

newsletter

Upper Canada Railway Society



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newsletter

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Robert D. McMann, Editor.

Contributions to the Newsletter are solicited. Unless otherwise requested, every effort will be made to return material.

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A special note of appreciation and thanks to members of the Flying Scotsman USA Ltd. for their cooperation in obtaining information and photographs of the engine and equipment for this issue.

The Cover

'FLYING SCOTSMAN' rides the turntable at Canadian National Railways' Spadina roundhouse in downtown Toronto in the wee morning hours of Friday, August 28, 1970. The city skyline provides an impressive background. The photograph was taken from the roof of the roundhouse by Jim Brown. Electronic flash lighting of the engine was provided by Tom Henry.

Readers' Exchange

ONE DOLLAR buys an 8 x 10 print of this month's 'Flying Scotsman' cover photo. Or for \$3.50 you can have a four print set of LNER 4472 in Ontario, including the cover shot, two photos of 'Flying Scotsman' with CN 6218, and a rural view of 4472 at speed. James A. Brown, 3 Bromley Crescent, Bramalea, Ontario.

Coming Events



Regular meetings of the Society are held on the third Friday of each month (except July and August) at 589 Mt. Pleasant Road, Toronto, Ontario. 8.00 p.m.

Nov. 20: Regular Meeting. UCRS Photo Contest. (Fri.)

Nov. 27: Hamilton Chapter Meeting, 8:00 p.m., in the CN Station Board Room. James St. N., Hamilton.

Dec. 18: Regular Meeting. John D. Thompson will give an illustrated address on a subject of railway interest.

KEEP THE DATE of Saturday, February 6, 1971 open on your calendar. The reason: this is the date of the UCRS Steam 'n Snow Excursion with CN 6218. This trip will be from Toronto to Orillia. Full details available soon. Watch the NEWSLETTER for information.



AN INTERESTING SOUVENIR of the 'Flying Scotsman's visit to Toronto is available from the UCRS Publications Sales Committee. The souvenir is a philatelic cover, with a very attractive line drawing showing Union Pacific 'Big Boy' 4-8-8-4 4017, LNER 4472, and GNR 'Stirling Single' and the words "British National Railway Museums commemorate the visit of 4472 to American National Railroad Museum" arranged along the top and bottom of the drawing. The cover carries the 6¢ black Turbo stamp, cancelled with a special Canadian National Exhibition postmark. The cover also carries a special 4472-CNE frank, as well as the UCRS crest. Backing for the cover is a fine post card of the 4472, and a souvenir ticket of the 4472's visit to Green Bay, Wisconsin. The cover is only 65¢; get yours today from UCRS Publications Sales. Ontario residents please add 5% PST.



A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR...

With this issue of the NEWSLETTER, the Upper Canada Railway Society celebrates the Silver Anniversary of its publication. Twenty-five years ago, in September 1945, NEWS LETTER Number One (a single sheet of Goldenrod mimeograph paper printed on both sides) was produced and mailed out to a membership of approximately sixty members. This first issue was committed to production by the first editor, Stuart I. Westland, who dictated the contents to Raymond F. Corley, who typed out the stencils for the mimeo machine.

In the intervening years, the NEWSLETTER has become an offset publication, produced monthly with twelve pages of news, comment, articles and photographs. The magazine is mailed out to over 900 members in Canada, the United States, Europe, South America, Australia, and Africa, and is sold as well over the counter in several local hobby shops. The NEWSLETTER enjoys a respected position among North American railfan publications. Much of the success of the NEWSLETTER is due, however, to the efforts of the many contributors who forward news items, articles, and photographs each month. You see their names displayed prominently in each issue. Not to be forgotten are the efforts of the NEWSLETTER staff who assist in editing, layout and production of each issue.

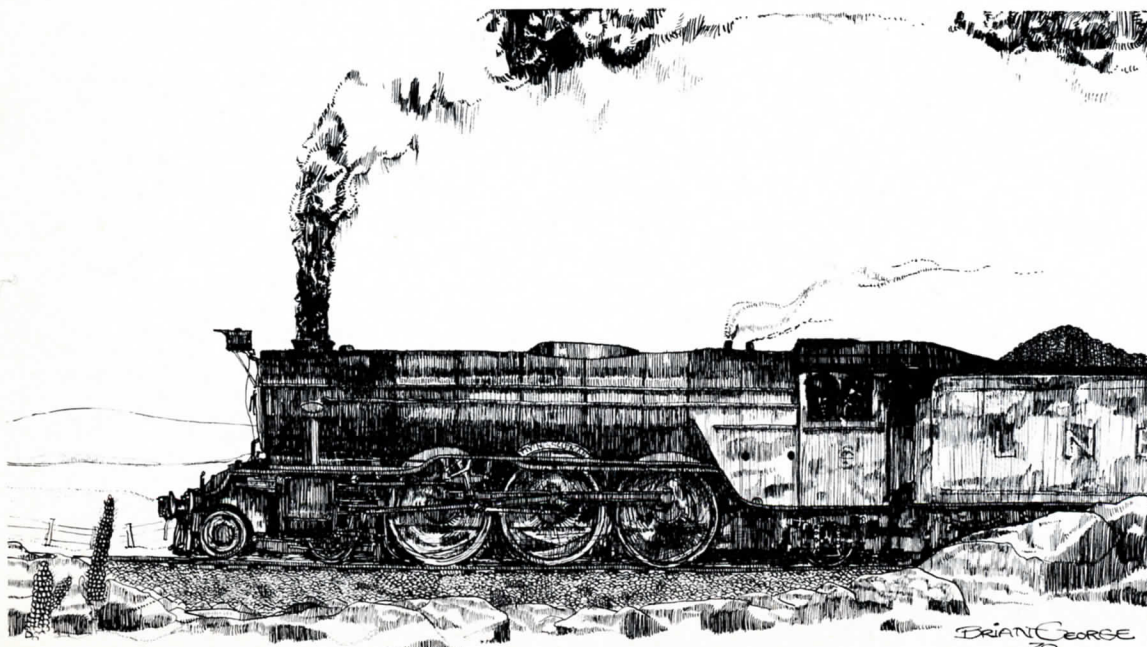
Over the years there have been changes in the NEWSLETTER, in method of reproduction and in editorship. The first editor, Stuart I. Westland, served well in this capacity from September 1945 to February 1960, when the editorship was assumed by Robert J. Sandusky. John Mills served as acting editor from late 1960 until the middle of 1961, when Bob Sandusky resigned the post because of increased business commitments. At this time the publication was taken over by the then president Bas Headford, who radically changed the physical format of the publication from mimeograph reproduction to offset printing, with photographs. When Ed Jordan assumed the mantle of editor in early 1962 the NEWSLETTER was greatly changed and improved. Under Ed's tenure as editor, the Society undertook the printing of the magazine (along with other material) on its own. A used multilith press was purchased for the purpose, and the printing of the NEWSLETTER on this press continued until the end of 1965. Jim Brown became editor in the middle of 1965 and made changes in the format of the magazine and made improvements, bringing the NEWSLETTER to the quality magazine that it is today. The present editor assumed his office in July 1969, when Jim resigned the post. It is hoped that the members will appreciate the efforts of these people over the years who have made the NEWSLETTER the fine publication that it is today.

LNER 4472 the 'Flying Scotsman' is the subject of this Silver Anniversary issue. This is the first time that an issue of the NEWSLETTER has been devoted to a single subject. Regular features and departments will return with the November issue. We would be interested in the reception that this single subject issue receives with the members and readers. If the issue is popular, other single format issues will appear from time to time in the future.

What for the NEWSLETTER in the future? Starting in January, the NEWSLETTER will be increased in size to 16 pages monthly. At the same time some new features will be added. There will be changes as well in format. How about a new name??? Your editor and his staff have been considering the possibility of a name change for the publication--the word NEWSLETTER not belonging exclusively to the UCRS, and not very descriptive of the type of magazine that the publication is today. In searching for a new name, the editorial staff has decided to sponsor a contest. Put your thinking cap on and come up with a suggestion for a new name for the NEWSLETTER. The only rules are that the name should be indicative of railroading and should try to incorporate a Canadian theme. Send your entries to the editor at his address in the masthead. Closing date for entries will be December 15th. All entries will be judged by the editorial staff--final selection by the Board of Directors of the UCRS. Prizes will be awarded for the best name chosen and two runners up and will be announced next month.

