

Tom Marshall's Weekly News, April 16, 2012

Galveston to Bar Harbor (Part 2): The first third of this 1989 trip in our 1912 Stanley Model 87 was covered in the *Weekly News* of April 9, 2012. That story took us from Galveston, Texas, to Louisville, Kentucky, where this continuation begins.

Often in the itinerary of the "Trans-Con" tours, there were "in between" nights with no checkpoints. Instead, there might be a distance of 250 miles or so to be covered in two days. This was the case between Louisville and Columbus, Ohio, where our headquarters was the Embassy Suites on the beltway on the north side of the city. We followed the south side of the Ohio River through Kentucky to a point just east of Cincinnati, where we crossed into Ohio and proceeded northeast toward Columbus. Our day was quite uneventful as we covered the 250-plus miles with the Stanley operating as it should. On our second night at the Embassy Suites, Brent and Martha Campbell entertained the tour participants next to their motor home prior to the dinner hour. The next day's run was to Cleveland, about 140 miles, which should have been routine.

Rainfall far above average had deluged much of the East in late spring and early summer of 1989 (high water in the Cumberland River at Nashville was mentioned in the previous story). This flooded many of the roads in northeastern Ohio the day we passed through. At one place, we came to a stop when water covered the road ahead of us, and local traffic was going off to the side on a gravel road detour. Not knowing the depth of the water on our route, I decided to chance it, as the Stanley was high and its 37-inch tires might be up to the occasion. We made it through and kept going toward Cleveland. Farther along, we needed water for the thirsty Stanley. Small commercial operations along the road were closed, and some were under water. We spotted a farmhouse on a hill above the road and pulled in. No one was home, but there was a spigot on the side of the house so we began to help ourselves. Unfortunately, all power was out in the area, and the farmer's water pump wouldn't run. Somehow we surmounted the crisis and probably siphoned water from a nearby creek. It was drizzling and cold as we checked in at our motel east of Cleveland, we parked where we were told, and I proceeded to blow down the boiler, as we had done each night. The wind was carrying the boiler's water and steam toward tour members who were unloading their Fiat near the door, and, not being steam people, they never spoke to us again. Our free day in Cleveland was very pleasant, however, and we had a catered dinner in the Crawford Museum.

The next day we headed straight east with a breakfast stop at a Rolls Royce owner's home and then crossed the state line for our overnight check point at Warren, Pennsylvania. The weather had improved as we moved on to Elmira, New York, the following day. Moving along nicely through the Finger Lakes Region, we passed through Ithaca and had lunch on an estate high above a lake at Cazenovia, before moving on to Utica for our checkpoint and overnight. John Chapman was my roommate at Mercersburg in 1941-42. He and his wife, Beverly, who lived in Broadalbin, joined us for dinner at Utica.

The next day was especially enjoyable as we had lunch on the main street in Saratoga Springs before entering New England and reaching our checkpoint at Rutland, Vermont. From Rutland, a short day's run took us to the ski resort of Ascutney, where great things were in store for the next three days. (The story will be concluded in a future edition.)