

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, March 15, 2010

**The Last Leg – Toronto to Halifax (and Home) 1979:** It was an easy 90-mile run to Peterborough, Ontario, and I had planned a nice, long afternoon nap to “catch up.” Checking on the Stanley after lunch, however, proved to be my undoing, as a large crowd of local people surrounded the car and continued a flood of questions, the answers to which were interrupted only by some dignitaries asking if I would give their friends rides around town. In appreciation for our efforts, we were given a tour of one of the hydraulic lift locks on the Trent Canal, a very interesting operation. Built in 1904, this canal with its seven such locks connects Lake Ontario at Trenton (Ontario) to Georgian Bay, a part of Lake Huron. About to traverse this canal, we were told excitedly, “The steamboats are coming!” Indeed, the steamboats did come and tied up at Peterborough overnight. For the most part they were tiny boats, some not much larger than rowboats and some more fancy launches. We enjoyed talking to the owners and they to us steam car people, all of us belonging to a strange branch of the human race.

We stayed in Canada for nearly two weeks. The next night we were in Ottawa, and the following two nights in Montreal. The separatist movement in the Province of Quebec was at its height, and especially around Quebec City those who spoke only English were not treated well. We were purposely directed to the wrong place for kerosene and were almost denied access to the ferry across the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Levis. After a scenic ride, however, we spent the next night at Edmundston, New Brunswick, on the upper reaches of the St. John River, and we were back in English-speaking territory. The ride along the river to Fredericton the next day was through beautiful farming country, and we stayed in a hotel along the St. John River in New Brunswick's capital city. Brent Campbell was having trouble with the copper-nickel tubes in the boiler of his Model 76, and he had dropped the burner in an attempt to swage the leaking tubes. Like a big shot, I said I would help and immediately got a piece of rust in my eye, so I was no help to him at all. A nurse from Bathurst, New Brunswick, had come to Fredericton with her husband to see the cars, and she expertly removed the annoying foreign material.

Our last night on the road with the tour was spent at Amherst, Nova Scotia. We found kerosene in Truro and were behind most of the cars for the final 66 miles to the Nova Scotian Hotel in Halifax, our final destination. Including the last two miles in the city itself, we ran off the 66 miles in 90 minutes. We had made it but certainly without a perfect score this time around.

Planning to drive home, the route took us around the south coast of Nova Scotia to Yarmouth, and then across to Portland, Maine, on a cruise ship in service that summer for the 10-hour ride across the Bay of Fundy. Brent and his car were on the ferry, but his Stanley was on his trailer, so our Model 87 was the only car under steam when the cars were loaded in the hold of the ship. Passengers were not allowed in the hold while the ship was en route, yet the cars had to be driven off immediately after docking. Against all nautical regulations, I decided to leave the pilot burning, and I faked an excuse to go to the car halfway across the bay. The pilot was burning fine. As the ship docked, all drivers were instructed to go below to their cars and start them up. With the deafening roar it was impossible to hear the burner, but I fired up and had 250 pounds pressure when it was time to drive onto the wharf. Jules Reiver and I drove home from Portland in two days. Three years later, I tried another Trans-Con.