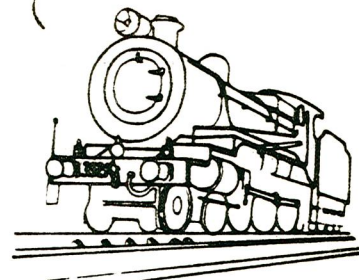


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# 'Newsletter'



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## CHRISTMAS PARTY

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The Christmas Running Day and Childrens Party will be held on Saturday 11th. December. The Childrens Christmas Party will be held at about 3.00 pm. and will be followed by the arrival of Santa. It is suggested that the presents be limited to a value of about \$5.00 and be marked with the names of the children. Members and friends are invited to stay on for a B.B.Q. tea, bring your food and liquid refreshments, also be prepared if the day is one of total fire ban as we have had in the past.

To help with the organisation of the Childrens Party members are requested to inform Dian Lee 533 5959 of the names of their children / grand children who will be attending this function.

Members should try to keep this day free and make the best of this social occasion.

## Arrivals.

I wish to offer my apologies to Warrick and Glenys Sandberg for failing to report the birth of their second daughter, Michelle Louise on July 22nd last. The news item was prepared for the last Newsletter but some how was missed out. Both mother and daughter are making good progress.

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As well on the matter of member's children there is a note from Barry and Elizabeth Tulloch.

" Young John T. is at home now progressing slowly, able to take a few steps without the use of crutches. Many thanks to all those members who helped to cheer him up while he was in hospital and to those who enquired so regularly as to his progress. I think he will look very carefully before crossing the road in future."

## "The Man From Enfield Goods Yard "

( With apologies to Banjo Patterson )

There was movement in the round - house for the word had passed around  
That the " C " that pulled the coves had got away.  
It was running back to Sydney ----  
It was worth three thousand pounds - - - -  
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.  
All the tried and noted drivers from the depots near and far  
Had gathered in the goods yard overnight -  
For the drivers love hard riding where the rugged ranges are  
And the engines puff along with all their might.  
There was Millier who made his pile when Henry Greenly fused -  
Old man Foster with his hair as white as hoar

cont. over



But few could fire beside him when his blood was fairly up  
 He could bounce the shovel off the fire door,  
 And Naunton from the undertow came down to lend a hand  
 No better driver ever held the reg  
 No engine could throw him while the coupling rods would stand  
 He learnt to ride while driving on the plains.  
 And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast  
 It was something like an " H " class undersize  
 With a touch of Deeley compound three parts George the Fifth at least  
 And such as are by diesel men despised.  
 It was hard and tough and wiry just the sort that won't say die  
 There was power in its quick impatient puff  
 It bore the badge of fastness in its bright and firey eye  
 You could see the thing was made to do its stuff  
 But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt its power to stay  
 And the old man said " that one will never do for a long and  
 tiring steaming lad - you'd better stop away.  
 These hills are far too rough for such as you."  
 So he waited sad and wistful, only Naunton stood his friend  
 " I think we ought to let him come " he said  
 " I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,  
 For both his mount and he are goods yard bred.  
 He hails from Enfield goods yard where the Campsie coppers ride  
 Where the lines aren't laid to any special gauge  
 Where the engine wheels strike firelight from the brake shoes as they ride  
 And the signalman is filled with untold rage.  
 And the Enfield goods yard drivers in the barracks make their home  
 Where the water runs those giant tanks between  
 I have seen full many a driver since I first commenced to roam  
 But nowhere yet such drivers have I seen."  
 So we went.

They found the engine just this side of Wentworth Falls as it raced  
 away towards the wireless mast and the old man gave his orders  
 " Boys Go at it from the jump  
 No use to try for fancy riding now, and Naunton you must jump it - -  
 Try and jump it from the right  
 Ride boldly lad and never fear the spill  
 For never yet was driver that could keep the thing in sight  
 If once it gains the shelter of that hill."  
 So Naunton rode to jump it  
 He was racing on the wing where the flying steam was spraying in his face  
 And he raced his " P " class onwards and he made the ranges ring  
 with the whistle as he ran his madden race  
 Then he faltered for a moment, made the door and shovel clash  
 And the dreaded Glenbrook gorge came into view  
 And the escapee surged onward with a wild and sudden dash  
 And off into that mountain gorge it flew  
 Then fast the drivers followed where the gorge so steep and black  
 resounded to the thunder of their speed  
 And the whistles woke the echoes  
 And they fiercely answered back, from the cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.  
 And downward ever downward the mad engine hurled its way  
 Where the Mountain Ash and Kurrajong grew wide  
 And the old man muttered fiercely " We may bid the thing good-day - - -  
 No man can catch it down that chasm wide."  
 When they reached the Glenbrook tunnel even Naunton took a pull  
 It might well make the boldest hold their breath  
 The cutting walls were sneering and the cant upon the curve  
 Was not enough, and any slip was death  
 But the man from Enfield goods yard let the engine have its head  
 And he blew the whistle loud and gave a cheer  
 And he raced it down the mountain like a torrent down its bed  
 While the others stood and watched in very fear.  
 He sent the ballast flying but the engine kept the track  
 It cleared the gaping rail joints in its stride  
 And the man from Enfield goods yard never tried to make it slack  
 It was grand to see that shunting driver ride.

cont. over



Through stringy bark and saplings  
Over rough and broken ground, down the gradient at lightning pace he went  
And he never touched the shovel till he landed safe and sound  
at the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right beside the engine as they ran down Lapstone Hill  
And the watches on the mountains standing mute  
Saw him ply the shovel fiercely,  
He was right beside it still

As he raced towards the river in pursuit.

