



## NEWSLETTER No. 30 – CHEDDLETON 25th June 2016

It was a bright sunny day, although the forecast was for showers, when eight vehicles congregated at the Kingfisher Pub, in anticipation of Deryck's run to the Churnet Valley Railway. Deryck diligently distributed two sets of directions, one for the outward journey and another for the return, both apparently very scenic routes. The trip down was spectacular and took in some delightful countryside and many minor roads (I think some were 'C' roads). The sheets proudly boasted a trip of 32 miles but the odometer read well in excess of 42 miles, probably because most members added extra mileage while looking for the elusive village of Deleted which was clearly marked on the directions! When put on the spot, Deryck confessed, *"Oh, it shouldn't have said that – it's GoogleMap's fault!"*

Cheddleton Station was duly reached and the 45 or so minutes wait for the train allowed ample time to explore the motive power depot (engine shed) and adjacent yard, and to buy tickets. The tickets were of the Edmundson type to add authenticity to the steam experience although the steam motive power left a lot to be desired as it was a Polish engine. Rumour abounded that it may have to return to Poland when Article 50 has been presented to Brussels! The engine shed was home to several locomotives in the process of being rebuilt, a narrow gauge engine, a couple of model steam engines (Fred Dibnah type engines), industrial locos: BR shunter D2334; Class 33 33021 'Captain Charles'; Class 47 47524; BR 68030 carrying a Coalville shedplate; and Class 25 25322. Stalls were also set up which sold railway books, replica signs, DVDs, magazines etc. Also for sale on a transport theme was a big red bus, emblazoned with 'IN' logos and several massive boxes of second-hand 'IN' badges!



**Hotspur, the Polish steam locomotive**



**The gang chew the cud while waiting for the train**

The first train to pull out was hauled by Class 14/9 14901 (more about this later) so the populous opted to wait for the steam engine (or the 'chuffer' for those old enough) and it turned out to be the Polish one. We alighted at Froghall Station and waited for the engine to run round. It stopped to take on water at the chute and the fireman must have been day-dreaming as it filled to overflowing for a good five minutes so we had to wait for the deluge of surplus water to drain away on the tracks. To our surprise we found out that we would be hauled back by the Class 14/9 diesel. It trundled back through Cheddleton Station and then through the 532 yard tunnel. It was completely pitch black through the tunnel as the lights were not functioning which prompted Mike to do afterwards the rounds to enquire, *"He haw, he haw, he haw. Has*



*anyone been murdered in this carriage?"* in his best French accent. We arrived at Leek Brook Station and again waited for the diesel to run around. So we waited, and waited, and waited..... whereupon I eventually enquired to a high-viz jacket wearing person of no importance, in a jocular manner, *"Has it broken down?"* The response was a definitive *"Yes!"* This forced us to take in the air, so we alighted onto the platform and made our way down to the defective piece of machinery.



**The reliability of a Rolls-Royce!**



**Miss Sophie to the rescue – uncoupled and heading for home**

With all the combined intelligence of the assembled petrol-heads, we were convinced that we could get it running again. We inspected the engine first and deduced that it couldn't possibly have broken down as was a Rolls Royce, and it is common knowledge that they never break down, they simply temporarily cease to proceed. We tried jump starting it and spraying the carb with Easy-Start, but all to no avail. The driver must take most of the blame as he allowed it to break down on a flat section of line so we couldn't all push it, and bump start it in second gear. If only he had parked on a hill! Deryck had, by this time, all the groups' sympathy, with nobody apportioning any blame upon him whatsoever, even though an hour had passed without any progress and tempers were becoming frayed as there was not a pub in sight and valuable drinking time was being eroded. It was then a case of Miss Sophie to the rescue. Relief engine Class 33 33102 'Sophie' was summoned and she duly arrived to save the day. The defunct diesel was uncoupled and Sophie dragged it to the front of the train to coupled up to the carriages. We were then finally pulled back 'double-headed' into Cheddleton.



**The scenery on route to Cheddleton**



**Proper scenery – passing a pub 'scene' from the train**

Several members had time constraints and chose to Sat-Nav home while others faithfully followed the narrow lanes on the scenic route that Deryck had meticulously arranged over the hills and far away. Many thanks go to 'Deleted Deryck' for organising such an interesting and educational run. An excellent time was enjoyed by all! *(Written by Dave, our International member)*