper D8000 on there. What a bodge-up, the electric loco looked OK but for D8000 paint was just slapped on, the windows were dirty and cracked, the windscreen wipers skew-whiff and wrong style buffers. Not professionally done at all and hardly a tribute to its long, successful career. Absent were: D2860, 03.090, D5500, D1023, D9002 and electric locos E5000 and 84.001. Fine visit for steam buffs but a bit of a let down for diesel fans. Never mind, me and Helen ate our dinner and drained our 1.8 litre thermos flask of tea [Good man Marston, none of that small tea stuff we're glad to see] before setting off for York station, buy a tea towel for Helen's Mum's collection and take a few shots of 20.002 up front in the bright hot sun.

Right then, we left York complete with our headboards in fine style for the photographers benefit. A short drag out of the station throttle closed, and just before the bridge the driver wound back the controller and the Chopper really let go - plenty of smoke and noise and the faint automatic click of several lineside cameras just audible. Nice one that. Doncaster was reached by a quick thrash down the E.C.M.L. within about 40 minutes and under the threat of rain, although the exact route took us through Church Fenton, past Selby opencast mine and through Temple Hirst Junction. The sun was out once again on arrival and this gave the photographers another chance of a good "phot". There was a great sense of group achievement, for me at least at Doncaster as there was a large number of people on both platforms just watching us and listening to the proud whistle of our engine and so the driver rewarded them all on leaving with real gusto, those of you who missed it, I won't tease you.

This piece of the tour took us back to Sheffield on one of my all time favourite bits of track through that magnificent cutting, past Cadeby Colliery and Mexborough station, over the points at Aldwarke Junction to

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head for Rotherham so as to gain the track to Tinsley Yard. All went well until we got stopped just north of Rotherham. The driver seemed most irate at this and after a good chin-wag down the phone, got the all clear. He must have lost his temper as there is a speed restriction over the points which he totally ignored and ripped through at a hell of a rate, and for a minute I thought we were going to jump the rails, but no, a piece of cake for a Chopper and four coaches on such familiar stamping ground. Before we knew it we were speeding past C.F. Booth's scrapyard and drawing in on Treeton North Junction. This was a new way into Tinsley for me and as I've never been hauled through Tinsley by Chopper(s) before I had a doubled bonus. It was good to see more of the fleet standing up on the elevated maintenance depot but it came as quite a shock to see the reception sidings torn up and the trackless hump now just a memory. You don't actually realise things like this until you see it although it was a little consolation to see Tinsley yard more or less full (albeit mainly scrap). We left Tinsley yard by way of Brightside Junction and trundled into Sheffield station to arrive about five minutes late - not bad when you consider just how many tours are an hour or more out of schedule.

Well, a tour thoroughly enjoyed by the greater majority if not all and so here's to the next one - Hip Hip Hooray! (remember, there's no excuse for not coming this time or we will send the squad round and kick a few arses). And, here's to Chris who was the driving force behind the whole idea - for he's a jolly good fellow etc etc blah-blah, blah-blah, blah! Not forgetting our drivers, guards and to all B.R. personnel who helped us, and to all of you who took part in this historic event! CHEERS! P.S. What was that joke again about the man who cut his head off?

..... well thank you Marston Shakespeare for that entertaining review. Much appreciated. We had a slight bit of hassle at the end when the driver decided he was determined to drive away before we'd got the sales gear off or cleaned the coaches, but the Ghost Of D8000 stepped in and dealt swift retribution by failing 31.462 as it left the station with the stock! 37.170 towed the mess away in disgrace. All in all though, we think both ourselves and B.R. did very well as a first effort. Most passengers seemed happy despite the usual moans (would you believe: "Your headboards are too large", or "why didn't you do Rowntree's siding at York?" - why didn't we do LOTS of things! You just can't win.) Very special thanks must go to Len Broadhead and his team at BR Sheffield for their patience and efforts to arrange us a first-class day out. Some people may criticise BR for their attitude to tours be we have nothing but praise for everyone who pulled out all the stops for us - even down to dashing out late on Friday and haring round Sheffield to organise last-minute travel insurance. Those of you out there who DO moan should get involved in organising a tour - you'd soon see realise how difficult it is trying to please everyone! Many people helped us along the way and we think it only fair to thank them very much too. In no particular order: Pip Dunn, Dave Gilbert and Lester French for advertising and form dolog, Clive for organising the raffle, John and Amanda for sales stand and furry appendages, Mr Craig, Pip Dunn and CJS for tour brochure, Alan and Morgana for sales and posters, and BL/PM/DG/IC/CJS for just about everything else. Also to Mark Birtles, Steve G, Simon B and many more for moral support! Special mention to Stockport Raving Loony Society for allowing Mel Thorley out for the day as well, and finally, just to prove that people come from far and wide to be on a Class 20 Locomotive Society tour - thanks to Ian Cowieson of ABERDEEN and Mike Sharp of TRURO!

PS. One member counted seven sewage works on the route, so we are thinking of writing a spotters book for them some time.

PPS. Coincidence of the Universe number #675356: BR Sheffield's number is also 20.002!

We would like to thank Mr Jeremy Hartill of Irthlingborough, and one of the participants of the railtour, for sending us two detailed sections of his log of the journey. The two sets of timings were taken when 20.002 had a chance to open up and provide some meaningful figures. As Mr Hartill notes, the results were interesting - on the 1/100 up to Horsforth speed settled at 39mph giving a figure of 566edhp (equivalent drawbar horsepower). At 39mph this is a low value. Later on, the acceleration away from Hambleton on the ECML produced 393edhp at 59mph, another low output. The book figure for rail hp for a Class 20 is 770hp and at low speed the edhp should be close to this. It would appear, says Mr Hartill, that 002 was not in tip top form that day.

20.002 load 4/128/135.

Distance	Time	Speed
0.00 Leeds Whitehall Jc	0.00	
0.59 Wortley Jc	3.42	26

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2.50	Headingley	6.54	37.5
5.20	Horsforth	10.57	39
6.26	Bramhope Tunnel S	12.29	52
8.35	Bramhope Tunnel N	14.31	75 max
8.65	Arthington	14.50	64
		(pws)	21
11.22	Weeton	19.45	33
12.65	Rigton SB	21.48	41
14.00	MP 13.5	23.12	47
14.43	Pannal	24.07	59
15.68	Crimple Jc	26.25	22/64
17.63	Harrogate	30.53	
0.00	York	0.00	
1.76	Chalonsers Whin Jc	5.52	39
5.40	Colton Jc	9.47	65
10.58	Church Fenton	15.31	65
14.33	Gascoigne Wood Jc	25.28	58
17.52	Hambleton S Jc	28.19	46
17.62	MP 174	28.31	47
19.62	MP 172	30.47	61
21.62	MP 170	32.42	64
22.55	Temple Hirst Jc	33.28	65
23.62	MP 168	34.32	68
25.62	MP 166	36.14	74
31.47	Shafholme Jc	41.12	69
35.66	Doncaster		

Issues 20 to 24 included a history of the Co-Bo Class 28, a visit to Bescot Depot, slide shows, the first of many "Last Run Of Class 20s" articles proclaiming the end of passenger workings, a report on the "Chopper Topper" which almost made it to Penzance and on which I remember standing at the "front-right-hander" for 22 hours - a world record surely! 1987 had to have a separate "yearly rail report review" by Lester due to the mass of workings, plus an impressive "Class 20 detail differences" pamphlet by Pip Dunn. Mr Dunn's famous quizzes kept us entertained on those long dark winter nights.... and the short light summer ones too come to that.....

1. Which 20 was "exhibited" at Workington Open Day on 1983? 2. Which 20s worked the "Skirl 2" railtour? 3. Name the first two Choppers to get five digit TOPS number. 4. What was different about 20.007 when it went to Skeggy with 20.180 than when it went there with 20.165 in 1985? 5. What was 20.120's partner during the "permanent pairings" era of 1985? 6. And what was 20.157's? 7. What locos worked the 18.00 Oban - Glasgow on 11/5/85? Only one was a 20! 8. What other four Choppers worked in Scotland on this date? 9. Which TI 20s dragged on "the Lostocks" also on that date? 10. What was 20.072's first depot allocation? 11. Which three 20s have never been reallocated from TO, except for storage? 12. Lastly, try and name all the 20s that worked on the "Skirl" railtours since "Skirl 2" (reason - I can't remember which ones did "Skirl 1" but I think they were 081 and 1981).

And the answers? You should know them! 1. 20.189. 2. 20.100+101. 3. 20.032+185. 4. It was TO with 180 and TI with 165. 5. 20.006 (what else!). 6. 20.121. 7. 20.089+37.051. 8. 20.125+209 - 1S81, 20.102+149 - Skirl 6. 9. 20.118+210. 10. 65A - Eastfield. 11. 20.182/194/196. 12. 2: 100/101, 3: 043/097, 4: 110/154, 5: 089/127. 6: 102/149, 7: who knows?!

Despite running railtours we still needed to keep the pressure on with sales stands. Here's one example of the ridiculous lengths we went to in our quest for the next penny....

The Q Team Strikes Again, by CJS, Issue 22, 1986

Cannon Street Open Day in London promised to be a Good Wheeze, and our sales gear was duly booked to appear there on August 23rd. It was an original idea and deserved to succeed - which it certainly did. There

were about 160 stands including a lot of model layouts which meant there was plenty to keep you interested, unfortunately we were so worked off our feet that we didn't get much chance to BE interested. Ah well, such is the price of success. We shifted an enormous amount of stuff and the day turned out to be our most profitable yet.

Proceedings commenced with the CJS setting out from Hitchin in the borrowed Q-Team van (complete with spoilers and wide wheel arches!) on the Friday night, his cheeks rippling under the stress of the incredible G-forces of acceleration. By Saturday morning he was at the outskirts of Hitchin (the van was going better than usual, you see) with the wheel arches and cellophane flapping in the wind, 12 hours to do a mile, and then a switch into reverse resulted in a vast improvement in performance.

Since the Open Day kicked off at 10am and a hundred and fifty stands had to be emptied out of vehicles before then, you can imagine the congestion. Worse than Cannon Street at rush hour probably. In fact there were three lifts to get from the road to the platforms, but allowing 15 minutes in each lift per outfit it meant that the first bloke had to turn up at 10 o'clock the previous night! (You needed a Computer Science degree to work out when you were supposed to turn up for your lift "slot" - I've got one and I still couldn't fathom it). We got there at 08.45 and most people were already on the station, presumably some of them had arrived a few months previously, Must've looked pretty silly trying to sell "Railfreight" stickers and spotters books to the commuters every morning waiting for August 23rd. Travellers Fare nabbed the lift and our trolley when we weren't looking so we had to hijack eight tons of Cream Cheese Surprise sarnies in exchange. Gave 'em back 2 minutes later - the surprise was the pong.

The problems of transferring our kit from the van to halfway down Platform 7 were well shown as a year's issues of Railway Magazine and 2 years of Bashers Monthly slipped off the trolley onto the track beneath unit number 7732. Luckily it wasn't the 17.42 Cannon Street - Orpington, only a stationary exhibit, so we managed to retrieve them. We were rushed off our feet every minute from 10 to 5pm and sold almost all of our "railway relics" items, plus a lot of stickers and labels. Various people on the stand fainted away with surprise and had to be revived with several large teas when a momentous occasion arose. What was this you may ask? WE SOLD A BOOK!!! These are far and away the most difficult things to flog and it takes a lot of effort to convince someone to part with the hard cash to buy one. Another excellent "line" was the Badger tapes we've just started. Good sellers were the "Diligent DEMUs", DB Class 220s, and Class 47s. At least the customers were much more willing to buy them than you lot are, hem hem! (See advert in last mag issue if you want a reminder).

Folks seemed to be a bit wary of our two new photostickers but again hopefully some of you will "do your bit" with these - very good value at only 25p each too! Many thanks are due to our two faithful helpers John Veitch (we're gonna start charging soon for all the mentions you're getting in this issue John!), and Simon Briggs who is another longstanding member (and a shortsitting one too). These two stalwarts appear frequently at Open Days to help us and we are very grateful for their assistance. In fact JV got so carried away he bought up half the stand but forgot to take it away! He has now bought so many OO-gauge Class 20s there are rumours that he's going to have to create his own personal 20/4 subclass just to be able to cope with all the numbers. Amazing. Two other "hot-cakes" on the sales front were Sprinter wallets and drinks which went within about an hour.

The organisers did well with the exhibits too. Live steam appeared in the form of Sir Lamie which the kids loved (ie. all those present aged between 1 and 90). 73.119. 33.008, 50.007, 56.047 + friends, a post office coach, some tanks on flatrols (not sure what they had to do with anything, but still) and other locos and stock. The only serious omission of course was a Class 20. The green 4-SUB/2-BIL emu gave rides to and from London Bridge for extra enjoyment, and someone with Class 20 models bulging out of every orifice in his clothing suggested we toddled off for a bash on it. The front right-hand window was free! So, off we went. On arrival we hared up the platform to get to the front only to be told that no more trains were going back to Gun Road for another HOUR due to the crowds. Aagh. I wanted to walk back but I was blindfolded and bundled into a waiting taxi which rushed us back to the station via a secret route known to the driver. When we got back I was chained to the stand and told not to leave it again until I'd sold some books. Ho hum. The final drama of the day happened just as we were reaching Mr Mee's establishment in the van. As we topped the final rise it coughed and spluttered (rather like a 150 DMU on a normal day. Sorry! Didn't mean it, DMU fans) then finally expired. Its last groans were enough to get us to the kerb, but there was no doubt that Sunday's appearance at the Open Day was 'off'. Good job really, 'cos we didn't think there was much of a market for empty drinks cans or cardboard boxes. That's all we had left!

Amazing to think that even 20 years ago, D8000 was already 30 years old.....

HAPPY BIRTHDAY D8000, from Issue 24, 1987

As part of the celebration to mark 30 years of main line diesel power, the following snippets have been gleaned from the railway press of 1957, the year that the first main line diesels ordered under the 1955 Modernisation Plan were introduced.

"On 3rd June the first main line diesel locomotive ordered under the Modernisation Plan was formally handed over to the B.T.C. by the English Electric Co. This was D8000, a 1000 HP mixed traffic design, one of a group of 20 destined for the LMR to be based at Devons Road MPD for freight traffic on the North London Line."

"On the 17th June D8000 ran from Vulcan Foundry to Edge Hill with a BSK, and then worked north through Preston to Penrith and then back to Edge Hill with eight empty coaches, finally returning to Vulcan Foundry with a BSK. This route is now laid down as a regular path for the trial of these locomotives."

"D8000, ex-English Electric Co, arrived at Willesden on 19th June en route for Battersea."

"With little prior publicity an Exhibition was staged at Battersea Wharf, London, on 28th, 29th and 30th June to show the public some of the features of the Modernisation Plan. The exhibition was opened by Mr Watkinson, the Minister of Transport. Locomotives exhibited included 1000 HP diesel Electric No. D8000 (English Electric/Vulcan Foundry No.2347/0375)"

"On 5th July, new 1000 HP diesel D8000 appeared at Broad Street twice. It arrived at about 11am, and left, coupled to a 20-ton brake van, at noon. It reappeared hauling a goods train at about 2.30pm, and left again shortly after 3pm. On each occasion it bore a small headboard lettered 'A'."

