

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, April 23, 2012

**Galveston to Bar Harbor (Part 3):** The first 2/3 of this "Trans-Con" trip we made in our 1912 Stanley Model 87 has been covered in the *Weekly News* editions of April 9 and April 16, 2012. We pick up the story at Ascutney, Vermont, on June 26, 1989.

There will never be another event for cars earlier than 1915 to compare with the Brass & Gas hub tour held at the ski resort at Ascutney, where well over 200 brass-era cars were already on hand when the 40-plus cars of similar period on "our tour" joined them for three special days. We participated on their tours for these days, visiting special places in the area. One day we were treated to lunch at Curtis Blake's mountaintop retreat north of Woodstock, and Ruth and I rode up the steep driveway in Frank Gardner's reliable 1929 Packard seven-passenger touring, along with Frank (always driving) and Eloise Gardner and their son Cleve, while we rested the Stanley at Frank's garage in Woodstock.

As our tour left Ascutney, most on the "Trans-Con" detoured via Bob Bahre's Classic Car Museum at South Paris, Maine, while one of the Rolls Royces and our Stanley took a more direct route to Montreal, our next checkpoint, stopping on the Hero Islands in Lake Champlain for an overnight. This was the third Trans-Con on which I had stayed at the Chateau Champlain Hotel in Montreal, where the cars used the hotel's garage as a great convenience to their occupants. The next day we moved down-river to Quebec, staying southwest of the city near the Plains of Abraham and the highway bridge over the St. Lawrence River.

I have said little about things relating to the operation of the Stanley. There seems little to say, as the car was operating much as the Stanley twins had advertised but on a much more ambitious journey than they could have envisioned. Leaving Quebec, we crossed the ferry to Levis and headed south by southeast following in reverse direction the 1775 Benedict Arnold route prior to the disastrous winter attempt to capture Quebec's citadel from the British. At day's end, we arrived at Kingfield, Maine, birthplace of the Stanley twins, stayed at the Stanley-designed Winter's Inn, and enjoyed a gourmet dinner at Dan Davis's restaurant called One Stanley Avenue. After a brief visit to the Stanley Museum, we headed east toward Bangor and on down to the Holiday Inn at Ellsworth, our final destination. Since Ellsworth is on the mainland directly opposite Mount Desert Island, we were probably supposed to drive to and from Bar Harbor, but almost no one did. We had completed nearly 4,000 miles in the 77-year-old steamer "without incident."

To receive the completion plaque, the cars had to be driven through the porte cochere at the inn, where the tour chairman, Millard Newman, made the presentations. When it came time to do this, neither Brent Campbell nor Alex Joyce, owners of the other two steam cars, were anywhere to be found. I assisted two of Alex's "boys" (students at Woodberry Forest School in Virginia whom Alex had invited for a portion of the trip) to get their car fired up, and Martha Campbell was making a start to fire up Brent's car. She came to me and said "I think the pilot is out of fuel." I doubted this diagnosis but upon checking it out, I knew she was right. Fortunately, just before the drive-through ceremony concluded, Brent and Alex returned and drove their cars through to receive their plaques. They had been visiting the Seal Cove Museum, about 20 miles away.

We had planned to ship our car home in a large trailer with the cars of Ernie Gill, Whitney Snyder, and Howard Henry, but the trailer arrived with room for only three cars, so Ruth and I decided to drive home, another 600 miles. As I tried to fire up, the fire was weak, and I knew something was choked. I tried to pull the vaporizer cable, but it was really stuck. I conferred with Brent Campbell, who was still around (many had already left, most having their cars shipped back home). Brent asked if I had enough fire to get the vaporizer very hot, and I told him I did. He said to leave the fire on until the steam automatic shut it off, then try again to pull the cable. It worked! The Stanley never steamed better than on the way home. We left Ellsworth after lunch and drove to Portland, 160 miles, where we spent the night. As we passed through Hartford, Connecticut, during rush hour the next day, the Stanley kept up with 55 m.p.h. traffic en route to Fishkill, New York, 240 miles from Portland, for our final night on the road. The last 200 miles to Auburn Heights were covered the third day. Ruth was tired and glad to be home, and I must have been as well, as it turned out to be the last of my four "Trans-Cons." I

thought it was time to stop while still ahead. We are celebrating the 100<sup>th</sup> birthday of our famed Model 87 this summer. Come join us!