Enough editorializing on the NEWSLETTER. Settle back and read about the exploits of an apple-green Pacific and her train on tour in Canada.

ROBERT McMANN, EDITOR.

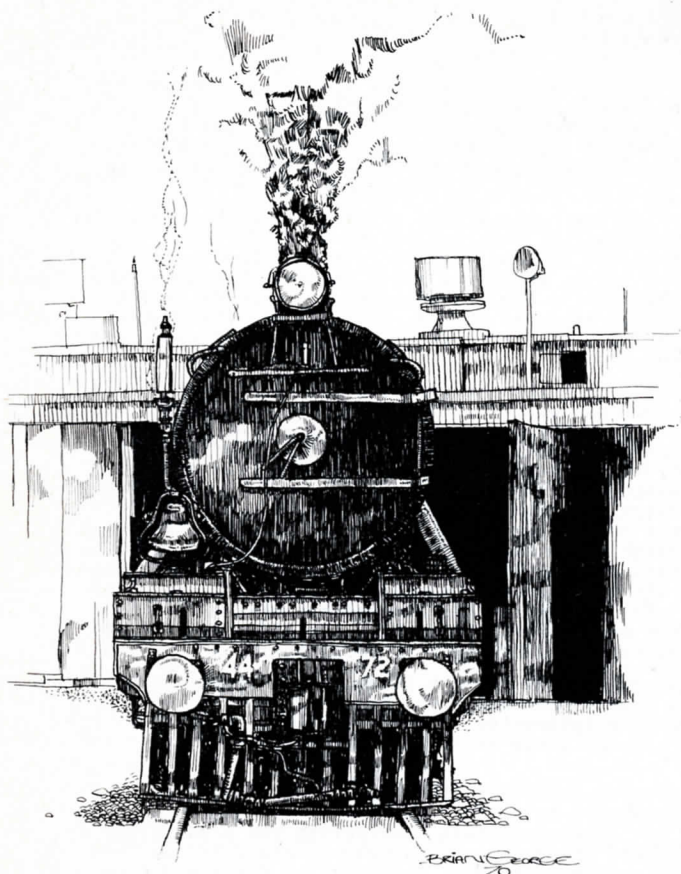


4472 AT

SPEED!!!

DRAWING BY

BRIAN GEORGE.



FLYING SCOTSMAN

A SCOTSMAN'S PURSUIT!

BY C. W. R. BOWMAN.

I cannot recall exactly when I saw my first Class A3 Pacific of the erstwhile London and North Eastern Railway (LNER), but it would probably be around 1930 in Edinburgh, Scotland. Many hours were spent at Waverley Station and other vantage points in the '30's 'watching trains'--we weren't called railfans then--and, of course, A3's were well to the fore. Of the eventual 78 engines of this class designed by the late Sir Nigel Gresley, I had seen somewhere around 50 prior to coming to Canada in 1953. 'Flying Scotsman' was not one of these, perhaps mainly because it was allocated to King's Cross shed, although London engines did work through to Edinburgh regularly.

'Flying Scotsman' went into service in January 1923 as No. 1472, soon to become 4472 in the 1924 renumbering occasioned by the formation of the LNER from several constituent companies in the previous year. In 1946, the LNER introduced a comprehensive renumbering scheme and 'Flying Scotsman' became No. 103. On 1st January 1948 48 major railways in the U.K. were nationalized and LNER locomotives had 60,000 added to their numbers.

During several return trips to Scotland up to the end of 1962, I had seen quite a number of A3's again, but 'Flying Scotsman' was still elusive. Then early in 1963 came the sad but not unexpected news--British Rail had withdrawn from service No. 60103 'Flying Scotsman'.

In 1962 a group of enthusiasts in Britain had formed the Gresley A3 Preservation Society and as soon as I heard about it I joined. The target was 'Flying Scotsman' and the aim was to raise the required \$9000 to allow us to purchase the engine from BR on withdrawal. Only about half the amount had been realized when the day of reckoning arrived and Mr. Alan Pegler, a wealthy English businessman, was there with his money! Although somewhat disappointed that the Society had not been able to obtain the engine, I was very happy that it had in fact, been saved from the scrapyard. Incidentally, the society continues to exist, now called the Gresley Society, and owns a suburban tank engine, a buffet car, passenger coach, and an observation car, all of Gresley design.

By the summer of 1963, 'Flying Scotsman' had been shopped for a complete overhaul, repainted in LNER apple green and once again carried the number 4472 on cabsides and buffer beam with the lettering 4472 on the tender. A second tender was acquired in 1966 and was converted to carry water only. This second tender now carries the number, while the LNER coat of arms appears on the cabsides.

In BR days it had acquired a double chimney and German-type smoke deflectors, but these were now gone and the familiar LNER single chimney was back.

It was my good fortune in 1963 to have arranged a trip to the U.K. which coincided with an excursion hauled by the restored and now 40-year-old 'Flying Scotsman' and so, for the first time I was able to see this particular A3 which had eluded me for so many years. I have seen it every year since, sometimes with visits planned to suit 4472-hauled excursions and on other occasions finding that 4472 would be running after the dates for my annual trip had been fixed.

Alan Pegler had a contract with British Rail allowing him to operate 'Flying Scotsman' on BR lines until 1971, presently the only standard-gauge steam locomotive with this privilege in Britain. In 1966, I had a short chat with Mr. Pegler at Llandudno, in North Wales, and touched on the subject of the engine visiting North America. However, as has transpired, it was not until the fall of 1969 that the Pacific crossed the Atlantic.

A trip to the Netherlands to attend an International Congress scheduled for early October 1969 suggested two weeks holiday in the U.K. immediately in advance and consequently my annual trip home was too late for any of the runs by 'Flying Scotsman' and the engine sailed from Liverpool on the Saxonia on the day that we left Montreal.

The timing of the Congress could not have been less suitable since 4472 started the U.S. tour in Boston on October 8th and we arrived back in Montreal on October 13th.

The Boston and Hartford areas, being the closest points to Montreal on the tour route, would have been the logical places to go in pursuit but various commitments kept me in Montreal until October 24th by which time the train had penetrated southward to the Baltimore area--a good bit farther away! The tour schedule indicated that the train would be in Baltimore from October 23-25 and on Sunday the 26th a short run of only 38 miles would be made into Washington where there would be a further two-day stop. This did not look like much action for 1200 miles of travel from Canada. However, on October 29th 4472 was booked to run 386 miles to Charlotte, North Carolina. With good roads following generally the same route as the railway this looked promising for following the train over a considerable distance.

My good friend, Omer Lavallee, was to accompany me and we decided to allocate three days of our remaining holidays to the pursuit. Omer had already seen 4472 at Hartford, Connecticut, but not in action. The plan was to drive to Washington on Tuesday, October 28th, chase the train for a fair part of its 386-mile trip on the following day and return to Canada on the Thursday--a total of perhaps 1400 miles of driving. This presented no problem with two drivers and a fast car. A check was made a few days before leaving to be certain that we had the correct schedule for the exhibition train and our usually reliable source confirmed that this was so.

The weather had been ghastly in Montreal for whole of the previous week and we were hoping it would be better to the South. When I drove away from the house on October 28th at 0540 there was some light cloud of the kind that promises a fine day. Omer was duly picked up and we headed South through the Adirondack Mountains, had a second breakfast near Albany, New York, stopped only once more for food and fuel and drew up in front of the Union Station in Washington, D.C., at 1645. The 594.4 miles had been covered in 8 hr. 50 min. at an average speed of 67.3 mph. almost entirely on divided highways, the bulk of which were toll roads. The weather was gorgeous.

On the way down I had jokingly said to Omer that it would be a bit infuriating if the schedule had been changed at the last minute. He made comforting noises which could have been interpreted as "Don't be ridiculous! They couldn't possibly change now." Granted, changes did seem highly unlikely when one remembers that the train was on an exhibition tour for business men and the public and would have been advertised in advance.