"Another trial path for locomotive + BSK is Vulcan Foundry - Chester - Vulcan, the locomotive is not turned, in order to test the alternative driving controls on return. D8001 worked a trial run to Penrith during the week ending 13th July, and D8002 worked to Penrith on 16th July."

"On 1st August new diesel-electric D8004 worked through Preston on the Edge Hill - Penrith trial diagram."

"Type 'A' diesel D8000 left London on 18th August for trials at Toton from 19th to 31st August."

"Further diesel locomotives noted on the Edge Hill - Penrith Edge Hill trial run with 9 ECS have been D8003 on 21st August, D8006 on 29th August, D8007 on 5th September and D8008 on 12th September."

"Noted at Devons Road depot on 5th October were D8001/3-8."

"Further diesels observed on the Edge Hill - Penrith - Edge Hill trial run have been D8009 on 24th September, D8010 on 11th October and D8011 on 16th October."

"The 1000 HP diesels at Devons Road are being fitted with ATC equipment and they have already appeared at Barking on freight duties. They also use L.T.S.R. metals to reach the goods yards near Fenchurch St and have replaced the Jinties from Devons Road which used to shunt these yards."

These little bits of information from 1957 editions of railway magazines show how little was reported compared with the saturation coverage gained by the latest diesel classes when they are delivered today.

D8000 - Happy Birthday To You!

Early allocations of the Class were as follows:

Number	Depot	Period of allocation
D8000	1D Devons Road	in the 4 weeks ending 13 July 1957

	18A Toton for trials	in the 2 weeks ending 24 August 1957
	1D Devons Road	in the 2 weeks ending 7 th Sept 1957
D8001	1D Devons Road	4 13 th July 1957
D8002	1D Devons Road	4 10 th August 1957
D8003	1D Devons Road	2 24 th August 1957
D8004	1D Devons Road	4 10 th August 1957
D8005 - 7	1D Devons Road	2 21 st September
D8008	1D Devons Road	2 5 th October 1957
D8009/10	1D Devons Road	2 19 th October 1957
D8011	1D Devons Road	2 2 nd November 1957
D8012	1D Devons Road	2 16 th November 1957

Issue 25 was the only one to feature a colour photo in honour of "Three To The Sea!" which was reviewed inside - one of our finest hours and still in my view one of the best railtours of all time. Outings included the Middleton Railway, a trip with 2x20s on the "Scarborough Spa" specials, and yet another visit to Tinsley....

"Three To The Sea!", by Chris Stevenson and Marston Stratton, from Issue 25, 1987

Well, it looks like we did it again. With a combination of hard work, a bit of imagination, and some luck we managed to almost doubly book the "Three To The Sea!" making it a repetition of the "Yorkshire Gyration" - not bad for one of the smallest railway societies! While there were many hassles, setbacks and complications in the weeks running up to May 2nd, the day itself seemed to go almost completely without a hitch although Brian did mention afterwards that he stubbed his toe. We even arrived at both Brighton and Sheffield a few minutes early which must be a record for a rail tour. The great success of the day was obviously as much due to BR's efforts as ours and thank-you letters have been sent to everyone who helped. A lot of BR staff went way beyond "the call of duty" to make the trip something special, not for nothing since we have heard many people acclaiming it as the tour of 1987 and some as the tour of the decade. We extend very grateful thanks to Len and Alex at Sheffield, Mr Cook at Tinsley, Mr. Allen at InterCity, Brighton depot and station, and all the drivers, guards and signalmen - sorry, signalmen - on our route. Obviously, the stars of the day were the locos themselves, all three of them performed faultlessly (to the extent of achieving 87 mph near Leamington Spa). The paintwork looked immaculate and very striking, again all due to the efforts of the staff at Tinsley. We think we can safely say that "30 Years Of Class 20s" was celebrated in style!

The first mistake we made was organising the tour on the same day as the Snooker Championships in Sheffield, which meant we nearly had to kip under the stars, but expert-guesthousesniffer Mr. Mee sorted it out by the spreading everyone around most of the houses in South Sheffield. The locos themselves were also having problems finding somewhere to stay for the night with the Operations people doing their best to keep things "under wraps". Your intrepid reporter managed to track them down, firstly during a top-secret mechanical test as they passed light through Sheffield station the previous day, and secondly at their security hideout later on. After the test the sparkling clean trio sneaked round to Barrow Hill depot without telling anyone and there they rested out of sight of prying eyes and cameras. The setting sun enabled us to take some really superb pictures and to silently admire the paintwork lavished on them by our friends at Tinsley depot. A (nameless!) BR top-brass chap at Sheffield was heard to remark that he wasn't "really bothered" about diesels but had to admit that 20.064, 20.030 and 20.118 were "quite something"! Praise indeed! A lot of time and effort was spent at TI to give a good show and we are extremely grateful for everything they have done for us. In fact, as a token of our thanks, we are arranging to present them with a model Class 20 painted in the special green livery. The work on the model is being carried out by Steve Smith, so thanks to him too.

The photography session at Barrow Hill also meant we could get some shots of the roundhouse roof which was sadly due to be demolished a week later. Once again, we were to witness yet another coincidence with which our tours seemed to be endowed, and this one was just as amazing as the ones we mentioned last issue. As we were leaving the depot, a familiar chirping sound could be heard on the entrance road shortly followed by a pair of locos squealing into the yard. Bringing up the rear, looking very woebegone, was one of the most filthy 20s I've ever seen, his numbers almost obscured by oil and coal dust. Good grief! Our old mate 20.002!! Very conveniently the driver parked 002 right next to 118's cab giving a classic shot of all four locos we've had on our tours. It was also at this point we noticed that 118 was 7 inches higher than the other two, a fact quite noticeable during the tour itself. Tinsley must be feeding their machines special growth hormones or something.

20.030 was also sporting his new suspension spring courtesy of Derby Works - only repaired with a couple of weeks to go. Cliff-hanging stuff.

The fun was over, we then had to get down to actually doing some work. As you presumably realise, railtours do not just happen, and tonight our job was to check and label the coaching stock which was strategically placed as far away from us as they could manage, at Derby Etches Park. Thanks to the efforts of Len Broadhead, who leaves Jim'll Fix It Savile at the starting gate, we were allowed in to prepare the stock. One fast HST later we strolled up to the gate, past the Dobermanns, machine gun towers and cruise missile silos, and Brian flashed his credentials at the gateman. Now Brian's credentials are not a pleasant sight at the best of times, but the guy was impressed enough to let us in. Problem. "Your coaches won't be here from Cardiff for two hours." Eh?? "You can wait in this mess room if you like". Gosh thanks. No windows, old boxes piled up and a sofa with the stuffing falling out. Stalag Luft Derby XI - the impression was complete. Stock availability is now at a very critical level and it won't be long before you have to bring your own for a tour, but this year we had the correct line up so that was a relief. No need to filch the 07.35 to Manchester like we did last time! Two hours later we managed to escape from solitary confinement (Brian was dressed up like a carriage cleaner and he smuggled the rest of us out in a crate of replacement toilet rolls), and after another 90 minutes the rake of 9 was labelled and cleaned up. Back to Sheffield with the assistance of Paul 'n' Ian's fast (ish) cars and then crash out at 2 am.

Up again 5 hours later to ferry all the sales gear to the station. Butterflies were beginning to set in with a vengeance - in fact they were more like pterodactyls flapping away at Mach 2. £10,000 of people's money in your pocket is not something you can take very lightly. I was almost taken by surprise when the grand entry of our steeds took place being outside the station at the time. Only just managed to dash back in time to see them rolling majestically out of the cutting and round into the platform, and I'm glad that I did because it was a sight that I'll remember for the rest of my life. I'd hoped it was going to be good, but I wasn't prepared for such a mind-blasting scene as the whistling, throbbing trio drew gently to a halt looking as pleased as punch with themselves. Don't tell me that locomotives have no feelings either - these guys certainly had and they knew there was a 500-mile adventure ahead of them into uncharted territory, and were probably just as excited as the rest of us. There can't be many photos of the train at Sheffield since almost immediately it arrived a hailstorm started and most people dashed to their seats.

Eventually the driver couldn't hold the locos back any longer, and with engines rising to a crescendo reverberating off the cutting walls we snaked out up the hill towards Dore. After a good start, speed gradually fell approaching Bradway Tunnel - surely they couldn't have blown up already! - but it was only a temporary setback and we cruised on through the hail. Much of the outward journey was uneventful, and no time was lost until Kettering which is as you would expect with 126,000lb of tractive effort and 3000hp of diesel engines blazing away at the sharp end. Unfortunately the fast lines were closed further south and we were put over to the slow lines at Glendon - at least this was the official reason, my theory is that they just didn't want us catching up the HST in front. This added route bonus lasted until Wellingborough where we squealed back to the fast lines half an hour down. As last year, we were finding that rare bits of track were cropping up without them being requested. But this was nothing compared to what was to happen later! Back on the mainline our Leicester driver gave the beasties full rein and we stormed on to Bedford. From here I leave you in the capable hands of Marston (major shareholder in PG Tips) Stratton ...

...Due to my rather boracic state of affairs I got on the tour at Bedford instead of Sheffield this time, but although I woefully missed the mileage the good point was I could have a decent lie in and really gear myself up properly for what I was about to receive. Backpack full of grub, 1.8 litre thermos full of tea, Helen chauffeured me to Bedford Midland station. We said our good-byes with the promise that I bring her back something back for the house and I waited. It was cold but it was nice and sunny which was better than yesterday's warm and wet grey weather. About five minutes late going by the station clock. Nothing like suspense eh? All heads facing north as the trio 20.064 leading 20.030 both green and 20.118 in Railfreight rolled into the station. HHHHHH! ... Ah - Ah! (seizure) lying on the platform all fours in the air, unable to move. A door opens and I'm hauled in by the orange jacket brigade (thanks boys). Three Choppers, what can I say? We left Bedford without too much noise and smoke, probably to stop more foul-ups in the cardio-vascular system ("heart" to you Brian - ED) of many. One Carlsberg with Ian Collins whose birthday it was yesterday, and I was stable enough to talk to people and see properly again, although I was still a bit woolly and correct me if I'm wrong but Chris, I think you've got a double out there somewhere (not whisky you fool, a clone - you know) (one's enough isn't it? - ED). There was this chap staring at me looking just like him, not behaving unlike

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Chris but just not registering to his name. Perhaps the power had gone to his head too ... Anyway, I was in line for a spot of stewarding but Mr Chairman relieved me of that duty as long as I promised to write up the tour for the mag. "Only if you let me wear an orange jacket" I says "You can have one at the end of the tour" he says. I agreed but not fully content I toddled off back to DORIS for a tour T-shirt, so I could show off some loyalty at least. Wish I'd got on at Sheffield now (groan).

Meanwhile, the trio had been bowling along down the Midland Main Line at a hefty pace and before we knew it we were slowing down outside Cricklewood for the first of the freight-only bits all the way to Old Oak Common. I've always wanted this bit in the past for some reason and I'm quite sure a few others on the tour appreciated this line too. We veered away from Cricklewood at Brent Junction and crossed the southern approach at Dudding Hill Junction descending for quite a long way, crossing over LT and BR lines at Neasden and passing Charringtons coal depot on the right. I suspect Brian Lees had some involvement in getting this piece of trackwork as it takes you past Taylors Lane and the Acton Lane power stations and looking at his awe-inspired face as we sailed past, I'm pretty certain of it although they look somewhat defunct now. Between the two stations you cross over the WCML and the view is quite panoramic. Passenger lines were regained temporarily on joining Old Oak Junction whereupon we crossed the Chiltern and then the Western Region main lines. This is Acton territory now - a hotchpotch of factories, warehouses, roads, shops and houses of many shapes and sizes and seemingly almost solely of coloured population. It also is the only place I know of that's got more railway stations than any other. For the record there are seven: North, South, East, West, Town, Central, Mainline and for those of you who watch Minder on telly, eight with Acton Green on one of the episodes. God knows where that is! We passed through two, Acton Central and South Acton whereupon we took the freight only line to Bollo Lane to Kew East and New Kew Junctions to gain access to the land of the third rail. There were a few throttle titillations for would-be photographers as we powered along through Chiswick (Ah, Motorhead days!) across the Thames at Barnes Bridge eventually to stop at Clapham Junction for the changing of the guard and for the drivers to fight over the controls to Brighton. We didn't hang about here for long and whistled off in the direction of Stewarts Lane and judging by the close proximity of Battersea Power Station, that wasn't far. We arrived there on freight-only lines and stopped right outside the depot. As we were at roof level it would have made a nice photograph but the trouble was that I didn't have my camera ready at the time. By the way, all credit is due to Brian for getting all the chimneys back on the power station - it really does look a lot better with four on. Nice one Brian!

Anyway, we pressed on (to Pressed-On Park presumably? Arf! - ED), keeping good time too, joining the Victoria Line at Factory Junction and going slowly through Brixton, through the back yards of Herne andulse Hills and Crystal Place until we reached Selhurst with everyone viewing the power on Norwood Junction. I don't collect engine numbers any more, but I wish I'd noted all the 33s and 73s as I did have quite a few gaps that did need filling in these areas, and we did see quite a few during the day. Next came Croydon and to all record collectors out there, don't miss the giant record fair at Fairfield Hall this September. We were leaving London behind now - did anyone see that fox out there in the grass? - and the driver really let rip on the controls as we cut our way through the pleasant suburban landscape. Lineside photographers were simply blown out of the way as the driver battled to get to Brighton in under TWO minutes! These were healthy engines alright and it did look as if we were going to do it, we had a clear run ahead with trains in front judiciously directed out of our path into Three Bridges permanent way yard and Ardingley stone terminal. We ripped through Gatwick at over 400 mph and rising. Walking round the train was becoming increasingly difficult. We broke the sound barrier at Haywards Heath - doing anything was hopeless now, people were actually airborne in the carriages - the G force was tremendous. I mean have you ever seen anyone with four chins? The ordeal was not over yet as the driver, realising at the last second that he had to stop at Preston Park for the pilot to take over, slammed the brakes on at Hassocks with no finesse at all, only to be severely jolted from behind by all nine bogies as us, the poor wretches, were hurled against the opposite ends of the carriages and into darkness as we stormed through Clayton Tunnel only to emerge in clouds of smoke from melted brake blocks and seized wheels. Arguably, it has been proved by fine art that on braking after Hassocks in steam days at plus 700 mph on record attempts, you run the risk of ramming the blocks at Brighton, or if the signalman was quick, being diverted out towards Hove, and the reason Hassocks got its name was because a driver on an ill-fated record attempt realised he was not going to make it and swore "Hassocks". I'm not allowed to translate but if you really want to know, ask any (older) Southern region driver. Honest! Anyway, we were lucky or was it really skill? We stopped perfectly on the platform at Preston Park where people literally staggered or fell off once the doors were flung open. Some dedicated souls did manage to get photos of the power once the smoke had cleared, and the Choppers quickly uncoupled and trotted off to the depot, 09.005 hitched up, and we all got back on board and valued the drag into Brighton by this tough little engine.

