

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, March 1, 2010

**Walt Disney World to Toronto, 1979, in a 1912 Stanley:** The *Weekly News* of February 15, 2010, began this story of *our* second cross-country tour in our 1912 Stanley Model 87 from Key West to Halifax, Nova Scotia. We headed up Interstate 4 from Disney World toward Daytona Beach when we were stopped near Sanford by a car on the shoulder. It was the car of our neighbors, Howard and Judy Henry from North East, Maryland, in their 1913 Packard touring, a very reliable car. Howard was lying on the ground near the right front wheel. He had stopped to check something under the hood and had the left side of the hood open. A woman swiped him and spun him around on the ground and barely missed the car. I don't remember whether or not she stopped. Howard was taken in an ambulance, but fortunately was released, and they were able to continue, with Judy doing all the driving for a few days. We proceeded to the Daytona Speedway, where the cars on the tour drove around the track a couple of times before we went on to the beach where the Stanley Rocket broke the land speed record in 1906 (127.66 M.P.H.).

At Ormond, the beach was wide and hard, as it was when Fred Marriott became famous in 1906. Cars were permitted to drive several blocks on the beach (without permission) with a speed limit of 10 M.P.H., as sun worshipers were everywhere. Naturally, we enjoyed this with the Model 87. We then visited an old schoolhouse in Ormond Beach where a replica of the 1906 Stanley Rocket (built by Morris Frost in the early 1970s) was on display. Our 60-mile drive to St. Augustine along the coastal highway was most pleasant.

The Jacksonville Region of AACA entertained us for breakfast the next morning in a public park west of the city. As we approached the spot, they had cleverly erected "Burma Shave" signs welcoming us. Traveling north, it was a very hot day until we settled in late afternoon at Baxley, Georgia, a small town on old Route 1 with very limited tourist facilities. Two days later we had climbed to Asheville, North Carolina, in the Great Smokies, and stayed for two nights at the Grove Park Inn, supposedly the largest terra-cotta building in the world, opened in 1913. Several places in Asheville refused to sell us kerosene (the road-tax issue), but we finally got our tank filled at a country store before they told us "no." I related the rim problems that occurred on the Blue Ridge Parkway the first day out of Asheville in the *Weekly News* of January 28, 2008. In this account, I'll stick mostly to the fun things.

From Roanoke, Virginia, I flew home for two days; Jerry Brady (my passenger) came home for good, and Jules Reiver flew back to Roanoke with me to be my passenger for the rest of the tour. We continued up the Blue Ridge Parkway and the Skyline Drive, getting off opposite Luray, Virginia, for the night. Jules and I had lunch the next day in Romney, West Virginia, and then navigated the hills and heavy rains past the west side of Cumberland and into Uniontown, Pennsylvania, where we were glad to spend the night at a Holiday Inn with a Holidome (enclosed swimming pool area). By noon the next day, we were on the Snyder estate at Sewickley, a western suburb of Pittsburgh, where G. Whitney Snyder and his wife, Jean, members of our tour, provided a barbecue lunch and a tour of his auto shop and his superb collection of antique automobiles. That afternoon we proceeded north on I-79 and eventually east to Oil City, our night's headquarters. Soon after arrival, however, I had a call from Brent Campbell, who had something break in his Stanley engine some 40 miles short of the night's destination. Brent had quite an experience getting his engine repaired and then catching up to rejoin the tour the next day. I thought we were free of such things; after all, we had had our breakdown on the Blue Ridge Parkway a week or so before. Little did we know that about 8 miles from Oil City the next morning, the left axle shaft on the 87 broke crossing the Allegheny River (see also the *Weekly News* of 1/28/08). The story of how we accomplished the repair and caught up to the tour in Toronto has been described in the previous article. With seven lanes of traffic going one way, I never drove a Stanley in worse traffic than during the evening rush hour approaching downtown, and I have seldom been as tired as I was in Toronto! We stayed in a fancy hotel called the Inn in the Park, which Warren Weiant called the Inn on the Railroad as the trains kept him awake all night. (to be continued).