We made our way to the information desk and enquired where we would find 'Flying Scotsman'. The kindly old gentleman at the desk said that it would be somewhere around Salisbury, North Carolina, as it had left Washington that morning at 0700. So it had happened! The schedule had been changed. Omer gave me a questioning look. What did I think we should do? Salisbury is 330 miles from Washington and the time was not quite 1700. I said we were going to Salisbury. Omer's face lit up and he exclaimed 'I was hoping you would say that.' The Station Master's Office was most helpful in providing us with details of the following day's run which we were assured would not be altered!

We had intended to go through the exhibition cars of the train at Washington and in case it closed to the public at 1700 or 1730 (assuming it had been there) we wasted no time in parking the car. There was a space outside the station which could have been construed as either a 'No Parking' area or 'For Permit Holders Only'. I felt that the position was far enough from any of the signs that we would not get a parking ticket. So after hearing that 4472 had departed, we had a bite to eat in the station and headed back to the car. Imagine our surprise when we saw no less than three policemen standing beside the car! Omer, who is fluently bilingual, wondered what we should do. I told him to talk to them in French! Seriously, however, I felt that by being polite we had nothing to fear. At least it hadn't been towed away! As we reached the car one policeman said "Good evening sir. Does your car have disc brakes on all wheels?.....!!"

I said that it had. One of them was puzzled by the fact that he could not see the rear discs through the wire wheels, but I explained that they were mounted inboard alongside the differential. No mention of illegal parking! They were merely interested in the car. It should perhaps be mentioned at this point that my 'pursuit' vehicle is a Jaguar E-type, and they had not seen one close up before. An amiable conversation ensued and we were joined by a fourth policeman. Of course, they were rather astounded when we told them why we were in Washington.

After chatting for about fifteen minutes, we ploughed our way out of Washington in the evening rush hour and put 260 miles behind us with one stop before arriving in Durham, North Carolina at 2310 where we went 'on shed' for the night. Omer suggested having the motel office call us at 0630. I'm afraid I was ruthless--call at 0530 and departure as soon as possible thereafter.

The weather was again perfect as we drew away from Durham at 0550. Silver Arrow (the E-type) sped along Interstate Highway 85 and brought us to Salisbury at 0715, fifteen minutes before 4472 was booked away. We were like a pair of excited schoolboys. There was 'Flying Scotsman' in the station ready to leave, gleaming in the low morning sunlight at the head of the nine-coach train--a brake second, the five exhibit cars, Pullman cars 'Isle of Thanet' and 'Lydia', and the observation car--all in British Pullman colours (chocolate below waist, deep cream above). There were a number of people around, but no milling mass of spectators and re-wenthusiasts. So here it was that I climbed onto the footplate of this beloved A3 for the first time. At this point the train was travelling on the Southern Railway, so 4472 had a Southern (U.S.) crew as well as the BR men. I mentioned that we had just driven down from Montreal whereupon the BR driver (from Doncaster, naturally) and said I sounded as if I had just arrived from Edinburgh! The city was correct but the arrival was sixteen years ago.

The A3 threw a tall plume into the still, cool morning air as the day's run to Gainesville, Georgia, started. A stop was to be made at Charlotte, 40 miles away, to pick up the train staff (the girls!) who had spent the night there, Salisbury presumably being a more suitable stabling point for the train from a railway operating point of view. Here was our first opportunity to get ahead of the train with ease and perhaps have breakfast. We did, shortly before 0900, having already driven 161 miles.

Our major difficulty was lack of knowledge of the area so we had no pre-chosen photographic viewpoints. There was also the reluctance to stray very far from the excellent interstate highways without which we would have achieved very little. Every time we left the main highway 4472 would likely be gaining on us and we never knew exactly how many minutes we were ahead. However, as will be seen, with Omer's fine navigation, coupled with an assumed 50 miles per hour average for 4472, the Official Guide to the Railways (which provided mileages) and the reliability of the E type we really had nothing to worry about.

After a little preliminary scouting, we chose our next viewpoint at Blacksburg. We had been well ahead, as it was some twenty-five minutes before 4472 came through, an impressive sight with great clouds of steam billowing from the specially fitted 'siren' on the right hand side of the smokebox. The LNER whistle was also in use.

Off we went in pursuit, the next selected point being a village called Cowpens--selected because my navigator said it was on the line and we felt that would could get ahead in that distance, some 20 miles. We did, but only just. It is quite astounding how fast one has to drive to keep up with a train going at moderate speed. It had taken us six minutes from the time 4472 passed Blacksburg until we were back to the car (from opposite directions) and on the move. Then we had to go through the village at a discreet pace and a mile or two back to the interstate. The train must have been seven or eight miles ahead by the time we were pursuing again in the true sense of the word.

However, by Cowpens we had caught up, but as we drove towards the centre of the village at the regulation thirty miles per hour we heard 4472's distinctive whistles. The one traffic light, which had been red, blinked to green so we had the road. There was no time to look for the station and glancing down a side street I noticed the automatic crossing gates coming down which meant that the train was no more than a quarter of a mile away. Again the whistles were heard. So there was only one thing to do. Carry on beyond the village and hope that road and rail did not diverge. Third gear was engaged and the E-type's acceleration and cornering ability were used to the best advantage. After about three miles on a narrow winding road with no railway line in sight we began to despair, but then swept downhill onto a bridge over a deep valley. And there crossing they valley just on our left was a high railway trestle. Fortunately there was just enough room at the west end of our bridge to get the car off this narrow road. With the type of driving necessary on this sort of jaunt, my camera always goes back in its compartment case. Omer had his on his lap and was away from the car before me. By the time I had the case unzipped and the camera out, 4472 was on the bridge. So I got no photographs, but Omer managed a couple of silhouette shots as the sun was shining directly towards us.

Only seconds passed before we stormed off up the hill and in only a mile or so we crossed the line which then swung around to parallel us to the north and there was 'Flying Scotsman' steaming across the fields at a seeming leisurely pace. It was probably only leisurely relative to ours! As we were nearing Spartanburg, a town of appreciable size (in the 25,000-50,000 population range), we would soon be slowed down by traffic and speed limits, so a fast decision was made to nip down the first road going north and hope for a reasonable viewpoint. This we did and got the best shots of the day up to that point. We were just in the nick of time. It was a level crossing and we had to park on the shoulder a reasonable way from the track. The sound of the whistles made us sprint to clear a line of trees on our side of the line. 'Flying Scotsman' was leaning to a fairly tight curve with trees on either side, again with more steam emanating from the shrieking whistles than from the stack. The sunlight coming from the side, but slightly behind us, was ideal. We also photographed the ex-Devon Belle observation car, with the girls of the train staff waving their Union Jacks at the rear window.

For the time being there was no need to rush. It was barely 1100 and we were on the outskirts of Spartanburg where 4472 had a booked stop for servicing until 1230. Spartanburg station was a hive of activity when we arrived. With the train staff girls on the platform wearing their mini-kilts it was a wonder anyone was bothering about 'Flying Scotsman'! Among all this distraction, we picked out Alan Pegler, easily identified on this occasion by his Ffestiniog Railway cap, and had a short chat. Mr. Pegler very kindly autographed my copy of 'Flying Scotsman', the very recently published Ian Allan book. The mayor of Spartanburg arrived with his wife and there was a brief ceremony during which a presentation was made to Mr. Pegler to commemorate the visit. The local press were there in force, the girls danced a reel and thereafter marched along the platform led by Sandy, the train's Scottish piper, to the engine.

There did not appear to many railway enthusiasts around, perhaps because it was a working day, but a good number of townspeople were on hand. The girls were posed in front of 'Flying Scotsman', probably for the benefit of the local news photographers.

I suspect the photographers were more interested in the girls because very little of the A3's front end was still visible--one buffer, siren, bell, headlight and just a trace of smokebox door. After all there were eight girls on the running plate and buffer beam and four more on the track with the piper! Contrasted against the black steel were red mini-kilts matched to red sweaters or white blouses and a couple of red minis topped by navy blue sweaters. 'Flying Scotsman' behaved like a gentleman until someone in the cab pulled the siren cord! Feminine hands were hastily applied to feminine ears and the expressions told us that a few startled shrieks were emitted--but never heard.