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Above: 20.064, 20.030 and 20.118 stand triumphantly at Brighton

Since Bedford, I had not sat down once so I was at first relieved to disembark, but I quickly realised the walk to the sea front was at least half a mile. I had only an hour and a half to spare so I wasted no time. Just as I reached the promenade this Morris Marina 1300 LE Coupe turned into the station approach. Aahhr! Well I'm just nuts about Morris Marinas and Itals, particularly unusual ones. Any of you who like these cars enough write to me if you want to join the Marina Owners Club (yes it does exist). Anyway, enough of this (phew! - ED), I found a gift shop selling mainly pictures and after humming and ahing over the Louisiana Steamship Company and a picture of a car listening to a phonograph, I chose the latter, paid my £10 (yes, he's finally cracked). I wondered how long it would be... ED) and returned to the station.

The power was already back on the train with 20.064 leading again although the trio were having a rest - the calm before the storm you might say. I took this opportunity to get some photos of them in the sun at various angles before retreating to a quiet spot to polish off all my bread rolls and drain the flask. That done, people started filling the train and the engines were started. The Brighton Evening Argus got wind of our tour (ie. we told them) and wrote a small article saying our interest in Choppers was due to their wheel arrangement! Baloney. It's the way they look, sound, perform, right lads? Still, rumours were going round that the driver was going to have another bash at under two minutes, and people were strapping themselves to solid objects. I spoke to the guard about this - he confirmed it alright and had himself managed to pull strings to allow us in front of the Gatwick Flyer which always has priority when in traction. I strapped myself securely, but too late, the thunder rolled, the skies darkened and we tore off all wheels spinning dragster fashion. Whoever got a video of this sure is gonna be rich! Hassocks (what a name!) flew past as we continued accelerating and we reached Gatwick in fifty seconds! Ahead of us somewhere was the Gatwick Flyer, Redhill? No, not there, Croydon? No, it's got to be at Selhurst. I must have blinked or something as many a yelling person confirmed we were now in front. One minute and forty seconds. Squealing through Clapham Junction, slowing, over Chelsea Bridge - 1 minute 53 seconds, Kensington Olympia - engines in reverse and clouds of smoke, one minute 55 seconds eventually to reach North Pole and screech to a halt just over Mitre Bridge at 1 minute 58 seconds!! Phew! That was close, but we did it as cheers and screams all round proved.

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In 26 to 35 we enjoyed another Mel Thorley scribation - what did he stop doing at 15 and start again 25 years later? Visiting Brum Snow Hill of course! Sadly 1987 did not produce 4 Westerns and 8 Kings. Pip Dunn told how easy it was in 1985 to score eleven 20s for haulage one Bank Holiday, along with Class 85s on overnights, and 26s/27s out of Edinburgh. Our "Old Men of Bow" third tour was certainly character-building with traction motor fires, coaches collapsing, points failures and more, although we did finally make it to the insanely rare Fenchurch Street! 1988 saw the triumphant return of 20s to Skeggy, with one trip giving me 176 on 11 coaches after 189 failed dummies in a cloud of black smoke. D8000's Test Report was still going strong, and a pictorial section recorded the last rights of Class 20s at Bickershaw Colliery. The Inter-City Diesel Day saw 20.145/228 at St Pancras, Midland railway 150 took a pair to Denby, and we had a visit to Wigan depot, plus one of our more insane outings to Coronation Street. Our magazine efforts were congratulated in the ARPS annual awards, and we brought out the "Twittering Twenties" audio tape (yep, remember "tapes"?!) of which a copy is now in the National Sound Archives for posterity. We now have it on CD - yours from me for only 8 sows. By this time we had £6721.54 in the bank - almost enough to buy a loco!! Butterley Diesel Day coincidentally featured 20.001, now where would we see HER again?

During the 1980's the locos were obviously still holding their own as the backbone of MGR operations and Neville Sloper kindly submitted an article telling us what it was like at the sharp end.....

Day Trip to Ironbridge, by Neville Sloper, from Issue 26, 1987

We are very pleased to include another article from Neville Sloper a Driver-Instructor on BR (our apologies for getting your job title wrong last time Neville). Many of you will remember his entertaining account of various experiences in the cab of Class 20s at work, and this time he relates what it's like up front during a particularly gruelling task for the locos - the Ironbridge coal trains.

Some two years ago, following agreement with the unions to allow the Guard to travel in the rear cab of a pair of 20s on fully-fitted trains, BR began to equip a large number of the Class with slow speed equipment. The idea being to operate shorter distance MGR trains with 20s, thus releasing classes 47, 56 and 58 for longer haul MGR and Speedlink services. By this time Toton had already received some former Scottish locos already fitted with a much older, and somewhat crude, type of slow speed equipment. More about the two different types later. The reason for the Guard not previously being allowed to use the rear loco cab was one of safety. The rule governing fully fitted trains hauled by more than one locomotive states that "the Guard must travel in the REAR cab of the LEADING locomotive. This allowed communication with the Driver via the engine compartment in an emergency. As a 20 has only one cab and no walk through engine room, a brake van was always provided. This was overcome at first by providing an emergency brake valve in each cab. However, trials with this did not prove entirely satisfactory. The solution finally arrived at was a communication buzzer similar to that used on HSTs but without the luxury of a telephone.

Having seen one or two pairs of locos working MGR trains in the Saltley area, I became curious about how they would perform on such trains. I was surprised to learn that the load for 2 class 20s is the same as that for a Class 56 or 58 (45 MGR wagons to Didcot, 32 to Ironbridge) and considerably more than for a 47 (36 to Didcot, 30 to Ironbridge).

My chance came on the 6th November 1985 when I booked on at 5 A.M. "spare". As soon as I arrived the supervisor said "will you do a Kingsbury to Ironbridge, there's a pair of 20s on number nine road". I accepted the job without hesitation, the Ironbridge jobs being some of my favourite Saltley turns. And a pair of Choppers thrown in for good measure, what more could I want? I found 20.032 and 20.085 already prepared and coupled to 56080. It transpired that the 56 was to work a train from Kingsbury to Didcot, so for convenience we both went off the shed together. As speed rose on the Up Main, it soon became obvious that 20.085 was not the warmest of locos, in fact on a cold November morning it was damned well freezing. I looked forward to changing ends onto 032 at Kingsbury hoping for better things. I was soon to be disappointed.

On arrival at Kingsbury 56.080 was uncoupled and we dropped onto our respective trains. I changed ends and soon decided that 32 was even colder than 85, so on with the cooker for a little extra heat. Brake test completed, the Guard handed me the Driver's slip with details of our load. We had 30 loaded MGR wagons on, 2 less than a full load but still some 1,380 tonnes. I whistled up and we dropped down to the outlet signal. A couple of trains passed on the main line and then we were away. Gently at first until the whole train cleared the sidings, then full power. The locos seemed to complain about being asked to perform such a task so early in the morning. Four columns of dark grey smoke shot into the crisp morning air, accompanied by the familiar

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Eventually when we had all come to our senses, we realised: Problem. We were supposed to join the GWR main line from North Pole Junction at Old Oak East Junction. It now looked as if we would be going home via the WCML as originally planned. Not bad, some people drooled, 3 Choppers along here, but what about those passengers (myself included) who had to get off at Reading to get to London, then up to Bedford and home? Not least the guard who was due a shift change at Ealing Broadway. The only way back to the GWR was Willesden South Western Sidings - slim chance as the track is a bit "how's yer father". "Well! **ck*** well see about that" were the guard's exact words as he went stomping off up to the telephone. We sat here for about half an hour, whereupon the guard eventually returned triumphantly and just said "South West Sidings". This truly was one of the (unforeseen) highlights of the tour. We crawled along past the scarp yard where the ex 03018 lives. At one point the secondman even had to go on ahead with a lawnmower so that we could even get through at all. Me and Chris shared our window with him doing his wild dog act. I had to physically restrain him as he reeled off film after film of the train strolling through the sidings. Several line-side inspectors watched as the iron and wood creaked and groaned as the wheels rolled along. (Thanks for the track you chaps!). This really is once in a lifetime track but it was over all too soon as we passed Old Oak Common after Acton Wells (again!) and onto the GWR. I left the tour at Ealing Broadway, with the guard, and got the waiting DMU into Paddington, crossing to St. Pancras and getting the EMU to Bedford, so I'll hand you back to Chris. Man, that sure was some tour, and I still didn't get my orange jacket!!! Paul?! Paul!!!

Many thanks to Marston for that intriguing report! Cheers mate. I'll stand you a gallon of Darjeeling sometime, OK? Just to rub it in, poor old Marst missed a couple more juicy bits, the first of which happened at Reading. As often happens there was another train standing near to us on the slow lines, the driver of whom happened to be a well-known 'hrash merchant'. The race was on! Our man gave us full welly away from the station and we managed to storm on ahead, leaving the 47 coughing in a cloud of dust. Not surprisingly, quite a few faces were to be seen at the windows of BOTH trains as the race heated up. Unfortunately, 47s are much better at higher speeds of course and he began to catch us up and finally overtook us ... It was a tremendous sight with both trains screaming along next to each other, both crews waving to each other and sounding their horns - a scene never to be forgotten! The passengers in the other train looked completely baffled as they pulled past us, particularly as they reached Mel Thorley fetchingly attired in his all-over white boiler suit and North-West Gas helmet! However, we had the last laugh too, as the 47 was seen standing sheepishly at Oxford as we stormed through rocking the station to its foundations. Because of the North Pole freeze-up we were a bit late and the driver piled on the power up towards Banbury. Over the top at Harbury and blazing down towards Leamington, touching a massive 87 at Fosse Road, then we swept through Solihull with everyone gripping their seats with white knuckles. Arrival at Birmingham was a superb "on time". Unknown to most of you, high drama was taking place as I checked with the driver that he knew we were going to Lifford and Whiteacre. He thought he was taking the Soho line for some reason! I couldn't get him to see reason and hared off back to see the guard who wasn't interested either. In fact, NOBODY seemed interested and I was beginning to get pretty angry. Eventually, someone rang Control and Lifford was 'on' but they refused to send us via Whiteacre for no reason whatever. On the other hand, we're not the only ones to get blown out for that bit of track as the Herts Tours Ploughman missed it on July 11th as well! Further engineering checks put us down, but arrival at Sheffield was an immaculate 2 minutes early. Raitour Standard Time? Dave Maxey, eat yer heart out! A fitting finish to a fantastically successful day.

It was a very emotional moment as the three Choppers uncoupled from the train for the last time. A special request to the driver for a nice storm out of the station was admirably complied with, and 064, 030 and 118 slammed away through the tunnels with the sound still echoing around for quite some time afterwards. What a sight. We may have the smallest engines, but that doesn't stop us from having the most lunatic tours! To finish off, more thanks are due. In addition to Len and all the chaps at BR, we'd have been a bit stuck without the help of many Society members. Please forgive me if you think I've missed you out, but these folks were a great help in 'times of stress': DGB, PM, BL, JC for moral support and back up; Karen and Teresa for their really sterling efforts on the sales stand; John n Amanda for arranging the sales gear and doing membership stuff; Lester, Steve and Pip for helping with advertising, Mel for being himself (I think); Clive and Steve for the raffle; Ian, Tony, Dave G, Phil, JV, Briggsy, Alan and Morgana, Steve H for general help; and Peter Craig for his valuable contribution to the itinerary. Also TA to Nick Lawford for further moral support and suggestions and even John Farrow of Herts Tours for a bit of help here and there! "Well done guys", we hope you feel proud to have been involved in one of the best rail tours ever!!

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English Electric thrash. And, not wanting to be left out of the excitement, everything in the cab started to rattle violently. The cooker door fell open and a whole house brick fell out with a loud bang. The brick is used to place food on in the cooker to get it nearer to the grill element. We touched about 35 mph before shutting, off for Water Orton West Junction. Obviously we are not going to break any speed records today I thought, but then I wasn't expecting to, EE's being built for strength and not speed.

At Water Orton station the passengers left the comfort of the waiting room, only to retreat rapidly at the sight of a coal train bearing down on them. The unsuspecting at such stations who choose to remain on the platform soon find out the folly of such action, being pelted by particles of coal from the wagons. The junction signal cleared as we approached and we blasted off again up the steeply graded Sutton Park line at a steady 15 mph flat out. As we strained through the park the growl from our engines echoed back from the trees, and I couldn't resist having the window open despite the temperature outside. Anyway, there was such a gap around the cab doors that it was so draughtily an open window made little difference. A couple of 20 mph restrictions passed without having to alter the controller position, but once over the top to Aldridge we drifted gently down towards Walsall.

We turned right at Pleck Junction where the line to Bescot bears left and the Dudley and Stourbridge line goes straight ahead. The Darlaston junction signal was on and after a brief wait 85.004 hurried past on an up parcel train for Curzon Street PCD. Full power again and out onto the former Grand Junction line until a left turn at Portobello Junction took us up an even steeper gradient towards Wolverhampton. I recalled my first trip with a Class 56 up this hill when the scream from our engine caused several bedroom lights to come on in response to such an unfamiliar sound. The Ironbridge jobs were used for Driver training when the 56s first arrived in the West Midlands. Although a very different sound, the Choppers certainly weren't out-done on volume. As speed dropped I began to have doubts about reaching the top of the bank. I should have known better, for we settled down to around 10 mph and must have made a fine sight as we passed the summit.

On through Wolverhampton and a welcome rest for the locos as we drop down through Oxley carriage sidings. Then power on again as this railway is mostly up and down with very little level track. Just beyond Cosford I opened up again to get a run at the bank up to Madeley Junction where we turn left onto the branch, now used only by coal and oil trains to Ironbridge power station. The Signaller handed me the token for the single line section to Lightroom Junction where the line to Horsehay used to come in. This line survived until about five years ago, its only traffic in later years being 'out of gauge' loads, such as bridges, from a local foundry. Here I handed over the token and we crept onto the steep winding slope down into the Severn Valley.

On a high viaduct we pass over the Coalbrookdale museum of iron and on down into this beautiful wooded valley. Soon the river comes into sight, and on the opposite bank can be seen the viaduct of the former GWR line from Kidderminster. What a pity that the Severn Valley Railway cannot be extended beyond Bridgnorth to Ironbridge. Into the trees once again then suddenly a cooling tower comes into view. What a superb job the planners made of hiding the power station from the surrounding area. We pass onto CEBG metals via a superb cast iron bridge over the river, similar to the one at Arley on the SVR. The big question now is "how many in front of us?" Soon 20.120 and 20.147 hove into view, just leaving with their empties and 47.351 was waiting its turn beyond the discharge hopper.

Time for a cup of tea and a sandwich before 47.351 and train clear the points so that we can draw down towards the stop block to turn round. Now for another first, the new slow speed equipment. If we had one of the locos fitted with the older type of slow speed, the full power position is used. However the new equipment requires the controller to be set at about one third. I selected the first of two slow speed positions and opened the controller. The box of tricks on the rear bulkhead lit up like Blackpool illuminations, flashing red and green lights everywhere, and off we went at the regulation one half mph. Once settled at this speed I selected the second position on the slow speed switch to cut out the rear loco. With Class 20s, only the leading loco is operated in slow speed mode, the rear loco operates normally to start the train away and is then cut out. As we slipped and slithered on the coal deposited on the rails by previous trains, 20.180 and 20.008 arrived with another loaded train. I decided that even with full use of the sanding gear we would still have a struggle, so I returned the slow speed switch to the first position, thus bringing the rear loco back into play. We remained in this condition until about half the train was empty when I judged that we could manage with one loco. Sudden loss of our air train pipe pressure indicated that we were clear of the weighbridge. This was caused by the Guard opening the cock on the last wagon of our train. While the examiner inspected our train for defects, 20.166 and 20.183 arrived and the place was starting to get a bit crowded.

