

A SOLDIER DOWN THE LINE

By Stephen Gay

It was a cold February night in 1942
A military train was Glasgow bound
Soldiers and sailors aboard
Then the engines whistle and brakes did sound

Just before Beighton in a nearby siding
Was stabled a wagon of steel plate
The sheet had become dislodged
Thus sealing a number of poor souls fate

Rescue teams were soon on the scene
Greeted with screams groans and crying
Carriages had been sliced open
Armed forces all around injured and dying

From the Civil Defence Miners and Home Guard
Into the dark of night rescuers fought to save
With dim lights and torches
Sadly 14 went to an early grave

The dead were taken to the waiting room
A mortuary became Beighton station
But with wartime restrictions
Little news broke across the nation

For in the subsequent inquiry
A loose wagon movement was to blame
Hump shunt and bump
And then passed the ill fated troop train

Today this area is supposedly haunted
Sightings of the unexplained still shine
Yes on a cold winters night
One may see a soldier down the line