4472 cants around a curve near Spartanburg, Georgia, with only steam emanating from the whistles into the October air.

(C. W. R. Bowman)



As the Scotsman's whistle is blown, inaudible shrieks are emitted by the miniskirted lassies posed on the locomotive's running plate and buffer beam. Sandy, the train's Scottish piper, seems unperturbed by it all.

(C. W. R. Bowman)



Here it was that I was privileged to climb onto the footplate for the second time that day, accompanied on this occasion by the owner's son, Mr. Tim Pegler. Squeezing through the pair of corridor tenders was also an interesting experience, and I might add that the 'corridors' were spotlessly clean and painted white.

Taking a twenty minute lead on the train, we headed away from Spartanburg following the line on secondary roads. After crossing twice road and rail diverged and we had no sight of the track for a few miles. Taking the next road wouth we descended into a valley and on rounding a curve came upon a delightful long trestle bridge near Greer. We took up position and waited. If 4472 left Spartanburg at 1230 as scheduled it should have passed us no later than 1245. At about 1250 Omer made one of those soul-shattering statements. "I wonder if this is the right line!" I gave him a rather withering look and reminded him that he was the expert on American railways. If this wasn't the Southern main line, what was it? We comforted ourselves by confirming that we had been running with the line to the south, had turned south and here we were. The only other line that we knew of in the area was definitely to the north of us. Shortly after 1300 'Flying Scotsman's' deep siren was heard away to the east, then closer but a little to the south. There must have been a long curve approaching the bridge, we thought. Then again, definitely due south now--and worried glances were exchanged! Our worst fears were confirmed by the fourth whistle--fainter and away to the southwest. Our bridge must have been on a branch (that's the problem with single track main lines). Omer's "You can't win 'em all" was little comfort. Where now?

4472 was building up a good lead on us as we had some distance to go on secondary roads to get back to the fast highway. Earlier in the day we had noticed that a small town called Westminster was on the railway, close to the border between South Carolina and Georgia. This was another good English-sounding name to go with Salisbury. It was now a little more than an hour's drive ahead, Omer calculated. His estimate was that I would reach Westminster at 1415 and that 'Flying Scotsman' would pass through not earlier than 1430. As it turned out, the actual times were 1420 and 1443 respectively. We found the station quickly (there is only one) and although there was no outstanding viewpoint close by it was quite pleasant and we did not want to go seeking something which might be no better, with the risk of missing the train. The disappointment at Greer was till uppermost! So we were rewarded by the sight of 4472 travelling at speed through this small South Carolina town--no whistles this time, but it was cool enough to show steam from the chimney.

The train conductor had told me at Spartanburg that pictures were to be taken in the vicinity of Toccoa, a few miles over the border in Georgia. He did not know if there would be a stop but expected a bit of slow running. We had no idea of the gradients, but this slowing might have been designed to allow photography while the engine was subsequently accelerating. So Toccoa area was next and only 18 miles away. We had to move. About half-way is the South Carolina-Georgia border formed at this point by a widening of the Savannah River known as Hartwell Reservoir. At this point the desirability of scouting the line in advance was brought home to us. As Silver Arrow streaked over the causeway carrying the road across the reservoir, we looked upstream and saw the finest scenic view that had presented itself all day. The railway crossed the water on a multi-span girder bridge, with a beautiful background of hills, and the bridge was just far enough from the causeway that our telephoto lenses would have given a side-on shot of 4472 and perhaps part of the train. The degree of beauty was such that Omer commented that it looked rather like Glenfinnan in Scotland. It did, too, apart from the difference in bridge types and the expanse of water. We had not yet caught up with 'Flying Scotsman', but if we had known about this spot it would have been much better than Westminster.

We overtook the train as we were entering Toccoa and could see the steam against the trees on the hillside. We got glimpses of 'Flying Scotsman' and either the gradient was very steep or the engine was accelerating away from a brief stop or check. Our maps showed the road making a big loop southward just west of Toccoa which led us to believe that this was following valleys to get through a range of hills. This proved to be the case, but the railway did not accompany us. So the line either looped to the north or worse still perhaps the rail route went straight via a tunnel. The E-type stormed up a long winding climb through the hills, its occupants now beginning to feel that the mandatory loop southward had lost us any slight advantage we had. Still in a cutting ourselves, we reached the summit and found a pall of black smoke hanging over the road. From the fast glimpse we got, it was a rather unusual location--the Southern Railway in a very deep rock cutting spanned by the road bridge which itself linked two quite deep road cuttings. 'Flying Scotsman' had just passed under the bridge and was obviously working hard. I was, of course, fuming because one minute earlier at that bridge would have been marvellous. Omer remained absolutely calm! After a short sharp downhill left-hander, we found ourselves parallel to the track and the road ahead as straight as a die. Speed moved quickly to three figures and we left the train behind. On slowing for a curve at the end of this straight we noticed a small road going upwards the track--only about 200 yards away. We decided to take a quick look. The cutting was shallow, trees lined the top of both banks, a bridge spanned the track and the sun was well placed. 4472 was no more than a mile away and laying a great trail of smoke, the like of which I have never seen coming out of a British locomotive chimney before. 'Flying Scotsman' barked towards us for what seemed an age, but could not have been much more than two minutes, providing for its background this great dark grey pall. Speed was only 30 mph. so the gradient must have been very severe. Here then was the A3 in full cry, by far the most rewarding sight of the day. Anything else would have been an anti-climax. So we watched 'Flying Scotsman' out of sight, still climbing toward Cornelia, Georgia.

A great cloud of smoke clouds the clear sky as the 'Flying Scotsman' climbs a stiff grade on the Southern Railway near Cornelia, Georgia.

(C. W. R. Bowman)



It was now 1520 and 'Flying Scotsman' had only about 30 more miles to go and our mileage for the day was 350 of which the pursuit accounted for 254. So we declared ourselves well satisfied, gave thanks for the glorious weather, the super highways and Silver Arrow's flawless assistance and started to think about our return. We were 1200 miles from home. Up to this point I had done all the driving, so I handed over to Omer, and we pointed the Arrow northwards. The run through the Great Smoky Mountains was uneventful and we clocked a further 232 miles before stopping for the night at Bristol, which straddles the Tennessee-Virginia state boundary.

A rather fascinating thing happened at the motel. Although it was nearly 2300 and we had been on the go since before 0600 I turned on the television while getting ready for bed. One channel was showing a film which I had seen a number of years ago. The name escaped me but I recognized Kenneth More as the principal actor. I had to know what this was so we watched for a bit. Then there were some scenes in a train which was eventually shown steaming into--of all places--Waverley! Then it all came back--'The 39 Steps'. We waited to see the shot of the A4 being stopped on the Forth Bridge and then turned in. A fitting end to a Gresley day.

We slept late the following morning and were on the road, having had breakfast for a change, at 0740. We reached Montreal at 2340 after covering 924 miles, all of which I drove myself mainly because Omer's previous record for one day was 887 miles in his VW and this was crying out to be broken! However, I didn't feel tired, but it was comforting to know that my friend could take over if need be. While driving home we checked our average speed every half hour so that we were constantly monitoring our expected Montreal arrival time. Midnight was the target so we got back slightly ahead of schedule. There were occasional sarcastic remarks from the passenger's seat such as, "You're slowing--80.6 compared with 81.4 for the previous half hour." Of course, we COULD have gone faster but with speed limits in the 60-70 mph. range, one has to be careful of the law. Even an 80 mph. average requires a lot of driving close to three figures.

So ended a hectic but worthwhile three-day trip. For the statistically minded the following facts may be interesting:

Distance	October 28	855 miles
	October 29	582 miles
	October 30	924 miles
Total Distance		2361 miles
Gasoline Used		110 gallons
Fuel Consumption		21.5 mpg.
Number of Photographs (including the mini-kilts)		10

One might wonder why we were not using maps which showed the railways, instead of road maps and the Official Guide to the Railways giving station names. The only solution would have been government topographic maps (4 miles to the inch) and ordering in advance would have been necessary. We'll do this next time!