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Fine drizzle started to fall and I thought despairingly about the climb back up to Lightmoor Junction. Although our train was now empty the steep gradient and sharp curves combine to make a very tricky ascent. Many's the time I've stuck on the bank with a 47, due mainly to the lack of sanding gear on these locos. The only choice then is either to summon assistance or, more commonly, to apply sand by hand. We always carry a bag of sand on a 47 for this purpose on these jobs. Although a slow and laborious task this method was often quicker than waiting for assistance. But no problem today, apart from a couple of slips, soon corrected with a touch of the sands, we simply stormed up the hill and over the top. On the opposite road 20.006 and 20.028 waited at the section signal for the line to clear into the power station.

All Madeley Junction's signals being off we ran straight out onto the main line, depositing the token on the metal arm provided outside the box (bit of a knack to this at 15 mph!). In the siding 47.201 was depositing its train, the crew having decided the three trains already in front of them would cause them too much delay. Jobs for the overtime boys these! Now out onto the main line and on downhill gradient towards Cosford we soon reached our 55 mph maximum. But 32 is riding like a rocking horse, such are the pleasures of a Train Driver! We re-traced our steps back to Kingsbury, depositing our train then off light engine to Saltley. It's now 5pm, exactly twelve hours after booking on. I booked off and looked forward wearily to the 30 mile drive home through the rush hour traffic.

That, then, is the story of a day's work at Saltley, not exactly full of excitement, but certainly more interesting than our "Whacky Racers" (Saltley Drivers' name for DMU jobs). I hope you have enjoyed, reading it as much as I've enjoyed sharing my experiences with you.

Below: Our third tour took 20.021 and 20.140 back to the class's roots in East London. Here they are in the unlikely location of Fenchurch Street.



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Issue 37 recorded the amazing top and tail Derby – Matlock's, Tinsley Open Day, yet more sales stands at Coalville and Crewe, the purchase of our two LMS brakevans, plus the CTLS Top 20 including Speedlink by Deep Purple, Mirlees Xmas Everybody by Slade, Day Gripper by the Beatles, Some Goyleys Have All The Luck by Rob Palmer, Whistler Down The Wind by Nick Heyward and many more! Arf Arf! Our tenth birthday issue number 40 was of course another milestone – 20.227 was finally saved for the nation and all the years of hard work had paid off! She arrived on Friday 13th (!) Sept 1991 and was the first 20 to turn a wheel in preservation. If that wasn't enough we ran our sixth tour to Bristol (and, honestly, the significance of the name "Bristol Or Bust" didn't hit me until afterwards, heh heh!) complete with brass band on board (yet another first), plus tours round Cadbury World(!) and Bicester Military Railway, so a Society visit to a brewery was an ideal way of celebrating.

Of course, the bread and butter jobs for Class 20s were (are!) freight haulage and naturally passenger workings generated a lot of interest, particularly those that popped up unexpectedly only to fade away a couple of years later.....

Class 20 hauled passenger Jobs, by Pip Dunn / Andy Mustoe, from Issue 37, 1990
1M60 15.07 Plymouth - Manchester (1978-1980).

In the start of a new series, related to the history side of the Class 20s, I will be looking at trains that became noted for utilizing Type 1s. To kick off, it's an in-depth view of 1M60 which was never booked for 20s! The train would leave the West Country with a Class 50 as far as Gloucester, re-engine to a 45/0 to New Street for an AC electric forward. However, it was the part that was booked for the Peak which gave the interest because the (paper) diagram was to use a 45/0 off the 7V63 14.05 Bescot - Gloucester freight, but 7V63 was far from a reliable Peak working and it was more a case of whatever Bescot had available, hence the connection with Class 20s.

So far as 20s were concerned it would usually be a pair of Toton-based vacuum-only locos that performed, and indeed it was TO VO 20.008/030 which first appeared on 25th August 1978. When a couple of weeks later two pairs produced in the space of five days enthusiasts began to pick up on this interesting working. Throughout the summer of 78, 45/0s continued to work the train, but in late October, on two consecutive days, 20s were used, including the first Tinsley pair 20.032/065 on 19th October 1978. Even in November 20s performed alongside Class 25s and the like. Into 1979, and 20.090+163 worked on 21st February, and March, April, and May all had at least one pair used. Throughout 1979, 20s worked on the trains usually about twice a month, two pairs of particular note were Tinsley-based 20.046+112 on 6/7/79, and 20.031 +095 on 16/7/89, real big monsters by 1990 standards!

The Winter of '79 came, and October, November and December all had a pair - two in December in fact. 30/11/79 saw the only dualbraked pair 20.150/153 (from TO), and 11/12/79 saw, in my eye, probably the best combination of all, TT 20.010+046!

1980 continued to see 1M60 drop with 20s, 20.069+139 being the first on 12/2, and 20.040+041 two days later. In June 20.050, the pioneer D8000 made two runs in five days, firstly with 20.048 on 4/6, and then with 20.030 on the 9th. The last recorded pair were 20.069+077 on the 19th of September 1980. But a matter of days later, the new timetable came into use and here the Class 50 was booked to run round, and so the use of freight traction was very rare indeed, although occasionally a 37 or 47/0 took the train forward.

For me 1M60 was in the past when I started my interest in railways, so I have asked my good friend Andy Mustoe from Gloucester to take over the story:

Once when photographing on an evening in May 1978 I noted that the evening departure for Manchester (1M60), which had an engine change at Gloucester, started to get a forward engine which had arrived on a freight working - 7V63 14.05 Bescot - Gloucester. It was because of a pair of 20s I photographed just north of Horton Road crossing that I began to go to the station to view the train each evening. This proved to be a regular working for non-Type 4 power, and for a period of almost three years.

It was great to come from work to view 7V63 arrive in the Gloucester New Yard knowing that the loco would then run up to Birmingham New Street with 1M60, it had to be viewed because in the non-gen era you didn't know what was booked for 7V63. This worked Mon-Fri as Saturdays freight didn't run, and the engine arriving

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from Plymouth was booked to run round. It certainly got a good selection of power including 25s, 31s, 47s, 40s, 45s, 37s and 20s.

After working through the summer of 1978, I thought that come the October timetable change the diagram off 7V63 would alter, but no it just carried on. The fact that 7V63 was booked a steam heat 45/0, as it was in the summer, didn't seem to work very often. Of course there were occasions when the engine off 7V63 didn't return on 1M60 for various reasons. Late running of 7V63 would result in late refuelling, if that was the case it quite often returned to Bescot on 7M56 16.40 Swindon - Bescot - a 37 was frequently used. All three 40s used went back on 1M60. With the good variety of motive power, especially 20s, the local bashers had a good evening. Usually the move was to New St (unless 1V96 14.35 York - Cardiff was interesting). The highlight of the run was the ascent up the Lickey. The 1 in 37 incline has always proved to be a test for all locos, and if a single 25 or 31 and sometimes 2x20 were working the driver would ask for a banker before departure from GL. This then of course produced 2x37s which added to the sound of the Type 1/2s provided an exhilarating sound echoing up the 2 mile long valley.

Even better was when a pair of 20s were on the train and no banker was requested, the sound of 2x20s on ten or eleven Mk 1s attacking the Lickey with a non-stop run was hellfire. In winter with the ground completely covered with snow, and a full moon, is something one never forgets. After the first 3-4 months of operation, other bashers started making a bee-line for 1M60, so the local roadshow of half a dozen regulars started to get outnumbered and by the summer of 1979 up to 150 bashers came along to cover the train. Come the winter months when the snow and ice were abundant, the steam heating bags/pipes were nearly always frozen up, and if the booked 45/0 was utilised the heating was sparse. As a 50 was booked on the train to Gloucester the stock just about contained the heat to Birmingham where a/c traction took over and returned the thermals.

Talking of 50s, the fraternity that arrived on 1M60 from Plymouth, then to turn down the forward motive power, now over ten years later must regret their original policy.

By the summer of 1979, I got quite well acquainted with the various foremen at the shed as I used to photograph the engine off 7V63 on the fuelling point before checking with him that it was going on to 1M60. If it was going to be a Type 4, a couple of them were quite helpful in swapping it for something better. They were quite wound up that their depot was responsible for turning out 2x20 for a Class 1 passenger. One thing I do regret is that none of the four pairs of IM 20s that had worked 7V63 ever returned north on 1M60, a great loss. As the winter of 1979 started to get hold, some guards working forward of GL got a little irate at the non-heat Type 4 locos working, but still the train produced. One evening I remember well, it was all I could do to get to the station to view 1M60 as there was nearly a foot of snow on the ground and yet we had the pleasure of 25.132, absolutely hellfire.

Again, through the summer of '80 no diagram change, then October '80 the Class 50 was booked to run round. This was the case although on a few occasions GL turned out a loco - invariably a NB 47. Nevertheless we had over 2 years of "classic" power which we enjoyed on 1M60, the classic train. It certainly deserves a place in the railway archives - I will never forget it.

Class 20 performances on 1M60 were: 25/8/78: 20.008+030, 5/9/78: 20.082+196, 9/9/78: 20.070+199, 19/10/78: 20.032+65, 20/10/78: 20.151+68, 7/11/78: 20.001+37, 21/2/79: 20.090+163, 10/3/79: 20.006+180, 27/4/79: 20.019+56, 24/5/79: 20.041+73, 25/5/79: 20.008+128, 19/6/79: 20.072+178, 22/6/79: 20.143+73, 3/7/79: 20.044+197, 6/7/79: 20.046+112, 16/7/79: 20.031+95, 27/7/79: 20.041+73, 24/8/79: 20.098+132, 20/9/79: 20.044+70, 5/10/79: 20.006+135, 30/11/79: 20.150+53, 11/12/79: 20.010+46, 18/12/79: 20.013+136, 12/2/80: 20.069+139, 14/2/80: 20.040+41, 16/4/80: 20.161+72, 28/5/80: 20.158+70, 4/6/80: 20.048+50, 9/6/80: 20.030+50, 13/6/80: 20.140+92, 26/6/80: 20.067+75, 19/9/80: 20.069+77

We tried to top the railtour market by taking a couple of 20s to Vladivostok in 1989 but sadly fell a few miles short.....

**Perry Stroyka goes To Scarborough, by Dave Gilbert, Issue 37, 1989
or "Russian Around In Yorkshire"**

"The blue crocodile wears outrageous Y-fronts".

"And comrade Yeltsin was a Girl Guide".

"Greetings D8000!".

"Welcome to Swindon, Stroyka .. I trust you brought the report?"

"Indeed. It was my toughest assignment yet but I think you'll find it's all here."

"You have done well. Return to the safe house and I'll contact you there."

Compo Todossyn made his way back to the office. Soon the dossier that was to shock the world west of Wootton Bassett was on the desk of the Director of Counter Espionage (Bristol Division). A smile crept across his face as he read Stroyka's report:

14.30 hrs Friday 11th May 1990. Special instructions received via the dead-letter box to travel to 59240 in order to travel incognito as a normal aboard the 17.14 to Sheffield. All was well until I hit a roadblock at Wellesbourne where I must have aroused suspicion, my fears being realised when I found every traffic light at red approaching Leicester station. The tail lamps were blinking into the distance as I screeched into the carpark - I was a stranger in the city I once knew so well, what was I to do? My contacts were over 60 miles away across two State borders [you mean you were in the wrong state instead of 'in a right state' as normal? - Ed] ... I remembered my KGB training - when lost in a hostile country ring the Station Announcer at Sheffield!

Having left my rendezvous details with Agent X I climbed aboard the 18.09 safe in the knowledge that C.J. Stevensonsin (Our Man in Hitchin) was crossing the Pennines at great speed en route to Tinsley, his operatives from the North London Cell having been intercepted in a bloodbath on the A1. CJS told me later over a Bishop's Tipple in Gorky Park that when he spoke to our informant at the depot he was told that as far as he knew there was nothing arriving on shed to work a "railtour". CJ was slipped a note was concealed in a lamp bracket saying that he could "borrow 20.178" (a lately dormant double agent who used to work thereabouts). On arrival at Sheffield I was met by The Landrover in the station carpark as per instructions. I felt safe now as the vehicle was stuffed to the gills with fellow agents - in fact the entire Southern contingent! Were we to wait for CJS? Too many people about - we may be denounced. We decided to search out a city Public House, with travellers always coming and going we wouldn't be noticed. Brian used his experience to find a renowned Tetley's pub - the windows were boarded but the lights inside seemed welcoming ... the words "The Cossack" above the door all but pulled us into the bar - what more could we want? Brian is on record as saying "It serves Tetley's so it must be alright!". So in we went, uniform leather jackets the order of the day. It was an almost fatal mistake, we had stumbled upon Sheffield's premier gay bar - JV put some straight music on the Video Juke Box to keep our morale up and we drank hastily before the barman squeaked "Anybody order a taxi?". It was a signal for the British Secret Servicemen hiding in the closet to "come out" and arrest us all.

We made good our escape and were mightily relieved to pile into the Dog and Parrot for a brief Roger and Out or two (OG 1125) where we met CJS, John Condell and others before adjourning to the Fat Cat for more ale and some pre-tour nosh. It was here that an ambulance was found to be on standby in case Chris fell off a particularly large sandwich whilst under the influence of a couple of glasses of what amounted to vinegar with hops in it. He would have bounced anyway as he was somewhat 'pickled'.

John had the foresight to hire a car under an assumed name upon arrival into the country and having sped to our hideout at the Hotel Lindum via Sheffield station ("Sorry mate don't know 'ow to work a TOPS machine .."), I slipped out the back into the darkened street. In the best famous five fashion I tiptoed over to the third tree on the right and tugged a branch three times - behind me a hole appeared in the wall to reveal my instructions for the next day. I just had time to decode them before the beermat they were written on went into self-destruct mode. Having climbed up a drainpipe and along the ledge to Room 6 (everybody else had keys but I have to keep up appearances) I viewed some nonsense capitalist rubbish called Paradise City before drifting into sleep...

The big day arrived to find us once again at the station. My instructions were to mingle with the Railtour stewards and I would be recognised by my contact by wearing an armband sporting the legend "KGB". I was told that Theresa had sat in a corner of a sweatshop in High Wycombe Labour Camp making the thing and had smuggled it into Yorkshire concealed within a consignment of Thomas the Tank Engine fruit drinks. I was about to recommend her for the Motherland's greatest reward (The Power of the 31s book) when she produced at least five other armbands to confound our plans! This was a setback even before we had reached Huddersfield, but all was not lost. After noting that 20.010 and 20.032 were at the sharp end after arriving in the early hours in the Diplomatic Bag from Wigan, I decided to stay close to the sales stand in the hope that Nevibinya Skegki would turn up.