Then they lost him for a moment where a clump of pine trees grew  
At the lineside, but a final glimpse revealed

On the bridge across the river the engine racing through  
With the Man from Enfield Goods Yard at its wheel.

He cut off steam then jumped across the gap between the two  
He had followed like a bloodhound on its track,

Till he stopped it, cowed and beaten

Then he put it in reverse and alone and unassisted brought it back.

But his hardy Enfield engine, it could hardly raise its rods

It had steam a-leaking from every place

But its pluck was still undaunted and its funnel fiery hot

For never yet was a 4-4-0 disgraced.

And down by Enfield Goods yard where the lamp poles stand  
and raise their heavy swaying lanterns up on high

Where the air is filled with coal smoke

And the white coals fairly blase at midnight neath a cold and frosty sky.

And right around the Lithgow shed the great links swing and sway

On the engines and the carriages roll wide

The Man from Enfield Goods Yard is a household word today

And the drivers tell the story of his ride.

Unknown.

Unfortunately we do not know the author's name but believe him to be a loco driver at Enfield Goods Depot way back in the steam days.

A member may even know who wrote the parody. We must thank Banjo Patterson for his good ground work.

Code to the engine classes in the poem.

'C' C79 later Z12 4-4-0

'H' H373 later Z17 4-4-0

'P' P6 later C32 4-6-0

'small and weedy beast' 'D'255 later Z15 4-4-0.

Poem and footnote provided by  
Barry Tulloch.

#### Duty Roster.

Dec. '82. M. Haynes, J. Sorrenson, M. McAulay, B. Courtenay, K. Sewell, W. Hamilton, E. Holmes.  
Jan. '83. J. L. Hurst, J. Davies, R. Lee, N. Campbell, P. Shiels, J. Lyons, B. Donovan.  
Feb. '83. B. Hurst, B. Tulloch, A. Eyre, M. Yule, J. Hyde, B. Rawlinson, L. Davy.  
Mar. '83. W. Edgecombe, P. Brothie, G. Esdaile, W. Allison, B. Peake, J. Leishman.

#### News Items.

The design and site for the new ground level loco depot have been finalised and now we just need the man power to get the job done.

Work has been carried out on the bottom footbridge to make it safer and to give more clearance for the trains. Compressed Asbestos Sheeting has been delivered for re-surfacing the foot bridge over the groundlevel station.