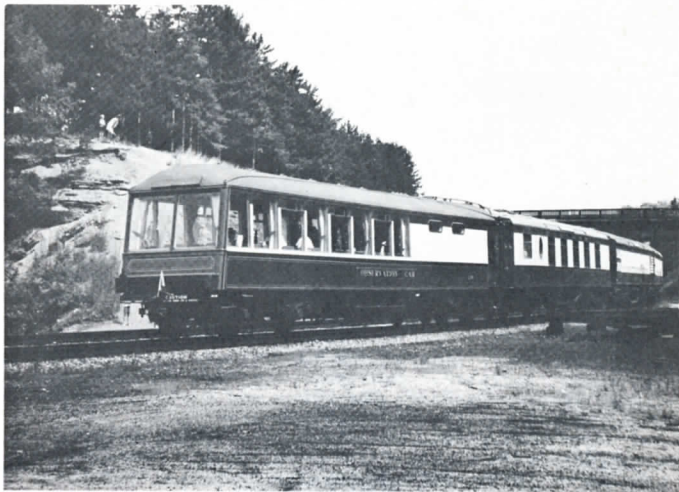
I owe a great deal of thanks to Omer for being such a fine navigator, co-driver and companion. We both appreciate the efforts of all those responsible for bringing 4472 to this side of the Atlantic, although fully realizing that our gain is a great loss to the enthusiasts in the U.K.

With 4472 now in Canada and about to pay a visit to the Montreal area, plans have been made for the 1970 pursuit. This has become a real challenge. Having seen this locomotive in action for seven consecutive years, I feel that when it does run, then I must on no account miss it!



TWO INTERESTING RAILWAYS

Two fine examples of British passenger stock are part of the consist of the exhibition train hauled by the 'Flying Scotsman' on her Canadian tour. They are interesting in themselves, and provide additional interest to the enthusiast who likes passenger equipment, in addition to the fine exhibits aboard the train itself.



The Edwardian Observation car and Pullman car 'Lydia' grace the rear of the exhibition train as it is pulled by 4472 through Hamilton Junction on August 21, 1970 on the way to Toronto and the CNE.

(John Ross)

EDWARDIAN OBSERVATION CAR

Gracing the rear of the train is the Edwardian Observation Car. This wooden-bodied car has wide windows, from which one can gaze upon the countryside as it passes by. The car originally ran in the 'Devon Belle', a train which ran from London to the Devon coastal resorts on the English Channel. After World War II the car was moved, entering service in Scotland, on one of Britain's most scenic lines from Iverness to Kyle of Lochalsh.

The closed end of the car has been fitted out as the interior of a typical English pub.

PULLMAN CAR 'LYDIA'

Of even greater interest and with a much more checkered history is the Pullman car 'Lydia'--a fine example of British craftsmanship. The car was built in Britain, but for the first three years of its career it never ran in Britain. 'Lydia' was built in 1925 by the Birmingham Railway Carriage & Wagon Co. and sold to the Compagnie Internationale des Wagon-Lits for that company's European service. The car entered service in November 1925 between Milan, Italy and Nice, France. The car was one of the first CIWL Pullman parlour cars to operate in Europe with the word 'Pullman' on them since 1883. 'Lydia' remained in service on the Continent until 1928 and was brought back to Britain, refurbished and placed in British Pullman service.

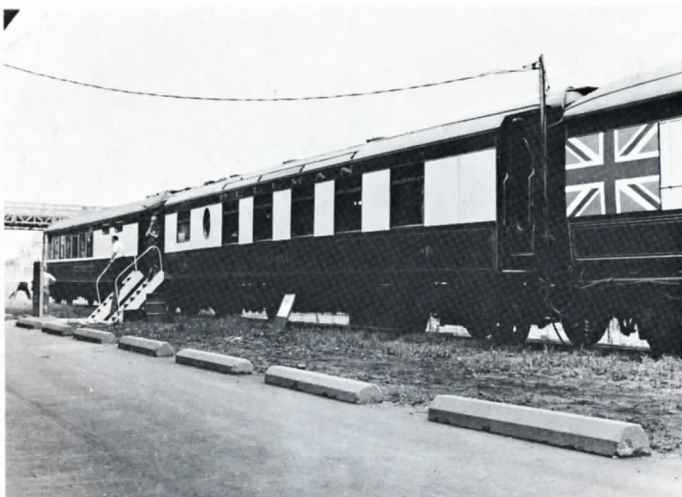
During World War II, 'Lydia' was often used by General Eisenhower and Prime Minister Churchill, in travelling from London to the South Coast during preparations for the invasion of France in 1944. In 1960 the wooden body of the car was steel plated. The car was part of the consist of Sir Winston Churchill's funeral train in 1963. Relics of Sir Winston Churchill's career are on display in the coupe of the car--his dispatch box, cigar boxes, ash tray, and walking stick.

CARRIAGES...



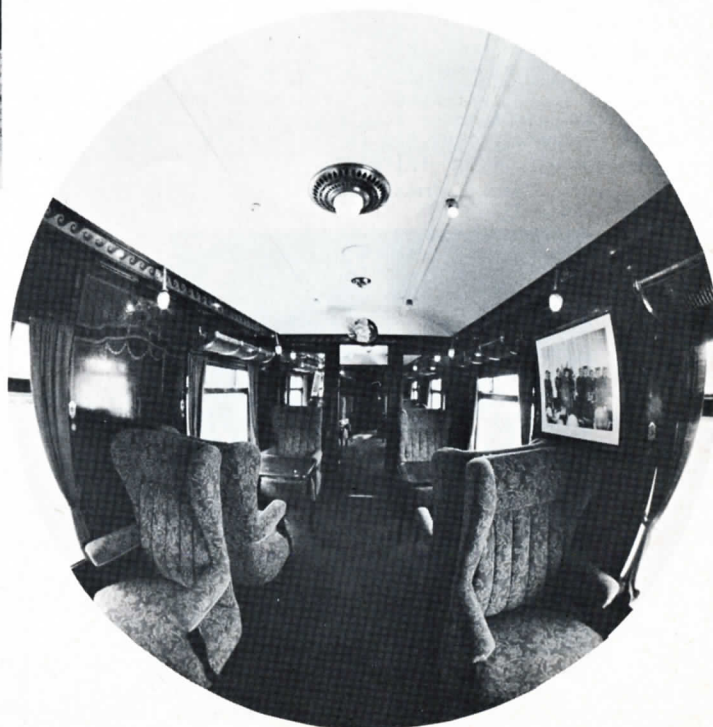
UPPER RIGHT:
The Observation Car is seen in this night view on display at the Canadian National Exhibition.

UPPER LEFT:
The flags of Canada and Britain are displayed prominently on the ends of the exhibition cars.



ABOVE:
Pullman car 'Lydia' shows her side to view, also at the CNE.

RIGHT:
A fisheye lens view of the interior of the Pullman car 'Lydia'. Note the difference in interior appointments when compared with North American equipment.



(All photographs this page -- NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)

4472: Statistics

Class:	A3 Pacific
Weight:	96 tons, 500 lb. (approximately 200 tons with tenders)
Tractive Effort:	32,000 lb.
Height:	12 feet
Wheel Diameter:	6 feet 8 inches
Boiler:	30 feet long, 6 ft 5 in diameter, tapering
Boiler Pressure:	220 lb/sq in
Safety Valves:	Twin Ross "pop" valves
Superheater:	Robinson, with expanded elements
Total Heating Area:	3423 sq ft
Fire Grate Area:	41.25 sq ft
Evaporative Heating Surface:	2692 sq ft
Engine:	3 cylinder, each 19-1/2" diameter by 26" stroke
Bunker Capacity:	9 tons of coal
Water:	11,000 gallons, for a range of 200 miles
Crew:	Driver (engineer), fireman and inspector (road foreman) and an engine minder
Speeds:	Maximum in Britain - 80 mph Maximum in North America - 50 mph
Added equipment:	for the North American tour a generator, headlamp, bell, whistle and pilot were added.