Our great adventure began and we were soon approaching Worsborough bank towards the 1 in 59 climb that makes 6 months in the salt mines seem like a Sunday stroll. Satisfied that the other passengers would not hear above the noise of the locos I took my chance to listen to the microtaped orders concealed in a bar of soap in the toilet. I was to retrieve some microfilm that Agent X had sewn into the neck of one of the Tour T-shirts - easy enough, just nip back to the sales stand and rummage through the box! When I returned to the BG I found Duncan despatching shirts thirteen to the dozen and waving a huge wad at me into the bargain. He'd nearly sold out so I bought one on the off-chance.

Huddersfield! I had heard on the train's grapevine that Mel Thorley had arranged to jump off and slip away unnoticed in order to view the Cup Final - part timer! It was the Chopper Topper rerun all over again - Mel was getting ready to do a paratrooper's barrel roll onto the platform as the train slowed down, only our driver had forgotten that he was supposed to stop! As anchors were thrown out in all directions, we peeled ourselves off the woodwork and prepared to reverse back into the station. The proles were expecting a plastic bus to Hull and were somewhat surprised to witness Trainman 6602 perform a triple toe-loop with pike when vacating the "Avoider".

Stevensonsin moved to the rear of the train to be in position at Leeds to remove the tailboard and therefore confuse the border police at Micklefield as to our movements. In the newsreels a stuntman would have been called forward, but as Chris does his own we waited for the platform staff to call "Lights .. cameras .. action!". Luckily, JC had read the screenplay down to the last detail and held on to CJS for dear life as he wrestled with the tailboard as the train pulled away. To huge cheers from the fans he was dragged back on board by the beard.

Church Fenton was reached after a mad dash across the border into White Yorkshire and avoiding the second Battle of Scarthingwell by promising Gruntle we wouldn't leave him behind at Scarborough. Flat Yorkshire gave way to lumpy Yorkshire and back to the flat stuff before arrival at some seaside different to Llandudno or Skegness heralded a stampede for the nearest pub/chippy/pier. Others leisurely esconced themselves in the cab of 20.010 to back up the Huddersfield scam with some cab mileage into the sidings and back, the highlight of which was Pip losing his touch and the stock almost being rammed. Despite our efforts to ensure that everybody had managed to get back from the amusements (save those roubles!), a hardy pair contrived to miss stage two separation and ended up with taxi mileage to the next stop, Bridlington. Luckily Gruntle wasn't one of them so fingers, legs etc were uncrossed only to be knitted again when a combination of DG and Clive prevented mass lemminghood in front of the 14.13 to Hull. The Inspector's car could be seen bounding up the approach road as the driver finished his last sandwich and as the final crumb fell to 010's cab floor we got the Right Away.

The tour brochure, in true Intourist fashion, led us to believe that we were now in the Hull commuter belt! Hardly a patch on Datchet and Bexleyheath, Driffild and Beverley whizzed past before hanging a right at West Parade N Jc as we took evasive action to miss the crowds in Paragon. As on previous tours, rabbits feet and crucifixes were much in evidence in the hope that the track wouldn't disappear into somebody's patio, but we found the junction at Anlaby Road still in situ if a bit rusty, and the scene was set for more antics.

An apparent bout of engineering work meant handsignalmen standing around all afternoon getting rained on and telling irate train drivers to pass the next signal was the order of the day. Having studied a field of cattle for longer than usual and hopped our way to Saltmarsh we took our time looking for maniacal tugs before scuttling across Goole Swing Bridge and safety.

Our confidence was misplaced. It was at this point that the local bobbies had planned to get us all lost by sending us round in circles until we got dizzy and begged never to be allowed to do "this sort of thing" again.

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Annabel's mum stood at her Junction mournfully waving a white hanky as we screamed off the branch onto the main line. It was a warning that we were being tailed - the tail being the 14.30 out of the Cross, the word was passed forward to the chauffeur to take a left at each junction he came to in a successful ruse to throw the IC125 off the scent.

Gazza gave us a wave for the first time that afternoon before we realised that we were going to head our pursuers off at the pass - a Wurlitzer leapt out of the bushes and the landscape flickered in a sepia hue as our hero leapt from his horse to throw the points at the last second! The heroin was saved and the Avoider headed for her rendezvous with the mysterious Church Fenton (C.I.A.) by way of Pontefract Monkhill (British Intelligence) ... Fenton took us into his potting shed for tea and cake to escape the marauding Sprinters and it was decided that after the morning's drama, the removal of the Vladivostok Avoider carriage stickers was to be an inside job. CJ was to remain inside the coach and squeezed out of the twilight window whilst being held securely by the ankles. This achieved, the stickers proved too stubborn and as the rain began to fall we dragged Chris back inside and contemplated offering the Book of the 31's as first prize in the raffle instead.

The argument was still raging as the 'Arrogate loop was traversed, Leeds passed by with Chris being safely stapled to the floor and we were waved through the Nothing to Declare channel at Micklefield before Gazza appeared again. This time a new dumper truck was scratched! Next year's tour will be a day out from Ayr to get the other ten in the book with 20.046 and 20.098 transferred to Eastfield to provide the power! I was still daydreaming when Doncaster echoed to the sound of Choppers again, no 20.002 this time though. As we approached the end of our journey the sales stand was being neatly folded into a matchbox and still no sign of my counterpart. Steve Hatch had been looking suspicious as usual but following our meeting at Bescot it transpired that he was indeed my contact that day ...!



Above: 20.132 and 20.010 at Church Fenton on "The Vladivostok Avoider".

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The Wigan crew were given a map of how to get home as the curtain came down on another great CTLS Tour. I was debriefed in a Pizza Restaurant over a carafe of red wine and ideas were bounced off the walls regarding next year's escapade. All very hush-hush, even the staff were bemused as to what had been going on (you know - understanding smiles, removal of sharp objects from the table etc ...). An entertaining weekend ended with CJS explaining away a missing pair of boots (!) followed by a whistle-stop convoy tour of Yorkshire's B-roads which involved being accosted at Tinsley by the Lone Ranger on a moped touting photos of Three To The Seal, taking a large lunch in Osset and a race to Stanton Gate and Toton. The Landrover got there first but we stopped for Cornetto's by the side of the motorway ... See you next year!!

Play list: Clannad (Dulaman, Cran UII, Macalla (import!!!), Horslips (Horslips), Steeleye Span (The Best of Steeleye Span).

Many thanks to Commander Dave Gilbert (retired) for the detailed debriefing about his dangerous mission

The tenth anniversary issue was a milestone in more ways than one!

Welcome to our Tenth Birthday Issue!! Yes, it was 10 years ago this month that probably the most eccentric society in the history of loco preservation was formed, in the back bar of the Dingo and Flagpole at Barnet so rumour has it. Sorry this issue's a bit late. The first reason is that your editor was moving house and it took longer than anticipated to shift 6 years of railtour headboards. The second reason is that we were awaiting delivery of our birthday presents, or rather our birthday present, or rather YOUR birthday present! Most lads end up with trainsets for their birthdays eventually, and we are very proud, thrilled, and rather relieved, to have been given our own 'trainset' this time - yes, you are now part-owner of the youngest Class 20 locomotive to be built, No. 20.227 ex-D8327!!

20.227's History, by Pip Dunn, from Issue 41, 1991

On 7th February 1968 the last two Class 20s were delivered to BR, with newly-built D8326 and D8327 being sent to 66A (Polmadie) for use on Scottish coal trains. The last eleven of the class, D8317-D8327, had all been slightly delayed in being delivered because they were all built new with dual air and vacuum train brakes and it was actually D8323 which was the first loco of the last batch accepted by BR. However D8319, D8326 and D8327 were further delayed by 6-8 weeks as they were fitted with a newly developed slow speed control system which had originally been tested on D8184 and D8191. The system was subsequently fitted to D8179 and D8317/18/20-25 shortly afterwards.

As it is D8327 we are interested in, let me further enlighten you on her career. In February 1969, 8327 (D prefix removed - in theory!) moved to 64B Haymarket to work Fifeshire and Lothian coal trains, operating essentially from Dunfermline Townhill, Thornton or Millerhill to Kincairdine, Longannet and Methil power stations with coal from the many nearby pits, few of which survive. In December 1973, 8327 was renumbered to 20.227 and apart from this little happened for 15 years, until, when a downturn in work brought about largely by the miners strike in the spring of 1984 took place, 20.227 defected to Toton. She moved along with other Scottish slow speed locos, namely 181, 193, 198, 199, 211, 212, 213, 216 and 226, joining 184, 191, 217, 219 which had all moved in July 1983.

Having spent 17 years of probably never getting close to a passenger train, 20.227 became an instant hit with haulage cranks, when she stormed to Skegness with fellow ex-Scot 20.216. With the miners strike all too evident in both Yorkshire and the Midlands there simply was not enough work to go round, and several elusive dual-braked locos also appeared on the Skegness runs.

In March 1985, a largescale swap around of 20s saw many Scottish non slow speed locos being transferred to Tinsley and Toton, and all the locos that had been sent down in July 1983 and April/May 1984 were sent back north of the border. This was largely because they used the initial design of SSC and locos were now being fitted with an updated design. In March 1985, 20.227 was sent first to Motherwell, but reallocated twice in the same month, firstly to Eastfield and then "back home" to Haymarket. At the end of the 1985 summer, 227 entered Glasgow St Rollox works for a classified intermediate overhaul, emerging in October 1985 as the 8th

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member of the class in the then new yellow, grey, and red RAILFREIGHT colours. This was 227's first change of colour, having been blue since delivery. Shortly afterwards, but not whilst in works, she received an offset high intensity sealed beam headlight, as was being fitted to many ScR 20s. Also, 20.227 was adorned with a Haymarket castle emblem on her No.1 end doors.

In July 1986 the loco moved to Eastfield once again, and in November of that year to Motherwell. Her duties, which were more Speedlink based, were similar at each shed. In March 1987, 227 was scheduled to move to Bescot but this was altered, and she moved yet again back to Haymarket. Two months later Motherwell lost its 20 allocation completely. On coal trains more often than not 20.227 was once more a familiar sight in Eastern lowland Scotland.

In May 1988, Haymarket became a provincial depot only resulting in just an 08 and DMU allocation, so all her 20s were reallocated away. 226 went to IM; 218, 219, 224 to Toton; and 179, 212, 213, 217, 227 to Eastfield. Another year elapsed and the May 1989 timetable saw yet another swaround of 20s - 145, 192, 193, 199, 202, 227 and 228 all came to Toton to join 179 and 208 which had arrived in December. This left only 066, 148, 185, 198, 206, 211, 212, 213 in Scotland with the latter five often stored.

20.193 and 20.227 travelled down to Toton in mid May 1989 and remained paired until July 1989 when 193 was condemned. 227 switched to 20.054 but whilst they were together they dealt with 054 taking the accident quite badly - a close shave for our hero. 054 was placed into store only to be condemned soon after. Along with 054 going into store, another Toton departmental loco was also stored - the popular and rateable 20.044. With this out of action, one of the most famous 20s had no partner, namely 20.188 which soon ended up with 20.227 as stablemate. They were immediately put to use on the Derby-Crewe vice-DMU services of August 1989.

When 20.188 was also condemned in January 1990, 20.227 went solo for a long while, being utilised as the Bedford trainer. In August 1990 she became mated with 095 until 1/10/90 when 095 ALSO got condemned!

20.227's use on passenger trains was either unknown or not recorded, or sheer non-existent, prior to transfer to Toton in 1984. However, wishing to make up lost ground she not only put in a mixture of performances but some highly rateable ones. In late May / early June 1984, 227+226 went to Skegness on ten occasions, from Leicester, Burton and Derby. On Saturday 16th June 1984, 227 partnered 219 on the Leicester service, but on 14th July an interesting occurrence happened. IM-based 20.057/214 worked the Sheffield - Skegness service only to be removed at Nottingham after 214 failed. 20.227+140 took over to Skeg, but on the return 140 packed up and was dumped at Boston. 227 was left to carry on alone NOSE FIRST ON LOAD ELEVEN!! The loco was removed at Nottingham in favour of repaired 214+057 (214 again failing on the way back!) Days earlier, on 20/6/84, 219+227 had rescued 18.48 Brighton - Derby after it expired at Tamworth.

20.227 didn't appear on a passenger train in 1985, but on 26/2/86 and 27/2/86 she appeared, for the first time, on 1S06 pilot from Ayr to Stranraer - two of the last occasions this train was ever piloted. Vague details surround a sighting of 222/227 dragging an EMU on a service train from Motherwell to Glasgow on 30/7/86 but this hasn't been 100% confirmed. 20.227 did not work in 1987, and only appeared on a failure once in 1988 when 20.204/227 rescued the 09.30 Glasgow Edinburgh push-pull at Cadder Yard.

In 1989, 20.227 came close to the history books but ended up in disgrace. A popular train in the Winter 1989-90 timetable had been 1B29, the 22.16 portion from Carstairs - Edinburgh, as it had produced a lot of 26, 37 and NB 47 action. The last time it ran was 12/5/89, and a "little fix" had gone in for 227+193. They were allocated to 1C85, the van train from Craigentinny to Carstairs, but by the time 1C85 had reached Waverley 20.227 had totally let the side down and failed BADLY. The driver had no choice but to request fresh power (26.001) and so 193/227 were sent back to Millerhill only to be reallocated to Toton on the Monday!!

On 11/8/89, 20.188/227 did ten trips between Derby and Crewe and reappeared on the Sunday on the last run of this famous fortnight when they worked the 14.41 Crewe-Derby. Later in the month they went to Skegness on the Bank Holiday Monday, only for 227 to fail yet again, and she was actually dumped at Nottingham whilst 188 went on solo to Derby. However, on 14/9/89, 20.227 did get her deserved entry into the realms of fame. Still with 188, a severe DMU crisis at New St saw 20.188/227 work the 06.19 New St - Leicester and 07.38 return vice-DMU turn, from here they went on to carry on the DMU diagram - the 09.40 New St - Stratford on Avon and 10.34 return!! They were all set to go again until 20.227 FAILED AGAIN!!

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Repaired, on the Sunday 17/9/89. 20.188/227 were used by Pathfinder on a Gloucester rail day shuttle, where they went to Gloucester from Birmingham then to Sharpness three times before a pleasant evening thrash down the Golden Valley to Swindon and back. They returned to New St, but much to everyone's chagrin they were held at Bromsgrove for banking assistance. Why?

One more train was graced with 20.188/227's presence and that was in November. On 4/11/89 they worked a 17.30 Nottingham - Sheffield footex. After 20.188's demise in January 1990, with 20.227 single at Bedford, she succeeded in making the news again, when a DMU failure saw her work the 16.20 Bedford - Bletchley NOSE FIRST again.

Her next passenger jobs were on 23/8/90 when paired with the "massive" 20.095. They appeared on the famous 1990 Mattock runs, but on this day the boot was on the other foot as 095 failed and was dumped at Mattock. 20.227 returned on the 09.04 Mattock - Derby nose first and made a solo return trip to Mattock and back. Once a replacement DMU had been found, 095 was recovered by 227.

On 3rd September 20.095/227 went to Skegness (095s first visit ever!) and again on 4th and 5th. However on 11/9/90, 095 and 227 worked their last ever passenger services, the 10.09 Derby - Lincoln and 11.50 return.

Less than three weeks later 20.227 was withdrawn.