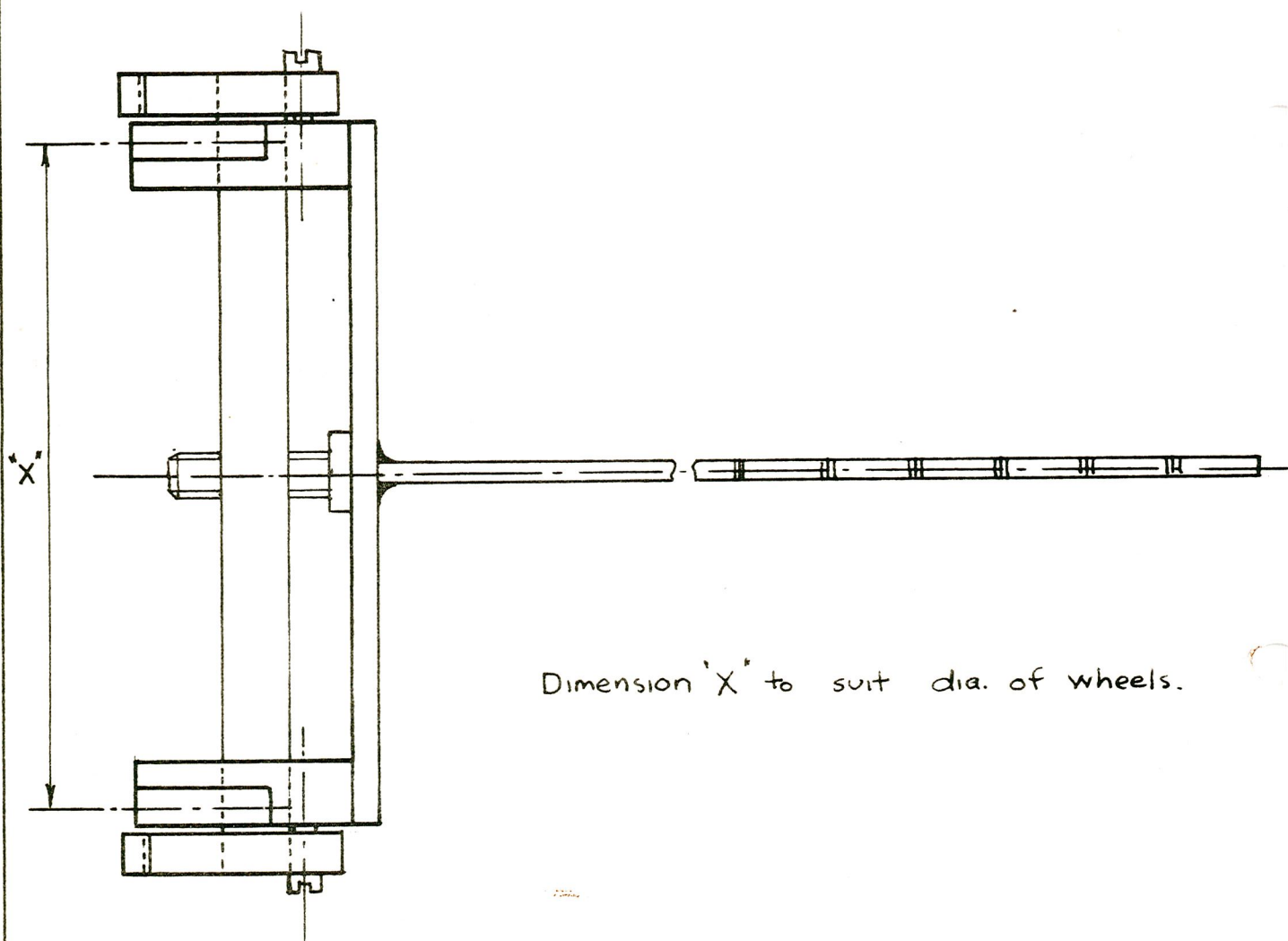
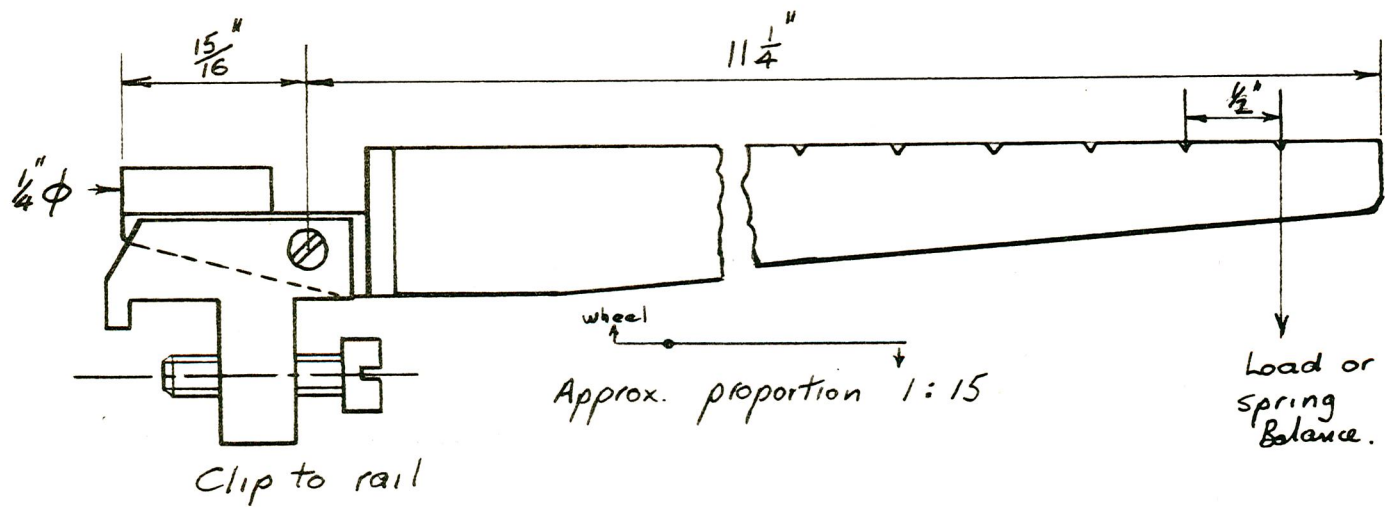
The Club House is progressing well, the kitchen should be ready by the Christmas Party.

Mike Tyson was busy last club running day relocating the unloading hoist from its old position to connect with one spur on the elevated loco depot.

#### Editorial.

As the year draws to an end I would like to wish all members and friends the compliments of the Christmas season and hope that we can all look forward to a prosperous New Year. I would like to thank those members who have contributed to the Newsletters this year.

John Lyons.



Ted Esdaile's spring setting device.

Nov. 1982.