'Flying Scotsman' was built in Doncaster, England in 1922 for the Great Northern Railway of Britain. She entered the service of the London and North Eastern Railway after the lines merged in 1923. The engine was the third of a class of 80 engines designed by Sir Nigel Gresley. Her cost in 1922 was approximately \$24,000.

4472 was the third locomotive of the class to be built. In 1928 she was fitted with a corridor tender to enable the locomotive (along with ten other members of her class) to work the Flying Scotsman express service between London and Edinburgh non-stop. The corridor tender was necessary for crew changes during the run. In 1934, 'Flying Scotsman' made a record run from London to Leeds, a distance of 183 miles in 134 minutes. In 1946 4472 received a new number--103--as part of the LNER renumbering scheme, and in 1948 became 60103 when nationalization created British Railways.

'Flying Scotsman' continued in BR service until 1963, when she was purchased by Alan Pegler. Mr. Pegler has spent approximately \$200,000 to restore the 'Flying Scotsman' to her former splendor.

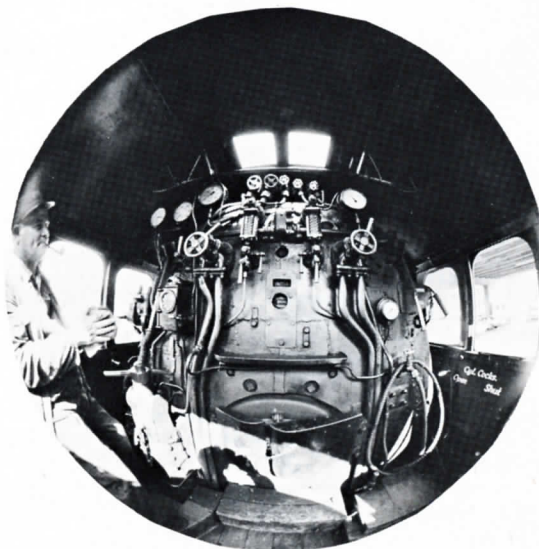
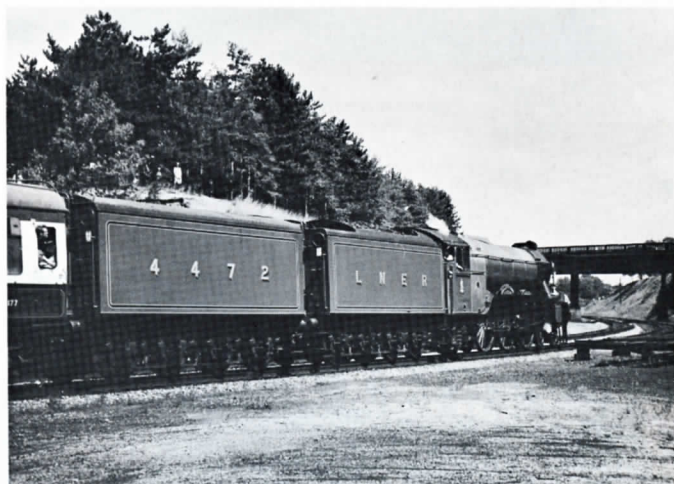


A closeup of the crest on the side of the cab of the 'Flying Scotsman'.
(NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)

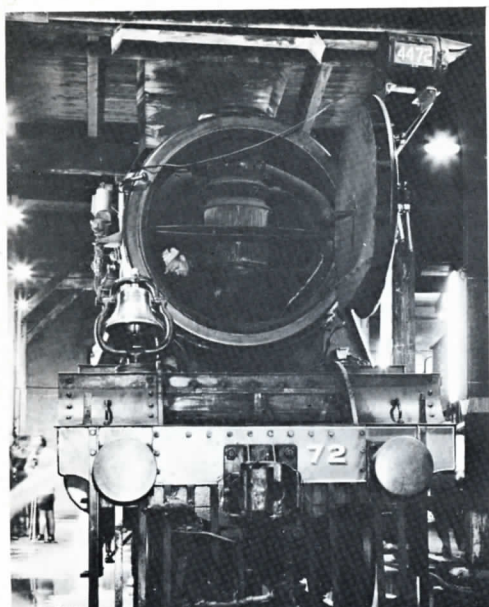


ABOVE: 4472 stands on track 11 at Union Station on 30th of September, 1970. Note added equipment on the engine for the North American tour. (NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)

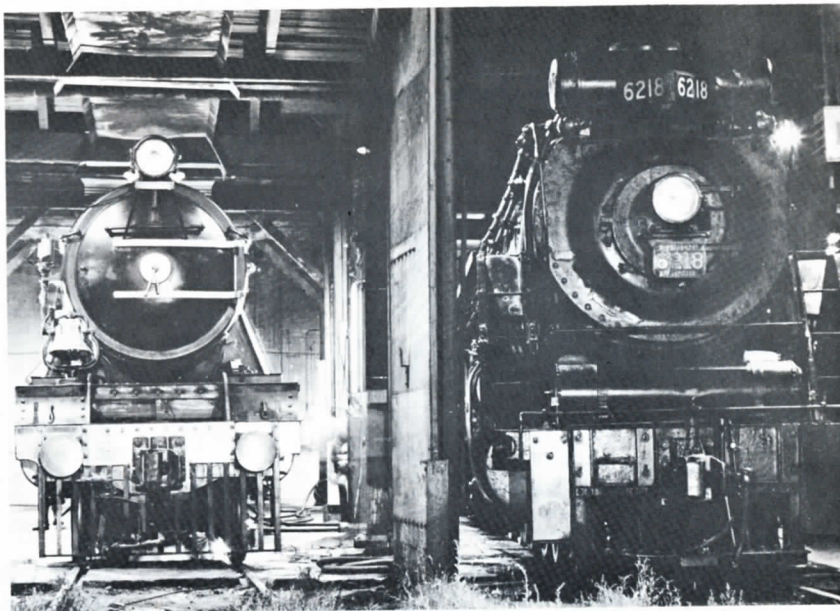
BELOW: The two corridor tenders used by the 'Flying Scotsman' show plainly in this photo of the engine and train at Hamilton Junction. The second tender carries water only. (John Ross)



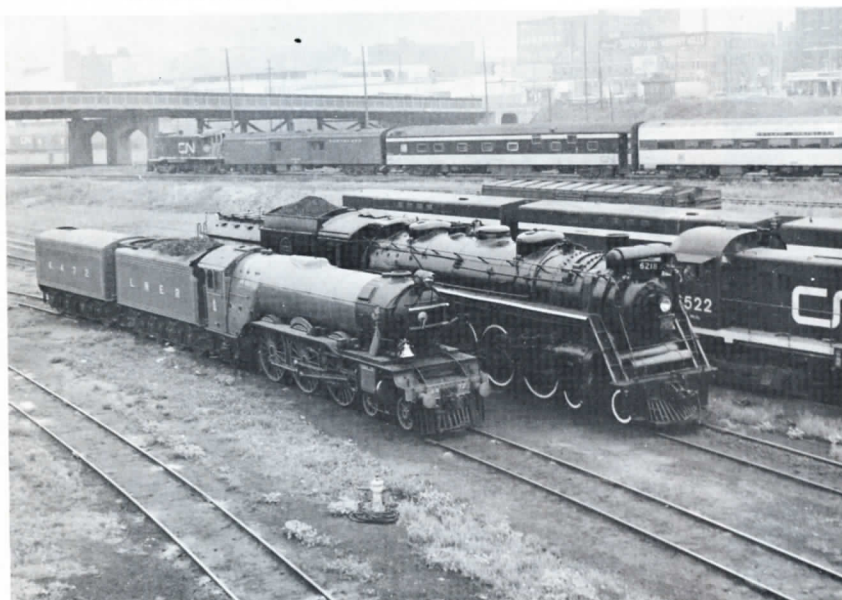
A fisheye lens view of the footplate of LNER 4472.
(NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)