Although, as demonstrated, 20.227 failed sometimes, mainly due to electrical faults, she was actually withdrawn as a result of no sector sponsorship. From October 1990 the Toton departmental duties were covered by either 31s or coal sector 20s. Whereas luckily for us 20.227 didn't get transferred to TE, she certainly had a lot of useful life left and this was instantly recognised by TO who put her with 20.001 at the training centre. Under cover and in good condition made her an excellent preservation candidate, which is exactly what I told Mr Stevenson over a beer one Winter's night!

As you can see, 20.227 has had an interesting life, especially the last 6 years!! Historically she is of significance being the youngest 20, and I've always had a soft spot for her - indeed she even passed a final interview for the position of "Pip's machine". But as with 044, 110, 124, 188 and 189 before her, she promptly went and got condemned!

However, there is plenty of time for the young "bomb" now!!

There you have it then, 20.227 from start to finish. What a machine!! In July 1991, with 20.031/110 she was dragged via Carlisle to Glasgow for apparent asbestos removal, prior to a new home at Butterley.

PS. Known partner of 227 were: 054, 095, 114, 140, 181, 188, 192, 193, 199, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 211, 212, 213, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 226, 228.

Pip Dunn gave us the benefit of his favourite Class 20 passenger workings of all time. It's a fascinating look back at a time when you had to be everywhere at once to catch the incredible wares on offer - most of which were unplanned by their very nature.....

"Top 25", by Pip Dunn, from Issue 42, 1991

Pip Dunn gives us his very subjective view of the cream of 20 workings over the last few years. If you have your own list - let us know! Personally I thought a certain 20.064/030/118 was the Number 1 Working Ever but I could be biased.....

25. 20.092/102 (DCMC, TO) on 20.5.89, 13.03 Walsall - Hednesford and 13.35 return; 14.03 Walsall - Hednesford and 14.33 return; 13.03 Walsall - Hednesford and 15.35 return.
A typical example of the LMR, Birmingham Division, having a DMU failure necessitating loco haulage. However this case is particularly interesting as they continued to do several trips on the first day of this new service, or was it a "fix"? The pair themselves were fresh from Immingham but where was everybody? Watching the FA Cup?

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24. 20.026/070 (TO) on 23.6.85; 00.30 Manchester - Euston from Rugby - Bletchley. 08.43 Euston - Holyhead from Bletchley - Rugby. 08.00 Liverpool - Euston from Rugby - Bletchley.
The use of Type 1 power on WCML dragging is more commonplace in the NorthWest, so to find a pair operating on the "London" end is rare. It was certainly a sight to see, two 20s dragging a dead 86 and 13 Mark 3 coaches.
23. 20.004/129 (TO) on 26.3.86. 17.33 Leicester - Cambridge.
It's not unusual to find a pair at Leicester so their chances of assisting a failed unit are high, but for some reason this pair got through at Peterborough and more remarkably through at March!
22. 20.123/171 (ML/ED) on 3.6.83; 09.27 Liverpool - Edinburgh from Carstairs. 16.10 Edinburgh - Liverpool to Carstairs. 18.43 Glasgow Central - Ayr.
In 1984/5 a pair of 208 on the "Carstairs Portions" was not enough to make you speechless, but what is rateable about this occasion is they followed on the 47 diagram, and travelled light to Glasgow to do the Ayr run. And to cap it all, what a pair: 123/171, with the exclusion of the high 20.2xx locos Scotland would be hard pushed to find a better combination - 111/119 or 149/189 perhaps?
21. 20.222 (HA) on 4.11.83. 17.15 Dundee - Arbroath.
A peak evening unit failure usually leaves the operators with no choice but to whack a loco on the front. No 26, 27 or 37 here however, so one of the all time biggies, 222 gets a flail. If only you were there....
20. 20.057/131 (TO) on 16.6.85, 08.45 Northampton - Rhyl (adex) to New Street.
Adex's on Sundays just add to the civil engineers nightmare, not to mention depot foremen who fast run out of power. No choice here but to get the train running with whatever available - a pair of 20s. They ran via Rugby, Nuneaton and Whitacre. A nice bit of 20 haulage at that time!
19. 20.114/127 (FMGA ED, DCMA ED) on 28.5.88, 08.12 Gourrock - Mallaig from Dumbarton to Fort William and return to Dumbarton.
A charter train which 99 people out of 99 would expect a 37/4 to haul. However I believe one or two knew better and were able to sample a pair in full voice over one of the best lines on BR. If you tried asking BR for a pair on the West Highland (and we have) you'd be told a polite "no"!
18. 20.040/078 (FEFN TO) on 15.5.89, 15.28 Kings Lynn - Liverpool St to Cambridge.
Another failure in "foreign parts" has the authorities in a dilemma - cancel the train, try and find a 47/4 or 31/4 or use what power is "available"? They chose the latter, and 040/078 were made "available". King's Lynn sees its best power since... well, ever!
17. 20.170/214 (FEFN TO) on 20-21.7.89, 17.00 Glasgow - Euston, diverted from Nuneaton - St Pancras, 07.20 St Pancras - Glasgow to Manchester Piccadilly.
It is the returning trip in this turn which is interesting. A derailment near Euston sees diversions into both Paddington and St Pancras, and in the case of the latter 3 pairs reached London -032/063, 108/215 and 170/214. All them returned to Manchester via Derby and Dore curve (032 failed and was rescued by 108/215). What chokes me personally is I could have been on one of them but a certain friend forgot to ring me! (Sorry Mr Hicks, but I do bear the odd grudge!).
16. 20.166/193 (TO, ED) on 31.5.85, 17.10 Scarborough - New St to York, and 20.009/167 (HA, TI) from York.
There had been rumblings that this Friday night relief was booked 2x20, but by midweek it had been forcefully denied. However at lunchtime the gen was through that 166/193 were allocated. 193 packed up about 1/4 mile after departure so when 009/167 were taken off a freight at Dringhouses Yard to go light to York shed they were harpooned and commandeered to take over. Rare to see a train get into York with 20 power, and leave with different 20 power! Also of note are the rather unusual (or should I say mega-rare) Anglo-Scottish pairings! A HA 20 at New St, 20.009 remains to this day a very rare loco not had by everybody!
15. 20.089+37.051 (ED) on 11.5.89. 18.00 Oban - Glasgow QS, 20.125+209 (ML, TO)
20.50 Glasgow - Larbert from Mossend yard.

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I've grouped these together basically because they happened on the same day in Scotland and are both pretty mega. 20.089 had been on display at Oban during the Oban Rail Day (and had even been painted up for it) so it was quite logical to send it back to Glasgow on a service train with a 37 - mind you the 37 was leading so NO HEAT! The IS81 "riot" was a little more publicised, it being the last night the train ran, and as it was such a renowned train for good power (usually a "Sulzer 2") it went out in style with a pair of Bombs. Not only that, but 20.125, the machine!! With 20.102/149 on a tour earlier in the day, it was possible to have five 20s north of the border!!

14. 20.048/137 (ED,ML) on 2.7.85, xxx Stranraer - Dover (charter) to Carlisle. Everybody has had a 20 into Stranraer on the pilot at least once, but a pair, with no 47 in the way, out of Stranraer, and right round into Carlisle! 166.25 miles of 20 magic in beautiful Scotland. I doubt anybody was there. I assume a 47 had failed.
13. 20.191/192 (ED) on 7.7.85, 15.39 Paignton - Glasgow, from Carlisle. Again, a summer 1985 Scottish run. The overnight trains were all booked for diesel power "under the wires" from Carlisle - Glasgow on this night, and for some reason this one got a pair of 20s. Cold I'm sure, but I doubt the passengers were that bothered (well, the cranks anyway!).
12. 20.043/069 (DCMC, TO) on 23.7.89, 14.40 Leeds - Cardiff, from Derby. 1989 was an excellent year for 20 bashers, and those lucky enough to be at Derby or New Street on this day had an added bonus to say the least. Obviously the most remarkable thing on this run was the lack of a replacement 37 or 47 at Gloucester and hence Wales was ventured, not for the first or last time, in 1989.
11. 20.138 (DCHA, ED) on 13.5.88, 14.15 Fort William - Glasgow, to Crianlarich. This is even more rateable than 20.114/127 which I mentioned earlier, because it's a single 20 for a start, it was nose first, and most importantly it was the total lack of a 37/4 which meant it was used. Usually in these cases they send the 20 to Mallaig, but there is nothing like a change is there? It was removed at Crianlarich, 138 returning north on a freight, 37425 going on to Glasgow (it had come off the freight).
10. 20.011 (TI) on 27.8.85, 12.55 York - Swansea to Birmingham New St. Many NE/SW reliefs in 1985 were NB 37s, some got 47s, 45s, 31s or the odd 50 or 25, but this one got a single 20!! It was actually allocated through to Swansea at one point but not surprisingly, eager though she was, 20.011 was not let past New St, although the train did have to be terminated because there was no replacement!!
9. 20.092/139 (TI) on 22.6.85, 05.36 Stafford - Llandudno, 09.22 Llandudno - Euston to Stafford. Now all had 20s to Llandudno but that was 1989. In 1985 it was almost unheard of! This train was a result of the Crewe station remodelling, hence first stop Chester. I was in position for their planned return, but 20.139 had run out of fuel so it was only 20.092 working into Stafford on the return, so it was bye bye LD to Bescot! Interestingly both locos are now reunited as part of the DCMN BS fleet!
- 20.013/047 (TO) on 31.8.85, 10.18 Scarborough - Newcastle. In 1984 there was a booked diagram for 2x20 to Scarborough from York, but it only ever worked twice! 1985, with no booked job, saw a lot more action on the line but this case is so rateable from the fact that they ran round and stormed up the ECML. It's worth noting that on 13/7/85 this train had 20.068/155 forward from York whilst on the same day 20.098/146 went York - Scarborough and back.
7. 20.227 (DCMN, TO) on 17.7.90, 16.20 Bedford - Bletchley. I don't know much about this except a unit failure in the rush hour needed loco assistance 20.227, stationed at Bedford for driver training, was commandeered. Of course none of the 20 roadshow got even a sniff. It was all history by the time we found out!
6. 20.122/138 (FDSE ED) on 26.5.90, 10.40 Ayr - Carlisle, 14.00 Carlisle - Ayr. I suppose you may ask why this is considered rarer than No.14, 20.048/137 on a Stranraer - Carlisle. Basically in 1985, especially without sectorisation, 20 usage on passenger trains in

Scotland was far more widespread. In 1990, bar failures, the use of 20s north of the border was non-existent - except for this duo on this incredibly rare fling. It was severely frowned upon by the powers-that-be, hence 20.156 or 20.206 never had a chance.....

5. 20.099/116 (TO, TI) on 17.8.85, 09.15 Glasgow - Bristol from New St (116 failed near Gloucester). Two earlier NE/SW reliefs had been parading around with GD and TE NB 37s (058 going Penzance), so why not add to the variety and send a pair of 20s down to Bristol? Sattley appeared to have no quibbles and so it was a rather nice pairing of TO and TI machines. It caused a few headaches when 20.116 failed near Gloucester leaving 20.099 to struggle on solo, and also when the returning ECS fell apart at the Lickey. But it's all water under the bridge now, and it made the cover of IH86 - a pair at Bristol.
4. 20.188/227 (DCML TO) on 14.9.89, 06.19 New St - Leicester, 07.38 Leicester - New St, 09.40 New St - Stratford on Avon, 10.34 Stratford - New St. The same old story, not enough DMUs to go around in the summer months, and as it progresses and more of them fall apart, to keep even a token service going you have to rely on locos and stock. But isn't sending a pair of 20s to Stratford on Avon going over the top?! Obviously not, having done the Leicester run in the morning the diagram was to go to Stratford - and so they did. And they would have done again if 20.227 hadn't packed up!

Below: Our last "BR" tour was the "Bristol Or Bust!" / "Last Great Moose Hunt" taking 20.016 and 20.081 to Hereford, Newport, Bristol, Didcot, Evesham and back up the Lickey Incline:

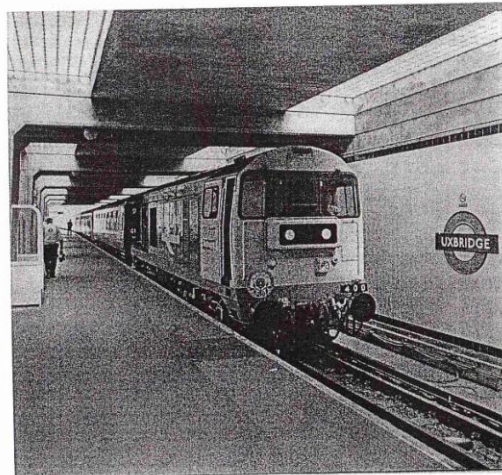


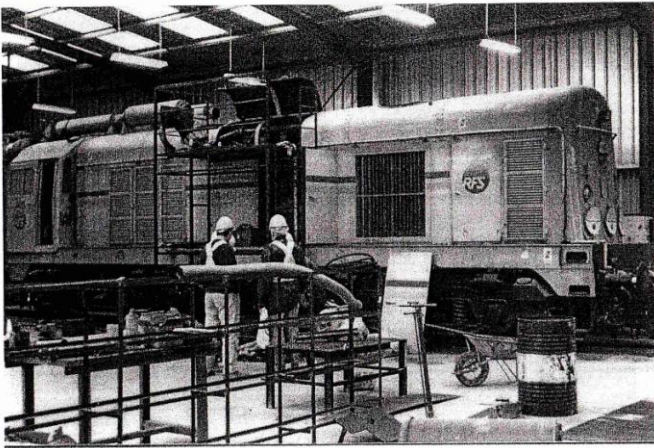
3. 20.214/305 (TO) on 25.9.85, 14.15 Manchester – Reading from Macclesfield, 20.01 Reading – Manchester to New St.
A lot of failures get 20s rescuing them, some are very rare but this one is exceptional for the fact that they continued past Stoke and then past New St down to Reading. The train was a Paddington service which was terminated due to late running. The 20s ran round and the WR obviously didn't want to see them again so they made sure they got rid of them by letting them go back on the 19.27 ex-Paddington. This ran as the 20.01 from Reading. Having to wait for the London connection obviously meant they left late but they were only 14 minutes down at Leamington Spa and were relieved by 47.297 at Birmingham. For me it was excellent because I had a pair through my home town of Kenilworth, and not only that but on one of the few passenger runs by a 20/3 – 20.305 being 20.172 of course.
2. 20.122/37.075 (ML,TO) on 27.7.86, 22.00 Euston – Inverness from Perth.
In the mid 70s there were odd occasions when 20s were used on the Highland main line on passenger services. In the 1980s it was near non-existent – the odd tour maybe, so when this overnight comes a cropper at Perth the nearest power was nabbed, being a grey 20.122 paired with a stray 37.075! It would have been in the early hours of daylight as they were screaming over Drumochter. Oh for a TARDIS!
1. 20.199/202 (DCMB TO) on 26.9.89, 08.15 Derby – Llandudno, 12.04 Llandudno – Blaenau Ffestiniog, 14.18 BF – Llandudno, 17.27 Llandudno – Derby.
This one takes the biscuit! A 31/4 disintegrates at Derby and this huge pair of ex-Scottish beasts are nabbed having arrived on a van train. On arrival at Llandudno they continue the 31 diagram and toddle down the Conwy valley to Blaenau. By this time the gen is all around the UK as many of the roadshow arrive at Llandudno to see them running round prior to returning to Derby. Sure we were all grateful to have this big pair, but sick as parrots to have missed the working of the 80s!!!

