Shenandoah Trip in 1951: Our winter is leaving reluctantly, and it’s hard to think that before long we must be actively preparing for our spring and summer operations. Thinking of spring, I remember how I used to look forward to taking a Stanley to the first event of the year. That was 55 years ago, and my father would also take one of his cars (he also kept me going when I had trouble). I was always tense the first several miles, but confidence built as the trip wore on. One such pleasant time was a trip to Waynesboro and Staunton, Virginia, to participate in the new Shenandoah Region’s Old Dominion Meet. It took us a day and a half each way, and we were there for one day, consuming a long three-day weekend. The steamers were hardly 40 years old then and seemed to enjoy being exercised.