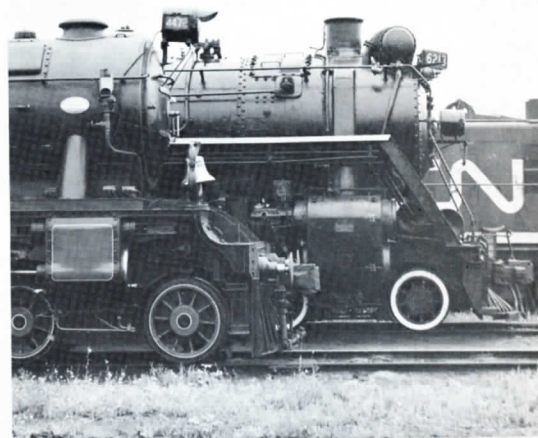
'Flying Scotsman' has her boiler washed down. Fireman George Patterson works inside the smokebox.
(NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)



The British visitor occupies the stall adjacent to the regular steam inhabitant of Spadina roundhouse on the evening of Thursday, August 27th.
(NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)



4472 poses beside CN 6218 at Spadina yard on the morning of August 28th. Note the difference in size between the two locomotives.
(J. Bryce Lee)



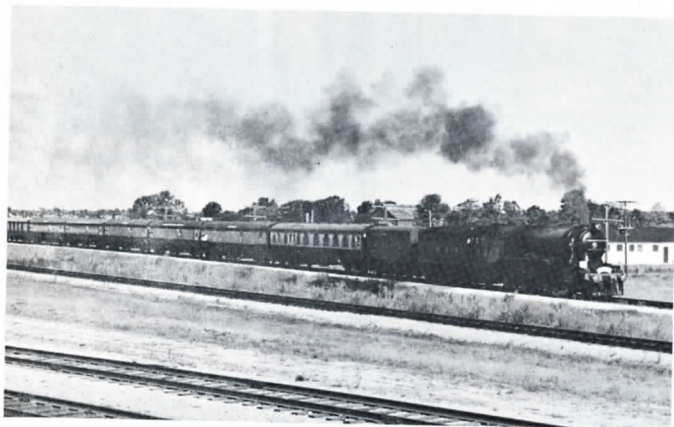
A study in front ends: 4472 and 6218, Spadina yard, August 28th.
(NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)



◀ LNER 4472,
CN 6218,
CN MF-36a 2302,
and Turbo 5 pose
at Montreal Yard,
September 23, 1970.
(J. Norman Lowe)

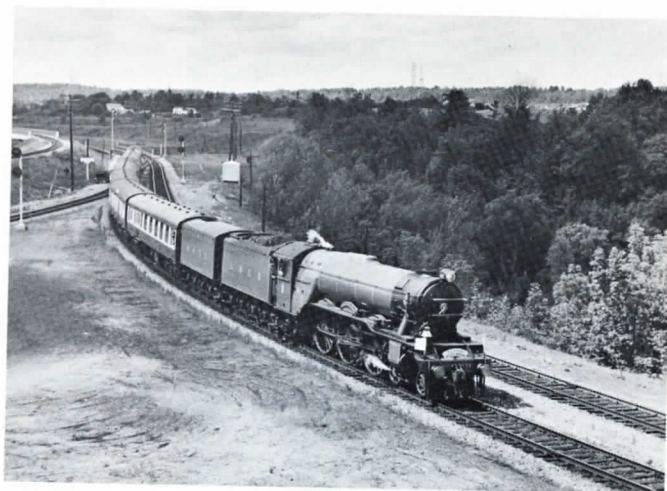
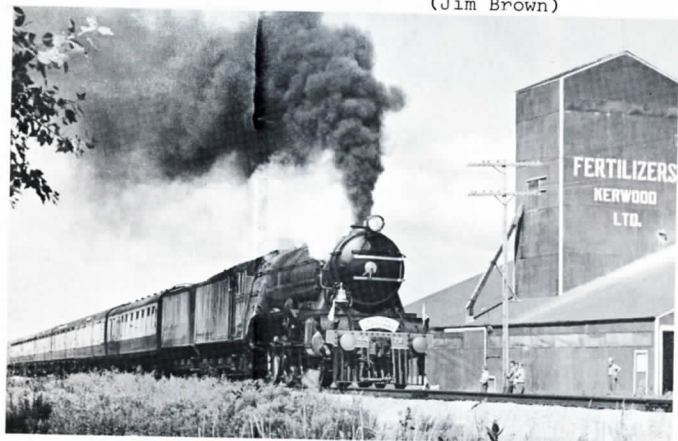
FLYING SCOTSMAN

DIARY



ABOVE: The 'Flying Scotsman' entered Canada at Sarnia, Ontario on August 20th, after travelling over GTW lines from Chicago. The train left Sarnia on the morning of the 21st, and was delayed when a hotbox detector located at trackside went off, just outside of town. Inspection proved that steam from the locomotive cylinder cocks tripped the detector. The locomotive and train are seen at the east end of Sarnia Yard, prior to departure.
(Jim Brown)

BELOW: In a scene reminiscent of the midwest, 4472 speeds past a fertilizer dealer's elevator at Kerwood, Ontario.
(Jim Brown)



With only whiffs of steam emanating from the safety pops and cylinder cocks, 4472 drifts downgrade at Hamilton Junction, on the early afternoon of August 21st. The train made a short stop in Burlington to pick up representatives of the press who rode the train into Toronto.
(Ted Wickson)



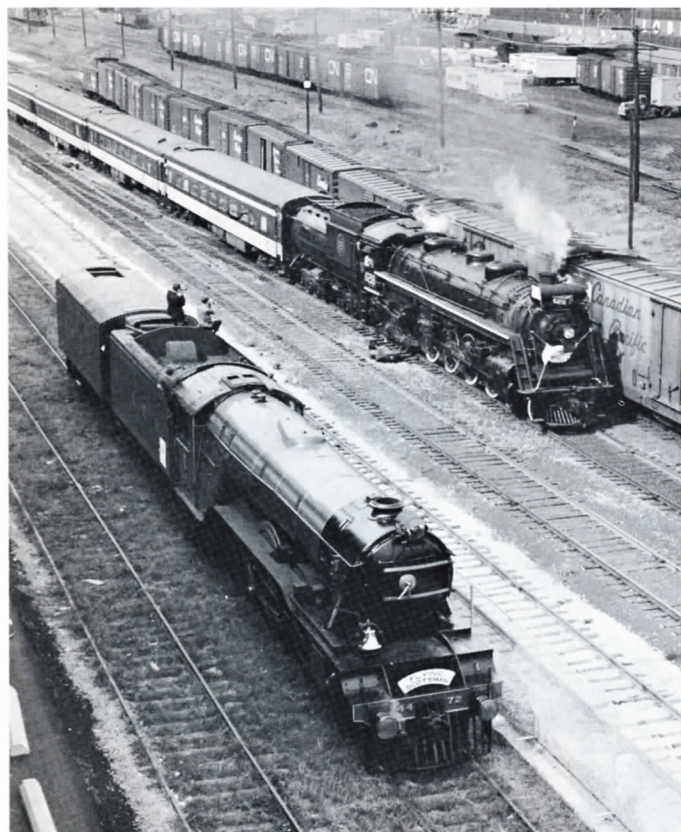
ABOVE: Well-wishers wave at the train as it passes through the GO Transit Station at Bronte, Ontario.
(Ted Wickson)

BELOW: 4472 sifts through Sunnyside on its way to the CNE GO Station to discharge the press party.
(Ted Wickson)