We'd saved 227 but now the race was on to secure 001 as well! Amazingly this was achieved in 1992 but it took all our spare cash, and we can hardly afford to get her back from MC Metals. In one of those coincidences, the Channel Tunnel builders offered us a one-year contract, and while we were very wary we went for it – to get the cash and also the experience. Financially it was not as good as it could have been but we gained valuable experience and a business "name" for ourselves, without which our huge success at contracting since then may not have happened. It didn't take long for 20.227 to start on her wandering career – Longsight Open Day, then a small hire contract. ABB used her to crash-test a new coach at Derby Works, not a tempting prospect at first sight © but they explained 227 would push their coach up to 25mph, let it loose into a old Peak at the end of the siding, then measure the results. Hmm! Anyway everything went superbly and we were paid for a hire lasting precisely 55 seconds – a world record not broken since. Almost immediately we secured another contract to evaluate London Underground track laying trains. 227 was paired with D8110, and spent a few happy weekends top and tailing up the Met main line. Whilst the track laying programme stalled for lack of money, we quickly realised the possibilities, and offered 227 direct to LUL for hire. After featuring at Ruislip Open Day, they accepted and so began a long and fruitful relationship, and indeed friendship, which continues 15 years later. First job was as mobile-compressor for Steam On The Met complete with "Underground" insignia, which included many occasions with 227 at the sharp end for ECS moves – 60mph on the met main line was an experience not to be forgotten! Shortly afterwards 001 and 227 returned to Butterley and worked the first double-headed 20s in preservation, closely followed by a TRIPLE-header with 048!



Above: 20.227 and 20.110 at Northwood Hills during the L.U.L. track renewal contract.
Below: 20.227 at the insane location of Uxbridge Underground station.





Above: 2011 / D8001 / 20.001 having a turbocharger replaced in the CTRL Sangatte works.

Issue 50 (halfway!) in 1993 described the imminent repaint of D8001 back into 1957 livery, plus the backbreaking job of removing, testing, and replacing of 20.227's air reservoirs – essential if our off-site visits were to continue at their breakneck pace. The issue also asked "what of the future? We'll let you know in Issue 100". Well here we are letting you know! One of my favourite articles appeared in Issue 50 by Brian – "English Electric Cookery" alongside a photo of the "English Electric Cooker book". From Brian – "Leeks Au Gratin.... 1lb leeks (must be Welsh!), butter, flour, milk, cheese, breadcrumbs... all measurements imperial, no metric rubbish for us... also need bucket, knife, and 20.227.... climb into cab with ingredients and utensils, insert key, and move reverser to EO. Allow fuel priming pump to run, then start engine. Move cooker switch to ON. Place pan on ring, half fill with water perhaps from the header tank, and allow to boil... wash leeks using clean bucket... climb back into cab and place in pan boiling for 20 mins (or 5 minutes if you put the power handle to notch 4 and give it some welly)... blend in other ingredients and simmer (notch 1)... brown under grill. Ah, small problem, no grill. Proceed to the electrical cubicle and place dish under the resistors. Take the loco for a good 10 minute thrash down the line and the cheese and crumbs will have browned nicely. If more than one dish is required, but locos will have to be pressed into service, eg. potatoes in 227 and beans in 001". Insane! 1993 also saw the "Metro Gnome" tour taking 20.227 around the LUL Met lines, resulting in such priceless scenes as a Class 20 on a passenger train at Uxbridge Underground station, something beyond our wildest dreams 49 issues earlier. Sundry mag articles of this era included "Loco Performance" by Andy Flowers, showing that Class 20s are capable of high speeds now and then, even over 90mph such as a Blackpool – Blythe Bridge working through Warrington.

20.227 appeared at Doncaster Open Day in 1994, and was named "Traction". Some nice legs, along with their lady owner, perched on the running board for press photos. Strangely we had loads of volunteers at that event. Included with Issue 54 was a copy of an amazing E.E drawing office design for a A1A-A1A 12-wheel version of the Class 20, with 16 bodyside doors, 8 engine hatches, and described as having a 1700hp power unit. The date can JUST be made out as 28 March 1960. What a monster that would have been if had ever been built! Or maybe one was..... 20.227 continued her travels with a visit to the Mid-Hants Railway (during which it can now be revealed she managed 68mph at one point!) then returned to L.U.L. for the

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steam specials. At L.U.L. she has her own heated shed, with TV, bath, and papers brought in every morning. D8001 finally worked her first passenger train in 1957 livery at Butterley, and our successful bid for 20.205 was revealed. We visited her at MC Metals and obtained loads of spares from 025, 043, 055 and 082 while we were there. At one point we were in line for a contract with B.N.F.L. and gave them a lot of consultancy info, but we all know what happened next – enter DRS! Issue 56 sported a CTLS-style irrelevant cover photo – basher mylords-ing from his bedding place on a Mk1 compo luggage rack. Other photos have been a kitchen sink, a Ford Prefect, Noddy and Bigears, a garden shed, and some Welsh sheep. And why not eh? We visited Brush Works to view the DRS locos and came away with a present – some original flat-sided pilot-scheme bogie equalizing beams for D8001! The Met Steam Specials were great fun as usual, the radios providing some amusing quotes. Heard on our cab radio: "argle bargle woof growl blug. Over." Our driver: "message understood". Er, jolly good. And: "Dave, are you OK for a brake test?", "erm, bit of a problem there Roger, I'm outside the station on the sandwich bar at the moment". As if all this wasn't enough 227 spent the Summer at the North Norfolk Railway as well! Not to be outdone, D8001 went on her holidays for 6 months to the Chinnor Railway in Oxfordshire, one of those quirky factoids being that she had already been there with 016 on a coal train in the 1980s.

One of my favourite CTLS memories is one insane weekend spent in Glasgow visiting Hunslet Barclay and MC Metals. I don't think the "insanity per minute" quotient has been as high either before or since....

Ice Station Zebra, by Dave Gilbert, from Issue 59, 1996
with apologies to Hammond Innes

Our mission, since we decided to accept it, was to (in no particular order), recover the holy grail, discover an inexhaustible power supply, rescue the girl, kill the baddies and remove D8001's A-bank radiator to effect a repair to the split seam weld! All of the above was to happen during the restoration-friendly months of February and March if we were to have any chance of keeping to D8001's planned itinerary, with a visit to Kilmarnock thrown in for us as well. This, of course, was the cue for Mr and Mrs Nature to dig into their bag of goodies and amuse us with some of the worst travelling conditions of the winter when the CTLS boys put their pins into the calendar.

BASINGSTOKE

First up was the weekend of 10/11 February and after Friday night's telly depicted Mr Giles sporting a fetching two-piece arctic survival suit it was a case of "Huskies Ahoy!" for a bracing jaunt north across the Cotswold tundra the following morning. Yours truly ignored the scattering of strategically parked (stranded?) cars at the top of the hill down into Swanwick yard without a thought of how to extricate oneself should the need arise - in fact this was the same modus operandi of CJ an hour earlier who had then spent 30 minutes trying to get the 50yds up the hill out again! Luckily for me the only other fools to have come out on such a day were CJ, Brian and Rob so at least there'd be someone to give me a push!

RIVETTING STUFF

We tunneled through the two feet deep snow with our ice axes to the coach and commenced brewing up. The only readily available water was in the steam locos' water tower and filling our tiny kettle from the one foot diameter outlet bag was entertaining. First job was to remove the frame that holds the adjustable rad blades (well they were adjustable about 20 years ago!) which involved the removal of 20 rusted bolts using Brian's "special" drill bits which each lasted for approximately one bolt. Having gently tossed the frame into the snow (minds those toes girls!) it was a mere bagatelle to disconnect the 4' square by 1' deep rad from its various water and oil pipes although boredom, hunger, and frostbite rapidly set in and we scuttled for the coach and din dins. Further self-generated heat was available that evening when the call of "let's off road!" went up and we all piled into the back of Rob's Land Rover to visit the now traditional Codnor Park Curry House. Acquiring the coach has been a bonus for those involved since the heaters can be cranked up, the doors sealed, the beers cracked open and the curry consumed in bath-house temperatures. All very reminiscent of IM10 for those that remember it, right down to kipping on the compo seats two doors down from the Snorer's Compartment. CJ maintains he's never done IM10 [I've done the M10 a few times, is that any good? - Ed] but he seemed to play the part very well!!

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BASINGSTOKE

Sunday morning saw the Fab Four sorting out the domestic arrangements by laying the carpet tiles in the "Conference Room" and finishing off the tasteful sink tiles. Thankfully Brian was able to distinguish between the two types by way of the carpetty feel of those destined for the floor! The rest of the day was spent finishing the disconnection of the rad and trying to find someone from MENSA who could work out how to fix the special Radiator Removal Tool (yes there's a tool for everything!) borrowed from Toton, before we called it a day and decided that another attempt at the summit would be made another time.

LEICESTER CITY 1 PORT VALE 1

Saturday 17th February. Another two home points wasted. Even Argyle could only draw 0-0 with Doncaster. Nothing to do with the job in hand but it just needed saying. Thank you.

APPLE PIES

Friday 23rd February. Drag Brian kicking and screaming into the Fuzzcock pub on the Euston Road for a swift half before meeting up with the other guys on the 13.40 Euston - Preston. The reason for such irrational behaviour? Yet another CTLS foray north of the border, this time to storm the battlements of Hunslet Barclay at Kilmarnock to view the 20/9s hibernating for the winter. After sampling a medium to firm 90.011 we bailed out at Crewe to (a) pick up Lester (or was that bailing at Leicester to pick up the crew? Can't remember) and the Hairy Bodger and (b) for some reason to catch a blasted HST masquerading as the Wessex Scot! What unimaginative clown thought out this timetable? Aren't there any northbound 87s plying their trade around 16.00? I resolve never to plan a CTLS tour schedule again and demolish a whole box of apple pies in a fit of pique. CJS decides to dine al fresco despatching several gherkins and whittling a passable likeness of Engelbert Humperdinck out of a large green fruit. Whole coach applauds.

STEVE'S ROUND

Steve (20.206) Beniston appears from behind a potted plant at Glasgow Central and we plunge knees-first into the Clyde-side nightlife in the station bar, confusing the staff by appearing to purchase several interlinked rounds as part of a mathematical experiment. Somehow Steve ends up paying for the whole lot but, as he later slips out, he now lives in Basingstoke so he can afford it!

FORKS

The last leg of the journey to Kilmarnock at 20.30pm on a 150 unit marks our first encounter with the natives. As Steve converses with the three pilot tugs who are carefully manoeuvring his mobile-home-in-a-bag into the harbour of the nearest luggage hole, a student hoves into view sporting a carrier bag that appears to contain the produce of one of the many authentic Chinese takeaways lining the embankment bellowing something along the lines of "Avyanodinagivvusootyabagawee... fork... see?" Any guesses? Nope, neither had we. The whole train is then subjected to interrogation by this Glaswegian gentleman who continually asks people in general "Hae yew got a fork Jamie?" very loudly for no apparent reason - other than that if nobody had he would probably soon be brandishing the other half of the cutlery set. Mr Stevenson was noted sinking quietly into his seat which no doubt was not entirely unconnected with the fact that for some bizarre reason he DID have a fork conveniently sticking out of his coat pocket!

BASINGSTOKE

Bags are dumped at the B&B and Mr Chairman declares Kilmarnock to be the entertainment centre of Scotland - when compared to Troon and Ayr. To prove this beyond doubt we sally forth to go clubbing and end up gatecrashing a heady mixture of Darby and Joan and a hen party. The CTLS and a man from Basingstoke resolutely prop up the bar whilst the regulars strangle the life out of popular hits from circa 1906 but nobody seems to worry very much. One brave soul of advancing years begins to give a sterling rendition of My Way but falters in the middle due to bad eyesight!! Since Paul won't throw his hat into the ring we adjourn for a pizza and an early night.

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20 209 LIVES!

A hearty breakfast that has the cholesterol dial doing cartwheels sets us up for the day which will rate highly in the CTLS listing of Days That Produced Extra Bonus Points. Ace gate-sniffer the Hairy Bodger detects Messrs Hunslet and Barclay's car park by virtue of sighting "Kilmarnock 400" and "Mary MacDonald of That ilk" loitering on rails by the main gate. What IS "Kilmarnock 400" all about we ask Mr Clark when he arrives to show us round and it transpires that it's how many years the local supermarket has been trading... A very interesting and informative couple of hours ensues as we are taken into every nook and cranny of the works with several projects laid out in varying degrees of completion including the frames of brand new locos destined for Taiwan (in exchange for those crap CD players presumably!) and some EMU mods taking shape for ReS. We are accompanied throughout by the works cat who leaves her mark at frequent intervals and the caretaker who doesn't. This old gent is about 100 and he took the job on after working at the place for 62 years! The weekend really got into its stride as we moved outside again to view the sun bleached bones of 20.209 in the scrap siding (hats off and show respect please people). Rather than be left in peace she'd been left in pieces and allowed to rust into the undergrowth after removal of most equipment. Never ones, as you know, to look a gift horse in the mouth we scramble over her to spot for anything salvageable when we suddenly spy a 5 feet long lump of tubing in the grass. On closer inspection it turns out to be the final piece of the jigsaw called 20.205 - the driveshaft connecting the engine crankshaft to the fan gearbox. Needless to say our booty is rapidly disguised in bogroll and Kim-Dri and carried around for the rest of the weekend looking like a surplus rocket launcher! For those of you so inclined it might be interesting to know that 20.209 would have been named "Joan" had she ever resurfaced. A final bit of entertainment was the stunned look on Steve's face as he wanders into an erecting shop and claps his eyes on a bogie clearly chalked with the words "SOLD - S Beniston", at which he exclaims, rather superfluously we thought - "Hey! That's my bogie!". In fact the item was supposed to be lounging at MC Metals awaiting Steve's collection in a couple of weeks. Wouldn't like to be in Mr McGruder's shoes on Monday morning!

STATION BAR

After the tour we wandered into the station bar for a quick half or six while waiting for the Glasgow train. It opened every day at 7am sharp! Very useful for a couple of pints after breakfast on the way to the office. Today there were just five old blokes, and an old woman attempting to sing along with the jukebox. Karaoke's the last thing you need in a dubious bar in Kilmarnock on a wet Saturday lunchtime. Next port of call is the tourist office near Queen Street. "We'd like a guesthouse for eight in central Glasgow please". "For how much?" sez she, "errr, f-f-f..." sez us, "forty-five pounds?" sez she, "er, f-four..." sez us, "forty?" sez she, "err... f-f-fourteen?". No chance! Eventually we got one in Duke Street in dodgy east Glasgow which took scrap metal, and we walked there to soak up the atmo - past drinking bunkers with narrow doors with all the surrounding building demolished leaving jagged wall edges. Very Robocop.

