

We stopped at the top of a little knoll on one of the dirt roads and toured a 200+ year old cemetery from a long gone Church. There we met [sort of] Ebenezer ...or at least his large headstone...who passed away > 200 years ago after living to a very ripe old age...which was rare in those daysand we resolved to name the tour after him.

Thereafter we realized we had to get going again in order to catch our 10AM train so off we went. Shortly however the caravan came to a screeching stop due to a huge snapping turtle taking his time to cross the road. Member Andrew Cartoun became the tour's designated animal control officer and herded the hissing and snapping creature to the side of the road against its will. For some reason such as a desire to keep his fingers in tact, Andrew relied mostly on his feet to do the herding.

In Woodbury we returned to modern roads but Route 6 was a pleasant drive and a direct shot into Thomaston. We arrived in Thomaston with 5 minutes to spare and where the steam engine was hooked up and ready to pull out. The conductor tried to suggest we wait for the 12 noon train as the train was going to leave "promptly", but we would have none of that and quickly persuaded them to not only wait for us but to wait till a few hit the bathroom.

We had a pleasant ride on the train south down the tracks and back along the river and a close up viewing of the steam engine cab as they threw coal into the fire box. Normally the excursion train runs diesel power but this little steam engine was restored by its owner and he brings it with him to excursion train rides on the back of a tractor trailer. I think they said he came from Indiana.

After the train ride we went into town for a nice lunch at the Black Rock Tavern & Grill. At first we thought they were closed but they were just opening up for lunch and promptly put a table for 15 together in the dinning room. I think everyone enjoyed their lunch and I would recommend this establishment to anyone in the neighborhood.

We were going to head directly home but member Chris MacKenzie suggested we stop by his house just north of Southbury [and on the way home] to take a look at an all original late 31 Tudor he acquired from the original NY family that owned it and had in his barn. Well that turned out to be a real treat. A true survivor in original paint, period headlight and oil filter accessories, and a faint remnant of the original pin striping. From there we called it a day and headed for the Bridge to Newtown where we split up and everyone made their way home. Happy Aing.

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