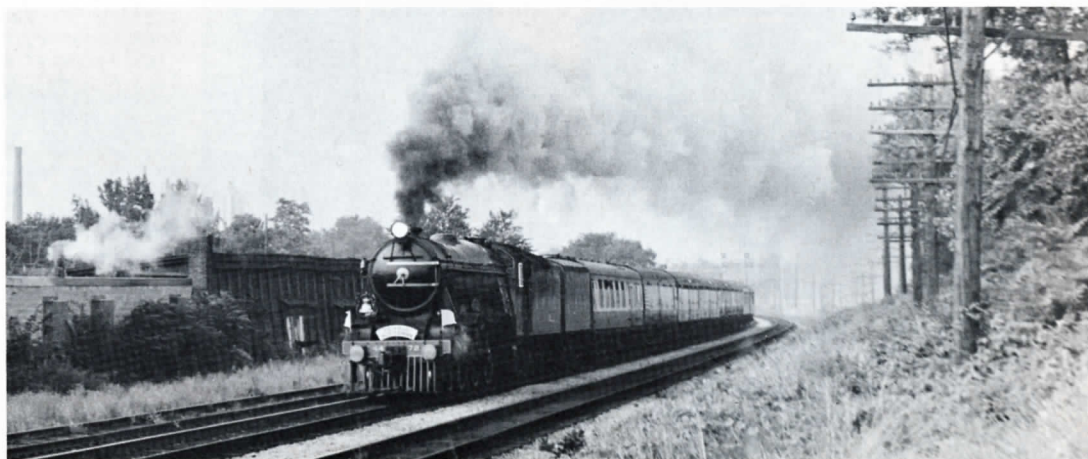
The smallness of the British loading gauge when compared with North American is quite evident as CN yard goat 8513 dwarfs the 4472, as LEFT 8513 pushes the 'Flying Scotsman' and train through the car washer at Spadina (Jim Brown), and RIGHT the switcher pushes the train into the CNE grounds west of Strachan Avenue. (Ted Wickson)



ABOVE: CN 6218 passes LNER 4472 at the CNE on September 2nd; the 4-8-4 was hauling a special excursion from Brantford to Toronto for Johnson's Wax. (Ted Wickson)



RIGHT: 4472 heads her train east out of Toronto up the Danforth grade on a smoggy September 8th, enroute to Ottawa. (NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)

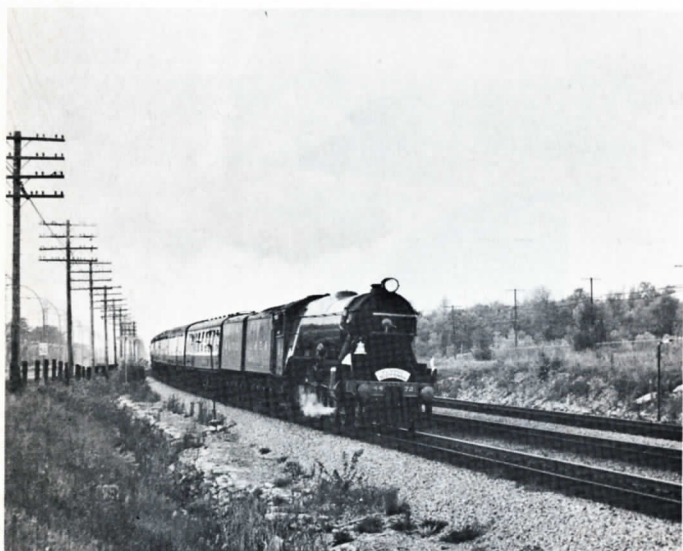




'Flying Scotsman' crosses the Rouge River bridge east of Toronto, on the way to Ottawa. The engine and train were displayed at the Museum of Science & Technology in Ottawa from September 9th to 17th. (Bill Miller)



4472 pauses for a drink at Belleville, Ontario on September 8th. (W. H. N. Rossiter)



Here is the 'Flying Scotsman' arriving in Montreal at 40th Avenue, Lachine, on September 18th. (Bob Sandusky)



4472 is assisted backwards into Montreal Yard by CN 8501 from Ballantyne, on the 18th. A special press reception was staged by Canadian National to welcome the train. (Bob Sandusky)



LEFT: W. J. Mayo (to the left), CN Montreal Area manager, presented Alan Pegler (to the right), owner of the 4472, with a silver tray and welcomed him to Montreal. Mr. Pegler presented Mr. Mayo with a Scotsman souvenir set, and Mr. Pegler's daughter, Penny, replied in French to Mr. Mayo's welcome.

In the background is MF-36a MLW-Worthington diesel 2301 which hauled the press train from Central Station. Following the press reception at Parsley (Montreal Yard), 4472 and the CN special train moved to the vicinity of Vertu Station where the 'Flying Scotsman' was placed on display (by EJ Tower) from September 18th to 27th. (Bob Sandusky)



4472 leaves Montreal for Kingston, Ontario, on the 28th of September. Here it is passing through Lachine westbound under a very sombre sky.
(Bob Sandusky)



This is the scene at Brockville, Ontario, on the 28th of September, as the train paused briefly en route to Kingston. At Kingston, 4472 and her consist were on display from the afternoon of the 28th to the evening of the 29th at Kingston Wharf.
(Omer S. A. Lavallee)



LEFT: 'Flying Scotsman' puts on a show while getting underway out of Brockville, Ontario.
(Omer S. A. Lavallee)

FLYING SCOTSMAN

RIGHT: On September 30th, 4472 and her train left Kingston for Hamilton, passing through Toronto and stopping only long enough for coal and water. The train is seen heading westbound three miles west of Port Hope on the way to Toronto.
(NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)





The black towers of the Toronto-Dominion Centre and the Royal York Hotel form an impressive backdrop as 4472 departs Union Station for Hamilton at 3:00 p.m. September 30th.

(NEWSLETTER/Bob McMann)

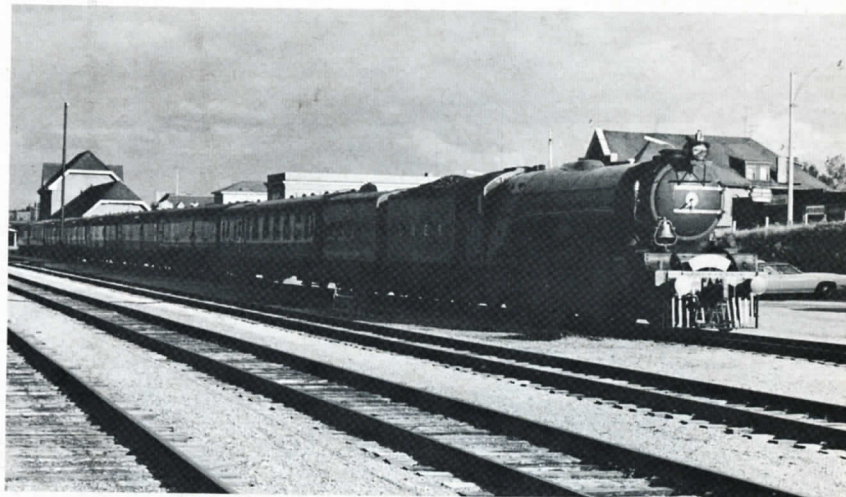
RIGHT: On October 2nd 4472 and her train were moved to Niagara Falls, Ontario for display. Here we see the train at the CN Station in Niagara Falls on October 3rd.

(J. Bryce Lee)



'Flying Scotsman' and her train were displayed at CN James Street Station in Hamilton on October 1st.

(Bill Common)



What happened to the 'Flying Scotsman' at the conclusion of her Canadian tour in Niagara Falls? Read about where 4472 and her train are wintering in the November issue of the NEWSLETTER.

Do You Remember?

Do you remember the visit of London Midland & Scottish Railway train 'Royal Scot' to North America in 1933?

LMS 4-6-0 No. 6100 'Royal Scot' (alias No. 6152 'The King's Dragoon') and an eight-car train of coaches and sleepers toured the United States and Canada in conjunction with the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. The engine and train toured the eastern United States and Canada in the spring of 1933, and the accompanying photograph shows the locomotive and train on display at the Canadian National Exhibition on May 4th of that year (a scant few yards from the location of the 'Flying Scotsman' display in 1970).

'The Royal Scot' train was one of the feature attractions at the Chicago world's fair during the summer and was visited by over 2 million people. At the conclusion of the stay at Chicago the train moved west and northwest to Vancouver. The train crossed the Rockies unaided (on the Canadian Pacific) and was in Winnipeg on November 1st and left North America at Montreal, and rolled into Euston Station in London, England on December 15th. The tour was judged to have been "a most remarkable experience."



(Toronto Transit Commission)