FALSE DOGS

While we were lugging our bazooka down Duke Street it was noted that Steve Beniston could hardly lift his holdall which seemed heavier than our driveshaft. His explanation of a clean pair of socks and a toothbrush didn't sound very credible. We are spotted by a lady weaving down the street who is a hired help and has been sent out to find "some lads frae Basingstoke wi' a stick o' iron". Eventually we arrive in one piece and dump the driveshaft on the bedroom floor. Guesthouse Bloke: "what's that?". "driveshaft for an engine". "What, Anglia or something?" It's four feet long man! Maybe he dragsters Anglias. The lady of the house theatrically thanks us for coming since a party of eight Irishmen just cancelled leaving her with "an echoin' hoose an' a load of food!". We are immediately tapped for cash by the landlord who unashamedly admits he works to Rule of Wife and shows us their wonderful collection of notices including one which reads: "to assist in planning their holiday budget guests are requested to pay their account on arrival"! Surely our holiday budget would have been helped much more if we'd not paid then cleared off quick at 6am? We plan the evening's entertainment, and Mrs Wife is seen walking what is alleged to be a dog outside on the pavement. "That dog is false sez me" wondering what form of canine could be that huge - must be a horse in drag.

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Above: The CTLS mafia and their rocket launcher at Glasgow Central

GIVE MY REGARDS TO SAUCHIEHALL STREET

We pile out and take a heavily fortified bus back to the centre for a visit to the transport museum, the journey being made survivable by the commentary of the Celtic match on the driver's tannic. It's still 1-0 to the Bhoys as we arrive at Kelvin Hall and march past the fleet of expensive cars with "British Athletics Team" stickers in the windows. Later we adjourn smartly along Sauchiehall Street completely ignoring Jim Rosenthal outside the Hall and pile into the one pub in Glasgow with glass in the windows. The main thing of note at the curryhouse was the lemonade which had less taste than the water.

BASINGSTOKE

We awake to the sound of the washbasin in the corner of the room backing up due to the dodgy pipework [I thought it was Brian backing up after that curry due to HIS dodgy pipework - ED], and descend to the basement where a total of thirteen people have breakfast thrown at them in what amounts to a cupboard under the stairs. Mrs Wife and the hired help run the show with a rod of iron [good job we carried a bigger one to fight back with! - ED] "cooked breakfast with mushrooms and don't hurt me please". "RIGHT! Two Breakfasts and NAE scutties! Did ye hear tha' Mary hen?!?". We didn't dare ask for extra tea. We missed the armoured car back to town so two taxis were commandeered (I've always wanted to shout "follow that taxi" to a taxi driver). The drivers were hardbitten and must have seen it all, however they looked vaguely worried as eight blokes piled in with two of them lugging what looked like a supergun into the back of the motor. CJ obviously hasn't understood the concept of taxis as first of all he sat down on the tip up seat, got his change out of his pocket and chucked it all over the floor as we ran over a pothole, then after retrieving the cash he tried to sit down again on the, by now tipped up, seat thereby ending up on the floor and dropping the change again. Giving up the seat as a bad job he then stood up and commenced shooting the "supergun" drive-shaft out of the window at Taxi #2 as both vehicles roared down Duke Street side by side [all lies! I can't aim to save me life! - ED], followed by a failed second attempt to sit down as the seat had tipped up AGAIN and the floor was visited with an encore. The driver grimly gripped his wheel harder and tried to get us to the city centre before the supergun went off in his ear.

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LIGHTS OUT

The Left Luggage was closed, as was the Right Luggage, so we dumped the shaft with the station master who looked a bit dubious until Brian showed his BR card and explained what it was. "I knew it" said the lady clerk "you're trainspotters!" First time we've seen trainspotters hauling 150lbs of metal tubing around with them. Maybe she thought it was some sort of telescope for long-distance spotting. This was followed by either a visit to a model railway exhibition for Lester and Steve, or a stroll up the river through the scenic Gorbals area, which a nice gentleman had recommended, and back across to the river to the Peoples Palace museum and conservatory. Here Brian, Paul, Rob, DaveG, Harry and CJ partake of morning tea and biscuits in the serene tropical greenery to the gentle sound of gunfire and squealing coming distantly from the other side of the river. 'pon returning to Central the office is closed and the lights are out but the Secret Sign gains us entrance and we retrieve the rocket launcher.

86 FOR 8 AND NOT OUT

At lunchtime we piled onto the Crewe train and commenced lunch. Much searching in Mr Walker's crisp packets produced some of those 'Tazos' discs (a naff free 'gift' if ever there was one). The wording on the packet stated that Tazos were "specially made to enable you to build any construction your imagination allows". Remind me to post mine to Butterley and they can build the diesel shed with it. We grabbed our reserved seats and Rob nonchalantly stacked the driveshaft in the guard's van. The guard promptly stated "they, that's more than a metre long so that'll be £30 mate". An is-isn't argument ensued, which was wrapped up by Rob asking "where's yer measure then?". Guard departs with tail between legs. A very rare route is then traversed which involves arriving at Motherwell 10 miles out facing BACK towards Glasgow having been via Hamilton, then round to Holytown and Ravenscraig (RIP) for some freight mileage back to the main line, by which time we've finished the petit fours and are making a dent in the fine brandies and liqueurs.

MIXED GRILLE

On return to Butterley Mr French has overseen the repairs to D8001's rad, although a slight mishap with a lifting cradle had modified the shape a little bit. 9/10th March sees Lester and Mr Gilbert cranking the whole ensemble back into place, and tests show the thing to be sound. She shunts a few things round for an hour or so and no water sprays into the air, although the Permanent Way Dept have a few laughs at the expense of our Carlos Fandango Go-Faster radiator. The weekend prior to the gala witnesses an final visit by Gibs, Brian, CJ, Ian Collins and Male restoring the grille to its rightful place and painted. Lester then spends the next week shunting with no ill effects and the gala itself goes off without any problems at all other than a display of driving that made the car chase in the Italian Job look like the Brighton Vintage Rally. It's been a long winter and those responsible for getting D8001 back on the road are: Lester, Chris Lings, Pete Woods (for dogs), Harry, Male, Carl, Brian, Rob, Chris, Paul, Ian, and DG.

BASINGSTOKE

This report was brought to your fireside by a somewhat frostbitten Captain Peanut Gilbert including divers alarums and sundry ribticklers provided by Wing (the other fell off) Commander CJ (CJ) Stevenson. Don't mention it. And now ... back to the studio ...

Class 20s finally received their By Appointment to HRH when 301 and 302 hauled the royal train to Aberystwyth. More usefully, Issue 63 featured a Page Three Stunna! "Lovely 29-year old Scottish lass 227 now lives in the Midlands where the local lads are most appreciative of her charming 36C buffers. The loveliest locos are always in 'The Vision'!". We also noted that we're positively sane compared to some. Recent modeling mags quotes were: "the gorse bushes are literally homegrown - made from my shaved-off beard", and "Roger Lycett-Smith recycles his felt-tip pen into a 4mm yard lamp". Astounding. Main-line activity had reached an all-time low-point, with our Rail Report reduced to simply the "Bescot Class 20 Movements Report" detailing the various efforts of 20.075, 20.128, 20.131, and 20.187 on Ironbridge operations, Blaxwich trips, etc. BS finally lost its allocation, but DRS were soon to take up the baton however, as 1997 saw them buy a load of locos with them retaining the flask traffic and starting new flows such as an experimental Cumbria - Cricklewood milk train. Meanwhile my plan to purchase an ICI hopper

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hill. Upon arrival back at Alresford we ran back through the platform after our train had been hauled out as the next departure, waited at the starter siding until it had left the section, moved out beyond the home signal then reversed back into the cattle dock siding at the platform end to wait the next turn. This was an amusing siding because it led out into the car park! Obviously this was used for loading/unloading locos off lorries and a little game was to see how far we could edge out into the car park each time we arrived without causing trouble. It was also very conveniently situated next to the station buffet back-door from which the not unattractive counter girls would frequently appear to collect food etc from a storage shed next to the loco. During one layover I was happily reading the newspaper in the cab on my own, when the girls toddled out, went into the shed, and came out with some bags of bread rolls which they took back inside. When I later told the lads that two young ladies had got their baps out right in front of me they didn't believe me in the slightest. The service was extremely intensive with departures every half an hour and connections between passing trains at every station so people could cover as many trains and locos as possible.

We were cleverly converted back to a pair of Class 20s by the simple means of attaching D8001 to the back of the next train as it passed Ropley. It was then an easy matter to reverse 20.227 onto her ready to take off. One thing I wish I'd thought of while we were there was to operate a train cab-to-cab. Due to the intermittent nature of our multiple-working experiments at Butterley we decided to operate the first trip in tandem with a driver in each loco. In fact on the second trip we seemed to manage to get them to function in multiple far a while but it didn't last long and the decision was taken to operate in tandem for the rest of the weekend.

To great relief all round the day went off without any problems, which was fantastic news after all the aggro we'd had over the three months leading up to it! Wearingly we put the locos to bed in Ropley station platform, then I took the opportunity to pitch my tent in the picnic area. After a wash and brush-up at the Travelodge we all trooped up to Medstead by semi-fast legs and partook of refreshment in a boozier on the main road. For some reason all the customers were dressed as schoolkids, quite eye-wateringly so in several cases it has to be said. Perhaps we'd actually strayed into the local school instead which might account for the funny looks we got for requesting four pints of bitter and a white wine. Shortly afterwards we adjourned to the curry house across the road which turned out to be quite good. They obviously realised they were dealing with the CTLS though because whereas most of our meals turned up in normal dishes and plates and so on, Rob's selection arrived in a brass bucket!! Much later we walked back, in some cases staggered back, and other cases rolled back, to the Travelodge. To the bemusement of bystanders at this point I extracted my folding bike out of Rob's vehicle, waved a cheery goodbye and steamed off down the A31 dual-carriageway to Ropley arriving there at 00.50 hours (local time). What would have been suicide at 17.30 turned out to be a very pleasant moonlit amble, admittedly enlivened by one or two unscheduled detours into ditches, trees, and lampposts. My slumbers were accompanied by the dulcet tones of a ticking-over Class 47 in the platform apparently left on because of a faulty start switch.

Saturday continued in much the same vein, with 20.001 and 20.227 being operated in tandem. Unbeknownst to us, a gentleman from Her Majesty's Inspectorate was on the loose and later in the day it was announced that five drivers had been issued with speeding tickets - none of them being Class 20 drivers of course! Clive Langston brought "The Last Great Moose Hunt" headboard and that adorned the locos for most of the day. Saturday evening was enlivened by a serious booze-up in Ropley picnic site accompanied by folkpunk outfit Blyth Power who also happen to be Class 56 bashers. Loads of food was provided - I'm sure I saw Lee despatch five portions and that was only the ones I noticed - and 3 real ales. The bass guitarist sported an excellent T-shirt with "Upton Park" emblazoned on it - and he certainly was (two stops short of ...). Just before the last song frontman Joseph Porter announced that they'd had a great day and specifically mentioned his favourite moments had been with the Class 20s!

During the evening the discussion continued about why D8001's duplex check valve had collapsed so spectacularly at Soho and it transpired that 45.112 was supplying air to the train pipe at 140psi - ludicrously high when the 45 should itself have been reducing the output pressure down to 100psi from 140-120psi main res in the same way as D8001 or 20.227 or any other loco for that matter. This high pressure quite possibly jammed our duplex check valve thereby causing the leak. The gig finished at 10pm promptly and everyone drifted off, with most of our crowd wobbling back to the Travelodge on a hired Bristol RF bus. I didn't fancy spending my bedtime hours with a grumbling Class 47 so shifted myself tent, stock and barrel down to a convenient cowfield where I'm pleased to say Daisy, Gertrude and the other ladies made me most welcome. We spent most journeys on the Sunday trying to tweak the time delay relay valve - or at least what we assumed was the TDR - and the final verdict was that the attached potentiometer was faulty. Various manual twiddlings

of this unit caused 1300 amps to kick in almost immediately, although we had to be a bit careful since the whole point of the relay was that it was added by Glasgow Works to prevent bent crankshafts. These were caused because the later electronically-controlled locos were much quicker to respond to controller movements than earlier locos and the instantly increased revs were prone to bending the crankshafts. One very strange feeling during the trips was applying full power at Ropley platform end on Alton bound trains, and blasting up the 1 in 60 to Medstead with full power on until the front cab actually reached the platform end!! Shutting off at this point allowed the train to drift to a stand at the other end with the weight of the coaches on the gradient doing the retarding. One even occasionally had to apply further power in the platform! At some during Sunday the decision was taken to abandon 001 at the Mid Hants afterwards because we could not risk the valve blowing again out on the mainline. The final day also saw various participants attending the Alresford Watercress Fair. Here you could buy absolutely anything so long as it was made of watercress - ice cream, beer, jumpers, three-piece suits.

The final announcement by the Alresford tannoy lady stated that the last 08 hauled train had been cancelled since the whole timetable was now one and a half hours late and "the next Ropley train will be 11.00 Tuesday". Shades of "Oh Mr Porter!" there. She was certainly correct about everything running late and we didn't finish until 8pm. As a final treat we had the honour of working the last train of the day which was hauling the two 37s and D1013 back up the hill to Ropley. Still, at least everyone stayed until the job was done unlike some drivers at other diesel galas who apparently refused to work outside 8am to 5pm resulting in the cancellation of trains! Another incredible gala from the Mid Hants and all credit to Marcus who organised the whole thing. Our visit was the culmination of a hair-raising few months with some desperate moves and some trouser-wetting moments, but as often seems to be the case for us - All's Well That Ends Well. Until next time! Once again the star of the show is Lee without whose dedication it is safe to say the locos just would not have gone to the Mid Hants. 20.227 finally arrived back at Butterley on 20th May and Lee was there to receive her and lock her up, none the worse for several hundred miles of mainline mileage and a few tens of miles on service trains!

On returning from the Mid Hants, 227 finally gave up the ghost completely after giving her best at the gala. It was an interesting opportunity to, um, learn all there is to know about her electronic control circuits, and took us five months to work everything out and fix it. The final scores on the doors included swapped voltage regulator, several swapped load regulators and input boards (no difference), cleaned/repairs motor cutout switch, time delay relay repaired, governor switches adjusted, all inputs to static control unit checked, replaced SCU, air operated potentiometer repaired, . ALL of the faulty parts seemed to have decided to collapse at the same time which was bizarre! Satisfying to see that the ex-Glasgow Works test kit we used was basically an old ice-cream box with some electronic gubbins in it! To add to the fun L.U.L. requested us back again. It was great investigative teamwork especially by Lee and Dom. The final fix was celebrated by a visit to The Wheel at Holbrook for food and drinks. The waitress announced that "I can take two at a time you know". Plates folks, PLATES. The following year we paid a visit to the South Devon Railway, after a huge amount of preparation by Lester, PaulW and Lee. A great investment was a superb battery charger allowing us to be independent of Butterley - should have bought one years ago!

And to bring us up-to-date 2007 was a stupendous year - we nearly made it to the NYMR, we repainted D8001 back to green, acquired a BG spares coach and moved all the spares into it, organized TWO night photography shoots including a 3am marathon, saved the day at a couple of Butterley diesel galas, hired 227 to the SVR and TWICE to the Underground, send both locos to Barrow Hill, and celebrated 50 years of Class 20s with TWO Chopperfests including a QUINTUPLE-headed train and reintroducing D8001 to her original designer!

2008 will be equally stupendous with some big projects in the pipeline.

Stick around for the next 25 years, anything could happen and probably will!

Back page: It's all been worth it!! Mid-Hants Railway and Chopperfest.....

